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by Michael Gross

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New view of

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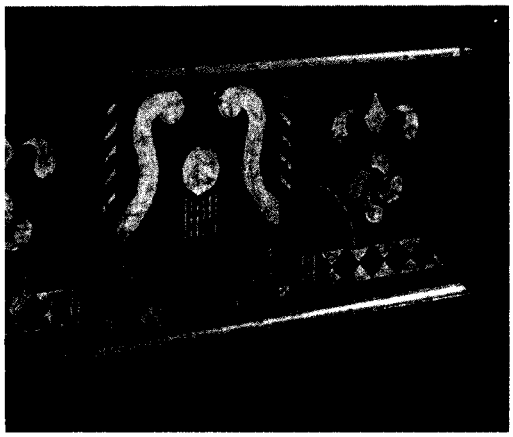
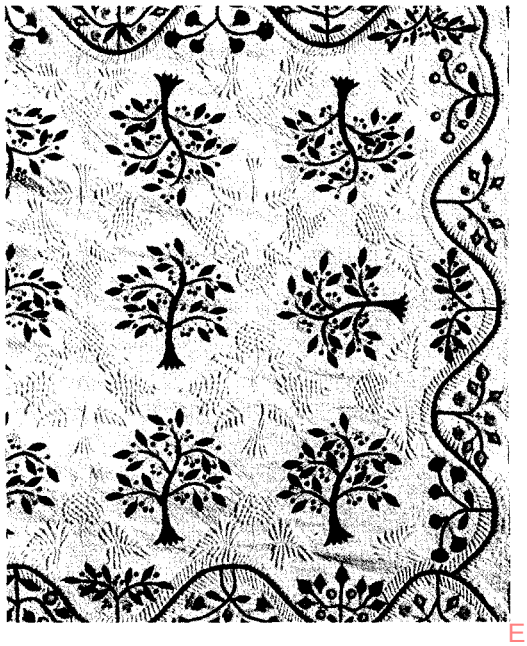
the old south.





If your view of the old south is "Gone With The Wind," New Orleans jazz and pecan pie, look again at the pictures to the left. They are a small sample of the artistic treasures recently retrieved from out-of-the-way corners of the real old south. You'll find them all in a fascinating new exhibition titled "Southern Folk Art."

Now, for the first time, we are able to view the arts and the lives of those almost forgotten folks who settled the "back country" and made it the "Sun Belt." In their works—in 90 major pieces of painting, sculpture, textiles, furniture and pottery—we can discover some of the skill and artistry, the good humor and good sense, they brought to their task. They endowed the land, and us, with a Southern folk art based on still flourishing cultures as varied as Afro-American and Appalachian hill country, English and French, Spanish and German, Irish, Scottish and Welsh. And they left us their portraits and their stories to remind us of who they were, and who we are.

That's one reason we sponsored this exhibition, and why we urge you to see it at the times and places listed below. In our business, as in yours, we need to be reminded that we, too, must leave a record—and that the only record that will count is that which we have created by our own individual initiative, our individual creativity and our individual innovativeness. Sponsorship of art that reminds us of these things is not patronage, it's a business and human necessity.

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Museum of American Folk Art, New York, N.Y., May 15-August 25, 1985.
Birmingham Museum of Art, Birmingham, Ala., October 17-December 8, 1985.
Tennessee State Museum, Nashville, Tenn., January 9-March 8, 1986.
The Mint Museum, Charlotte, N.C., April 5-May 25, 1986.
Valentine Museum, Richmond, Va., June 17-August 30, 1986.
J.B. Speed Art Museum, Louisville, Ky., September 28-November 30, 1986.

(top left) A FULL VIEW OF DEADRICK'S HILL. Rebecca Chester. Jonesboro, Tennessee, 1810. Tennessee State Museum.
(top right) PORTRAIT OF ELIZABETH JANE CARUTHERS. Artist unknown. Talladega County, Alabama. Dated 1835. Collection of Barbara Grabhorn.
(center right) CHEST. Maker unknown. Decorated by Johannes Spitler, Shenandoah Valley, Virginia, c. 1800. Private Collection.
(bottom right) QUILT. Maker unknown. Kentucky, c. 1850. Huntington Galleries.
(bottom center) MODEL OF THE SIDEWHEELER "GLOBE." A.C. Payne, Tennessee, 1872. Tennessee State Museum.
(bottom left) REDWARE LION. John Bell, Waynesboro, Pennsylvania, c. 1850. Private Collection.

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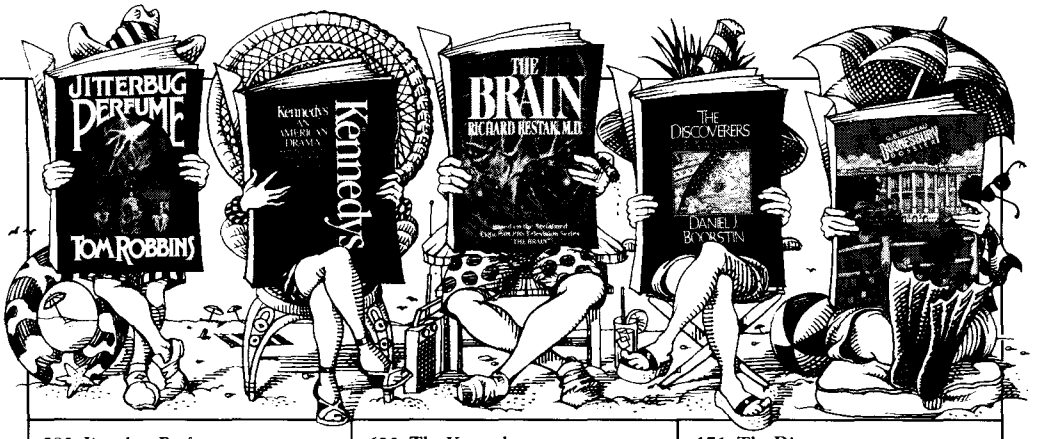

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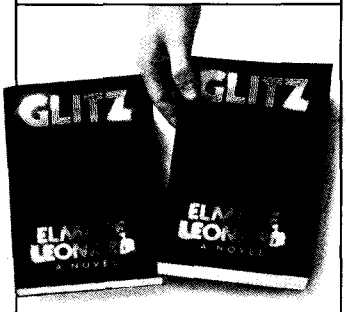

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50 *SR* asked John Zimmerman, photographer of several *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit covers, to create a swimsuit cover to illustrate "Sex Sells," our story on the emergence and pre-eminence of sex as a marketing tool. Zimmerman took model Gail Smith to beaches north of Malibu on a cool afternoon to produce our hot summer cover.

HAIR AND MAKEUP BY JERRY MUCHWEILER
STYLING BY MOIRA SHEAR
COVER SUIT BY DAFFY CALIFORNIA
SUIT AT LEFT BY KEIKO.

68 English artist Peter Knock's watercolor *High Spy* appears in the recently released *European Illustration: The Eleventh Annual* (Abrams, 248 pp., $45), a collection that showcases the best editorial, book, advertising, unpublished work, film animation, and art design of the year. For more reviews see "Books."

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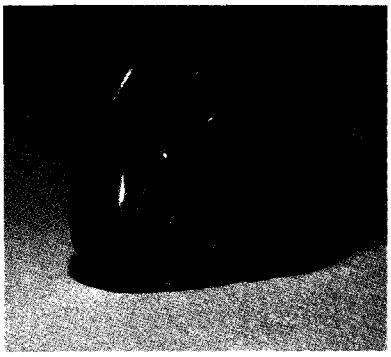

7 This small Fabergé bunny is from a collection recently auctioned at Christie's in New York called Objects of Vertu and Fine Russian Works of Art. It is carved glass with green garnet eyes and sold for $10,450. For more auction information turn to "Briefings."

43 This month's "Gallery" features the striking work of Latvian-born Detroit photographer Misha Gordin.

Saturday Review

July/August 1985

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BRIEFINGS

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COLLARING THE MARKET

It was only a year ago that Manhattan entrepreneur and artist Nancy Ancowitz began jazzing up ball bearings to sell as jewelry. The inspiration became a hit, and so did Moffat, Ancowitz's pet and most loyal employee who has appeared in ads nationwide. For a look at what makes Nancy Ancowitz one of America's most innovative personalities in jewelry design, see Profile, page 8.

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BRIEFINGS

PROFILE

NANCY ANCOWITZ

Nancy Ancowitz vividly remembers The Moment It Happened. "The room was dimly lit . . . city lights filtering through the blinds. I was sitting at my dog Moffat's old puppy training crate, which serves as the base for my worktable. The glass tabletop was scattered with toys, implements, and tubes of Crazy Glue. I was playing, as usual: combining, dissembling, drilling, polishing. The radio was playing "Thriller." Moffat was howling along with Michael. Suddenly I put an Austrian crystal stone in the center of a rusted ball bearing. It looked *right*. I knew I had something."

It isn't so strange that ball bearings should turn out to be the propellors of Nancy's design career. At 25, her life has already taken more than its share of unpredictable turns. She studied math and physics at the prestigious and competitive Bronx High School of Science. At Boston University, she studied languages and visual communications.

The 20-year-old graduate was unwilling to settle for a ground-level position, so she started her own catalog sales jewelry business and named herself its president.

Partly to satisfy parental pressures, she enrolled in the MBA program of NYU's Business School. But although she had never taken any formal art or design training, she was still drawn to the creative stimulation and satisfaction of rummaging around lower Manhattan's markets for colorful objects and then putting them together in decorative combinations.

Many designers would rather starve than have to peddle their wares. Ancowitz found she thrived on it. "It is

such a thrill to walk in 'cold' to a shop, introduce yourself and a new design concept, and gain enough confidence from the buyer to make a sale." Several stores immediately expressed interest in the ball bearing jewelry.

She also introduced herself to a number of editors at Condé Nast and Hearst, the leading publishers of fashion magazines.

An editor at *Glamour* asked if Nancy could gold-plate several of the bracelets with teal and orange stones. "My response is always, 'Sure, no problem.' "

It turned out there was a problem. "It amazes me how some people make you feel they are doing you a favor by taking your business. This attitude is rampant among platers. Platers offer a free sample of their work—invariably flawless. Then they take as big an order as they can wangle, botch it, and blame the designer. I had a nightmare after dealing with my eighth plater, the nastiest of the lot, that he captured me and plated my body gold. Perhaps they inhale too much gold dust, but something makes them all very crazy." She finally found a plater in Providence, Rhode Island, who worked the bearings to a beautiful finish.

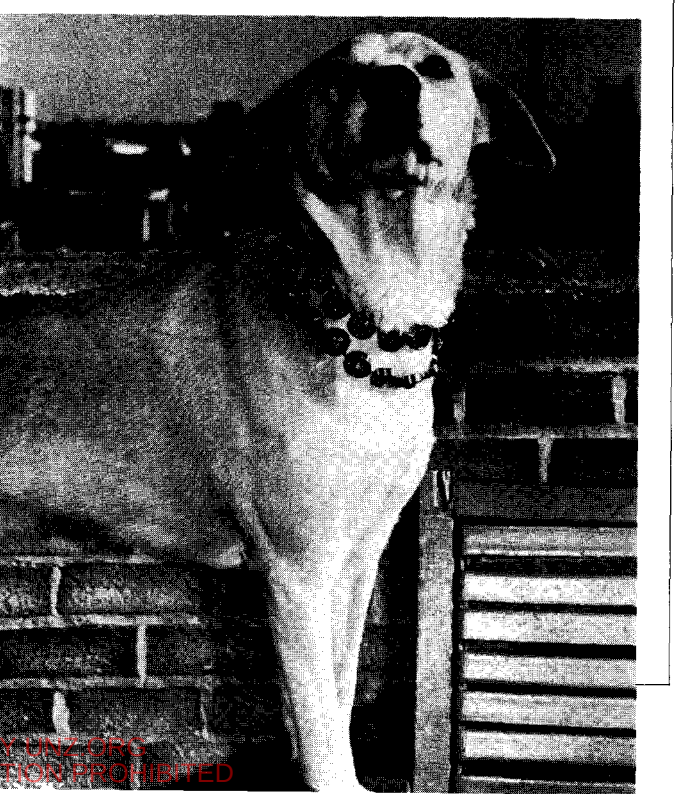
Glamour put Nancy's earrings on the cover of the September 1984 issue; the three gold-plated bracelets were featured in full-page close-ups inside. Then the New York *Daily News* did a big feature.

Continuing her personal campaign of phone calls and letters, she got an appointment with *New York* magazine's "Best Bets" editor, Corky Pollan. "She loved the ball bearing designs, which had now been sandblasted and plated to an elegant and lustrous matte finish. I combined milky opal-color crystals with the sandblasted gold bearings to make the most appealing jewelry I have designed."

Being featured in *New York*'s "Best Bets" is like being given a license to print money. Stores, including Henri Bendel and I. Magnin, sold out order after order.

Ancowitz uses sales reps, but she keeps a close tab on the stores that sell her jewelry. "I learned to collect good customers and weed out the slow payers, complainers, and indecision makers. I find the steadiest, most honorable customers are my own. It is unimportant to me how big and prestigious a store is if its buyers are haughty and greedy; if they don't behave, they can't have my jewelry."

Ancowitz doesn't consider herself a "fashion person." "I'm not into jewelry that much," she says. She has consciously avoided the arts scene in New York, preferring instead to run marathons. "I've treated it all like a game," she says cheerfully. "If it fell apart tomorrow I would just do something else, maybe in the fine arts. My passion has always been expression through colors, shapes, and textures. Every color has a distinct meaning, and every combination evokes a mood. Although my studies have been in marketing and finance, I see those as essential aspects of surviving as a creative person."



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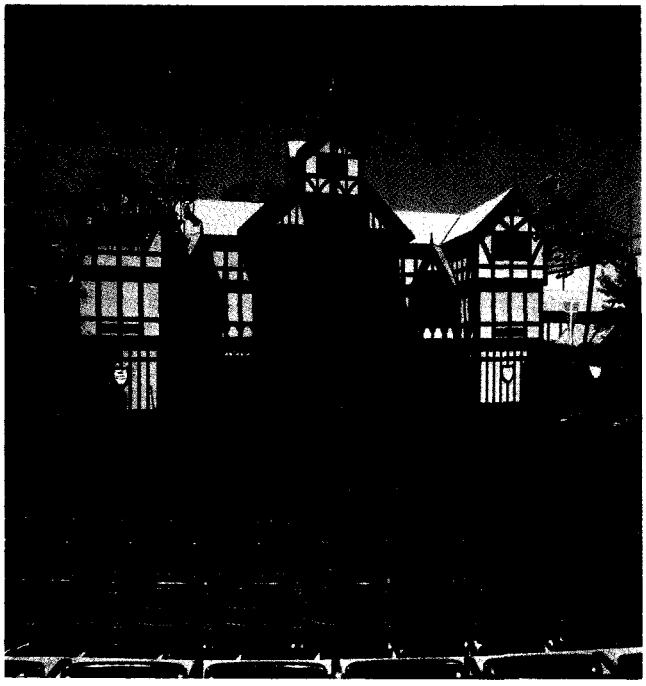


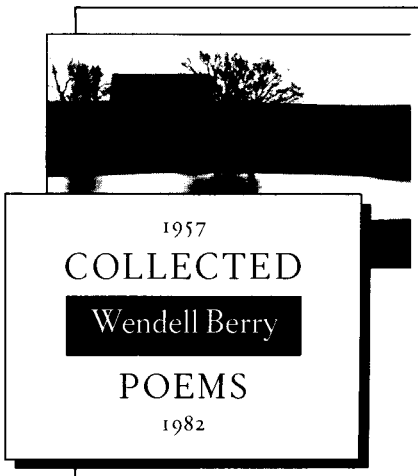
SHOWCASE FOR SHAKESPEARE

To celebrate its 50th season last February, the Oregon Shakespearean Festival opened four new productions in a period of less than 48 hours. For the Festival, that is comparatively restrained; two years ago the theater premiered six shows in its first three days.

The theater is based in the remote town of Ashland, population 15,200, located in a picturesque corner of the Siskiyou Mountains. While other repertory theaters content themselves with running two or three shows concurrently, the Oregon festival produces 11 on its three stages during the course of an 8-month season, with as many as nine available to its audiences, some 300,000 strong annually, during any given summer week.

The festival commenced in 1935, when a band of enthusiastic amateurs put together a ramschackle imitation of an Elizabethan theater and performed *Twelfth Night* and *The Merchant of Venice*. For decades, it remained a summer-campy affair, but with the construction of two modern theaters during the '70s, and the conversion of the acting troupe to thoroughgoing professionalism, the festival laid claim to wider theatrical frontiers. The repertory now regularly includes Jacobin tragedies, Restoration comedies, and contemporary works in the rearguard of the avant-garde.

—Phillip Johnson



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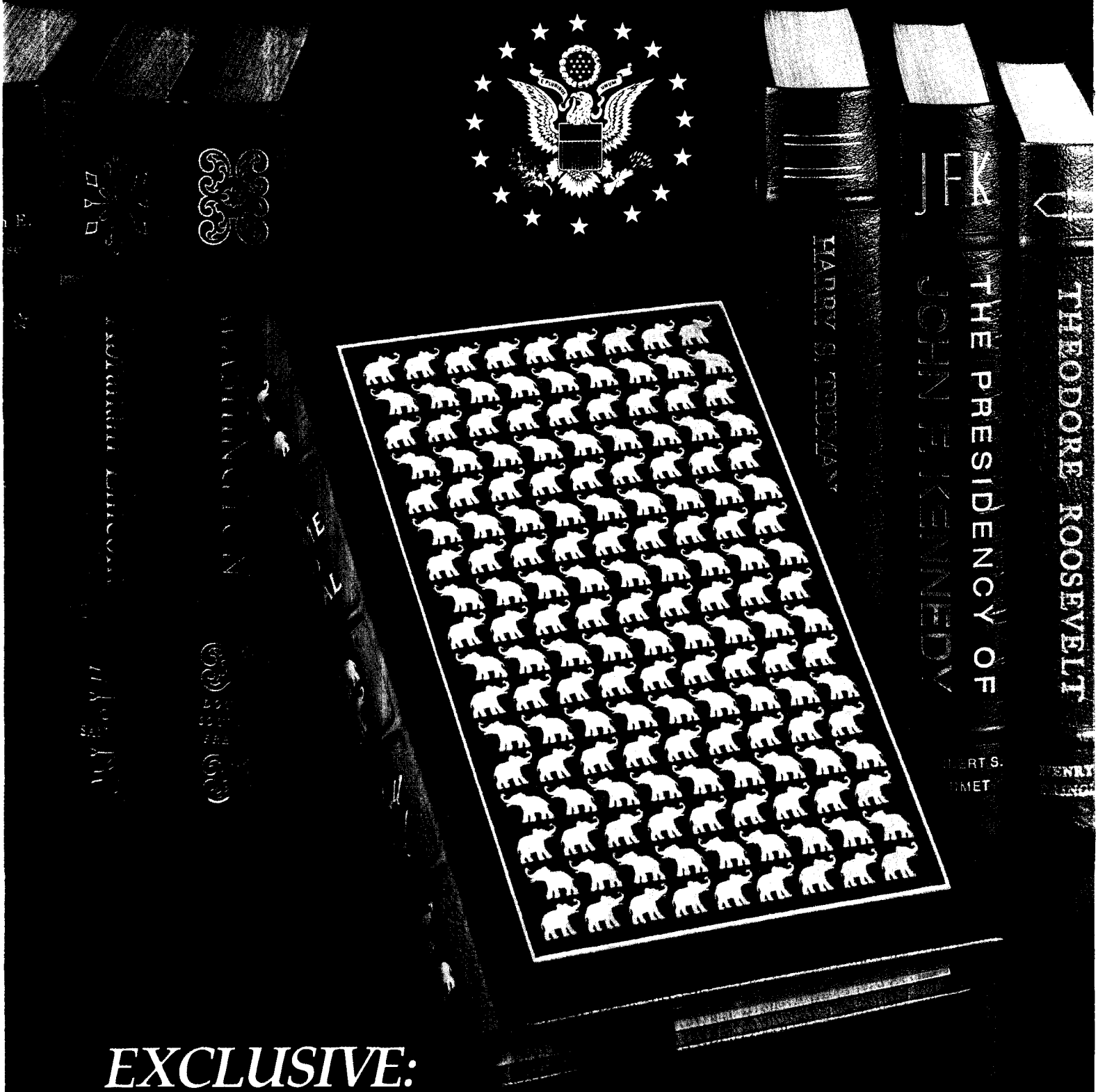

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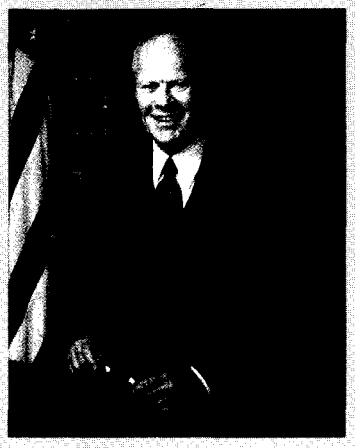

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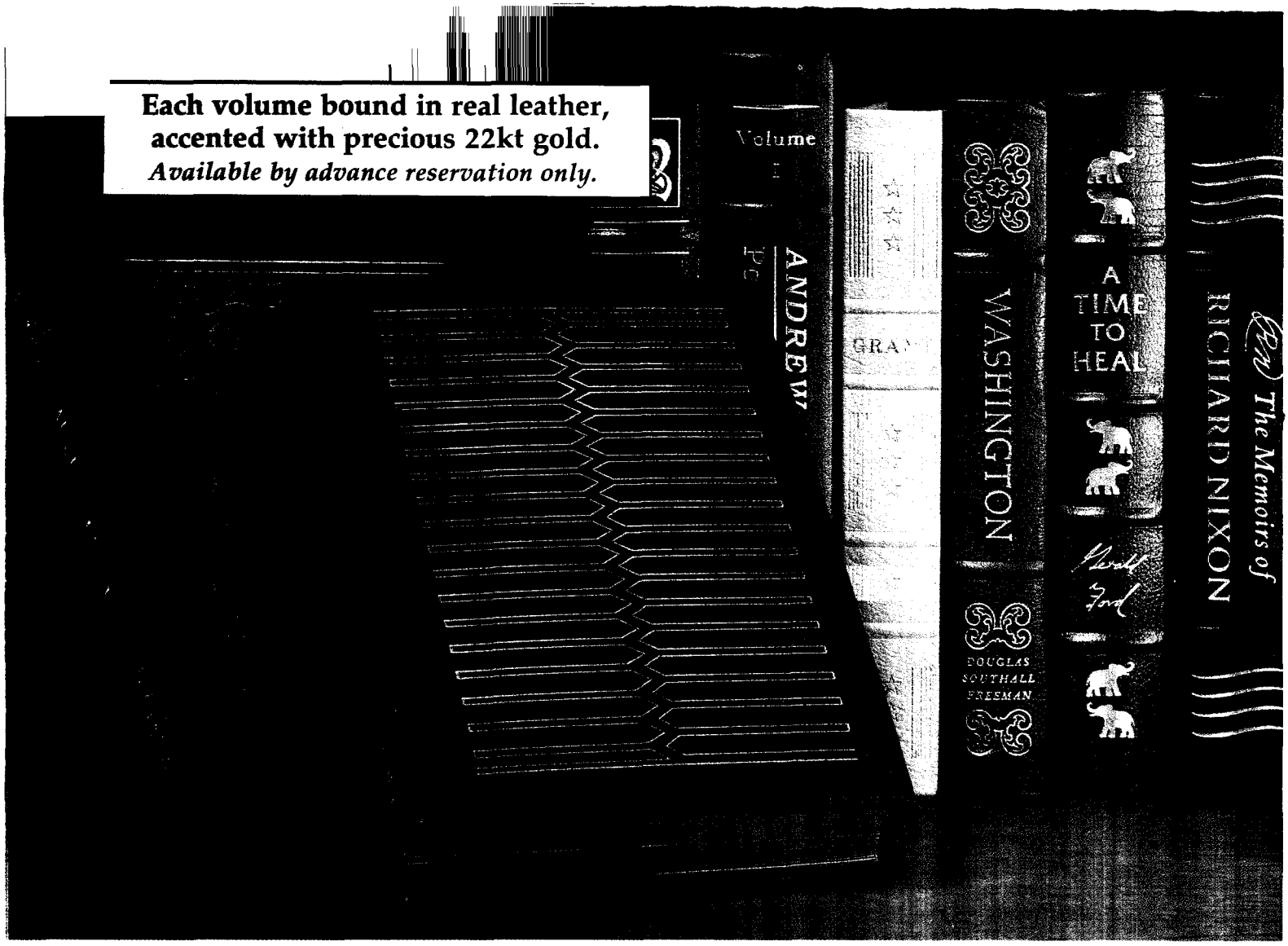

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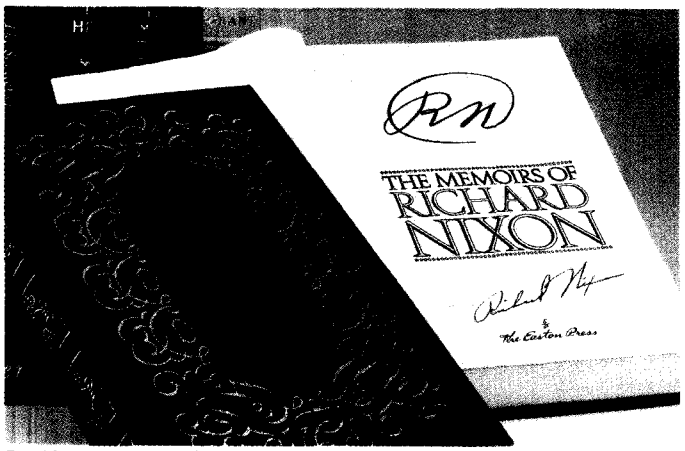

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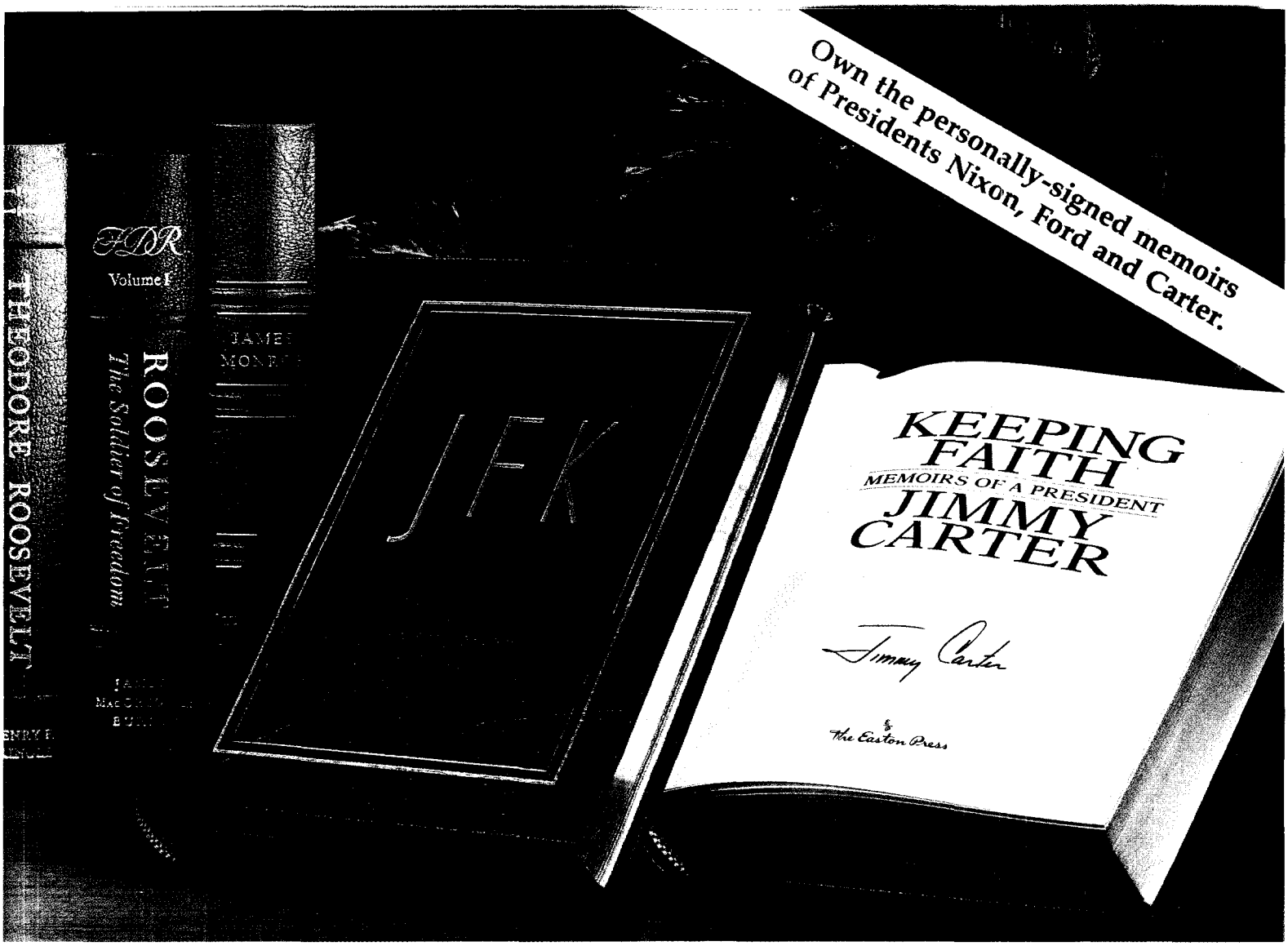

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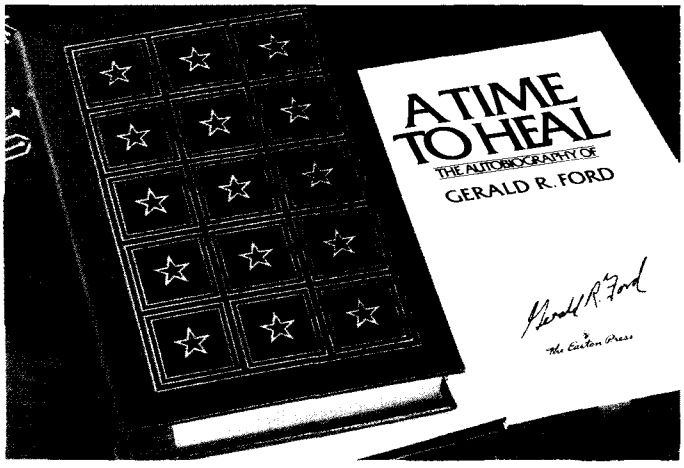

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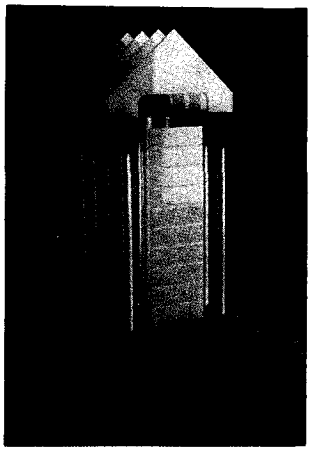


GALLERY TWO NINE ONE, ATLANTA

TOWER OF POWER

David Baird's training as an architect shines in his lamps. A graduate of the University of Tennessee who has worked on buildings no less grand than the Metropolitan Museum's American wing, Baird temporarily left the profession to begin creating architectural lighting sculptures called Light Temples. They range in price from $320 to $400 and are available from Parade, 1528 Peachtree St., Atlanta, GA 30309 (404) 874-3398.

PUNCHINELLO

If you don't like sleeping alone, these new sheets created by British artist and theatrical designer David Hockney may be for you. Made of 50% cotton and 50% polyester, the linens sport dozens of dancing figures of Punchinello, the fat little buffoon from Italian puppet theater.

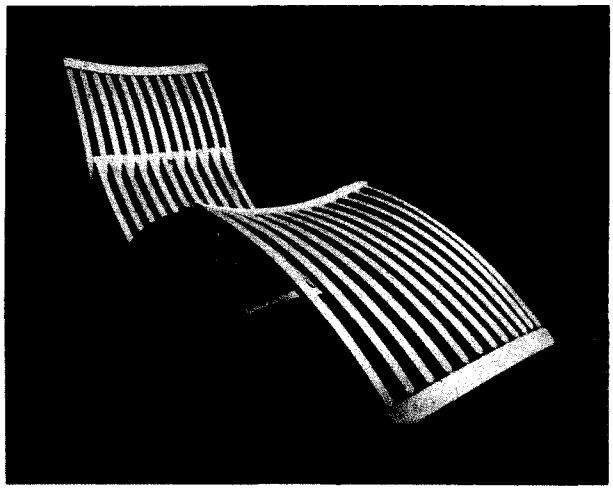
Available from Dan River Inc. Home Fashions Division, (212) 554-5555.

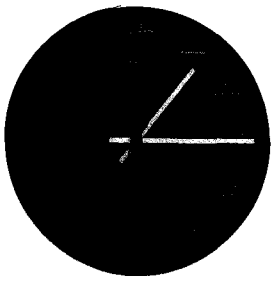
MIAMINA ▲

Here is designer furniture that folds down small enough to fit in what appears to be a ski bag. The new Miamina chair from Saporiti Italia consists of eight chromed or lacquered tubes with a central molded joint. When the frame is put together, a lined fabric is fitted across the top. Prices range from $1,200 to $2,000. From Campaniello Imports Ltd., 225 East 57th Street, New York, NY 10022.

OH, MOMA ▼

This Thomas Lamb folding lounge chair is from the Steamer Collection, and was chosen for the permanent Design Study Collection of the Museum of Modern Art. The chairs are molded from nine-ply, long-grain maple veneer and finished in clear lacquer or black satin. Available from Ambiant Systems for $340. 76 Richmond Street East, Toronto, Ontario M5C 1P1, Canada.





The Dynasty Clock comes in a variety of red, white, and black combinations with Japanese/Chinese numerical characters. It has a precision quartz movement with a Plexiglas face measuring 10". From Pandamonium, Los Angeles, CA (213) 476-2920.

OZEREKO CERAMICS

All of Francine Ozereko's ceramic sculpture pieces, vessels, and plates are one-of-a-kind items. The 33-year-old Massachusetts artist decorates them with lively, colorful drawings of fish, vegetables, and animals—she specializes in laughing dogs. Ozereko's work ranges in price from $50 to $500, and is available from Ten Arrow Gallery, 10 Arrow Street, Cambridge, MA 01238.

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CLASSICS ON CASSETTES

326983. Bach: Organ Masterpieces—*Toccata & Fugue in D Minor,* etc. A. Newman (Sine Qua Non)

317081. Bach: Goldberg Variations—Glenn Gould *(Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

319434. Bach: Sonatas for Viola De Gamba & Harpsichord—Yo-Yo Ma, cello; Ken. Cooper, harpsichord *(Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

329714. Bartok: Concerto for Orchestra; Dance Suite—Solti conducts Chicago Sym. *(Digital*—London)

273409. Beethoven: 3 Piano Sonatas—Moonlight, Appassionata, Pathetique. Horowitz, piano (Columbia)

321570. Beethoven: Symphony No. 5; Schubert: Symph. No. 8 (Unfinished)—Maazel, Vienna Philhar. *(Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

252874. Beethoven: Symphony No. 9 (Choral)—Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orch. (Columbia)

325654-395657. Beethoven Piano Concertos Nos. 1 & 5 (Emperor)—Brendel, piano; (Counts as 2—Vox)

332122. Beethoven: String Quartet in A Minor (Op. 132)—Fitzwilliam Quartet *(Digital*—London)

324780. Bolling: Suite For Cello and Jazz Piano—Yo-Yo Ma, Bolling (CBS)

263293. Bolling: Suite For Flute and Jazz Piano—Rampal, Bolling (Columbia)

328039. Brahms: Symphony No. 3; Haydn Variations—Mehta, New York Phil. (CBS Masterworks)

334334. Brahms: Horn Trio (Op. 40); **Trio For Clarinet, Cello, Piano**—Boston Symphony Chamber Players *(Digital*—Nonesuch)

330118. Brahms: String Quintets in F and G Major—Boston Sym. Chamber Players *(Digital*—Nonesuch)

333518. Bruckner: Symphony No. 7—Chailly, RSO Berlin *(Digital*—London)

246843. Chopin: Mazurkas, Etudes, etc.—Vladimir Horowitz, piano (Columbia)

326439. Copland: Rodeo; Dance Symphony; El Salon Mexico; Fanfare for Common Man—Dorati, Detroit Sym. *(Digital*—London)

322826. Debussy: La Mer; Nocturnes—Michael Tilson Thomas, Philharmonia Orch. *(Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

333526-393520. Dvorak: Slavonic Dances (Op. 46, 72; **American Salute**—Dorati, Royal Phil. (Counts as 2—*Digital*—London)

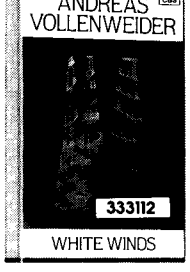
325183. Dvorak: Symphony No. 9 (New World)—Solti, Chicago Symph. Orch. *(Digital*—London)

321471. Gershwin: Piano Concerto in F; American in Paris; Rhapsody in Blue—Andre Previn and the London Symphony (Angel)

319004. Glass, Philip: The Photographer (CBS)

228684. Grieg: Peer Gynt Suites 1,2; Bizet: Carmen Suites—Bernstein cond. NY. Phil. (Columbia)

329615. Handel: Water Music: Malgorie, La Grande Ecurie & la Chambre duRoy *(Digital*—CBS Masterworks)



323543. Handel: Royal Fireworks Music; Oboe Concertos 1-3—Karl Munchinger, Stuttgart Chamber Orch. *(Digital*—London)

257956. Haydn: Symphonies No. 101 (Clock) and **No. 103** (Drum Roll)—Bernstein, New York Phil. (Columbia)

332569. Haydn: Symphony No. 94 (Surprise), **No. 100** (Military)—Solti, London Phil. *(Digital*—London)

326272. Holst: The Planets—Bernstein, New York Phil. (CBS Great Performances)

330126. Kodaly: Hary Janos Suite; Alfven: Swedish Rhapsody; Enescu: Rumanian Rhapsody No. 2—Comissiona, Baltimore Sym. *(Digital*—Vox Cum Laude)

321208. Liszt: Hungarian Rhapsodies 2,3,5; Mephisto Waltz—Willi Boskovksy, London Phil. (Angel)

314369. Mahler: Symphony No. 1 (Titan)—Maazel, Orch. Nat'l de France (CBS Masterworks)

332056. Mendelssohn: A Midsummer Night's Dream; etc.—Zinman, Rochester Philharmonic *(Digital*—Vox Cum Laude)

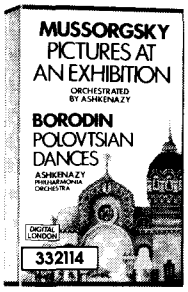
305730. Mendelssohn: Symphony No. 4 (Italian); **Overtures**—Andre Previn, London Symphony (Angel)

294264. Mozart: Piano Concerto No. 21 (Elvira Madigan) and **No. 17**—Ashkenazy plays, conducts Philharmonia Or. (London)

325365. Mozart: Eine Kleine Nachtmusik; Symph. No. 40—Casals, Marlboro Festival Orch. (CBS Portrait)

332551. Mozart: Exultate, jubilate; Regina coeli; etc.—Emma Kirby, soprano; Christopher Hogwood, con. *(Digital*—L'Oiseau-lyre)

310698. Offenbach: Gaite Parisienne; Saint-Saens: Danse Macabre; Dukas: Sorcerer's Apprentice—Maazel, Orch. National de France (Columbia)



316406. Pachelbel Canon & Other Baroque Favorites Boyd Neel, Toronto Chamber Orch. *(Digital*—MMG)

318691. Prokofiev: Love For Three Oranges Suite; Lt. Kije Suite—Michael Tilson Thomas, Los Angeles Phil. (CBS Masterworks)

245043. Rachmaninoff: Piano Concertos Nos. 1 & 2—Ashkenazy; Previn, London Sym. (London)

318451. Ravel: Bolero; Pavane; Daphnis Et Chloe (Suite No. 2)—Andre Previn, London Symphony (Angel)

324533. Respighi: Feste Romane; Pines & Fountains Of Rome—Dutoit, Orch. de Montreal *(Digital*—London)

318436. Rimsky-Korsakov: Scheherazade—Svetlanov, London Symphony (Angel)

325100. Saint-Saens: Carnival of the Animals—also works by Debussy, Satie. Philip Jones Brass Ensemble *(Digital*—London)

321729. Schubert: The Impromptus, Op. 90 & 142—Murray Perahia, piano *(Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

225888. Smetana: Moldau, Bartered Bride Overture, Dances; etc.—Bernstein, NY. Phil. (Columbia)

310870-390872. Johann Strauss' Greatest Waltzes Ormandy, Szell, Bernstein (Counts as 2—Columbia)

202796. Richard Strauss: Also Sprach Zarathustra—Bernstein, New York Philharmonic (Columbia)

326405. Stravinsky: The Firebird (complete ballet)—Dohnanyi, Vienna Philharmonic *(Digital*—London)

281493. Stravinsky: Rite Of Spring. Zubin Mehta, NY. Phil. (Columbia)

326249. Tchaikovsky: 1812 Overture; Marche Slav; Romeo & Juliet—Bernstein, New York Philharmonic (CBS Great Performances)

329169. Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 4—Lorin Maazel, Cleveland Orch. (CBS Masterworks)

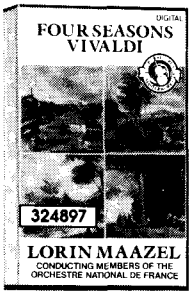
231563. Tchaikovsky: Swan Lake and **Sleeping Beauty Ballet Suites**—Ormandy, Philadelphia Orchestra (Columbia)

326447. Verdi: Overtures—*La Forza del Destino, I Vespri Siciliana, Nabucco,* etc. Chailly, National Philharmonic *(Digital*—London)

324525. An Isaac Stern Vivaldi Gala: Concertos For 2 and 3 Violins; etc. Stern, Zukerman, Perlman, others (CBS Masterworks)

323147. Wagner: Orchestral Music from "The Ring"—Sir Georg Solti, Chicago Sym. *(Digital*—London)

310086. Wagner: Overtures—*Flying Dutchman; Rienzi;* etc. Maazel, Philharmonia Orch. (Columbia)



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292003-392001. Curtain Raisers—World's Favorite Overtures. *Die Fledermaus, Carmen, William Tell;* etc. (Counts as 2—Columbia)

326553. Placido Domingo—Great Love Scenes. With Te Kanawa, Cotrubas and Scotto (CBS Masterworks)

334714-394718. Glenn Gould—Bach, Vol. 2. *French Suites (Nos. 1-6); Overture In The French Style* (Counts as 2—CBS Masterworks)

326595. Igor Kipnis—Music For The Kings Of France. Harpsichord suites by Marchand and Couperin (Nonesuch Silver Series)

331306. Katia & Marielle Labeque—Gladrags. The dynamic piano duo team in works by Joplin, Gershwin & Donaldson, etc. (Angel)

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326603. Ivan Moravec plays **Schumann & Brahms.** *Kinderszenen; Intermezzi;* more *(Digital*—Nonesuch)

327551. Luciano Pavarotti—Mamma. Popular Italian songs arranged by Henry Mancini *(Digital*—London)

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331116. Andres Segovia plays works by Bach, Sor, Villa-Lobos, etc. (MCA)

326397. Sutherland/Horne/Pavarotti—Live From Lincoln Center. A truly grand program *(Digital*—London)

320887. Kiri Te Kanawa—Verdi and Puccini Arias. Pritchard, London Phil. *(Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

329136. Waverly Consort—Sephardic Songs. songs by Gombert, de Victoria, etc. (CBS Masterworks)

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BRIEFINGS

CHÂTEAUVALLON

Three years ago, Jack Lang, the Minister of Culture in France's new socialist government, tried to make a stand against American cultural imperialism, which, with the popularity of Coca-Cola, video games, and the television series "Dallas," was slowly eating away at France's most enduring tradition: its sense of cultural superiority. But now, after tasting the limits and frustrations of power, the socialists have learned that if you can't beat 'em, you join 'em—but you do it bigger and better. So instead of that poky little Southfork Ranch, "Châteauvallon," France's answer to "Dallas," features a breathtaking 17th-century chateau.

The ten-gallon hats and polyesterish suits have given way to the discreet black tie and black velvet St. Laurent dresses of the French upper class. And instead of "Dallas" 's 20 characters, "Châteauvallon" has 200 to contend with and keep track of. That's 200 people who, when they are not murdering each other, committing suicide, lying, stealing, or being powerful in some nasty way, are usually engaged in sex—preferably sex with someone else's wife or husband.

With "Châteauvallon," the French have finally come round to the single most important idea of these enlightened times: nothing sells like kissing and shooting unless it's sex and murder.

The 26-part, $6 million "Châteauvallon" is France's most ambitious foray into that strange and uncharted territory known as popular TV, American style. Traditionally, French television has been an oasis (or desert, depending on your point of view) of literary and political talk shows and cultural programs. The intellectual depth and rigor are occasionally relieved by the odd spot of sexy advertising for underwear and perfume. But when Pierre Desgraupes became head of France's second television station, Antenne 2, in 1981, he decided to liven up the station's programming in order to boost its declining audience.

The first thing Antenne 2 did was hire the Louis Harris organization to poll the French public on what it wants to see on television. The answer: more high-class low life—and the lower, the better. And, if possible, French.

SYGMA

Chantal Nobel and Ugo Pagliai of "Châteauvallon"

So for all the similarities between "Dallas" and "Châteauvallon" (both series are about money, sex, and power; after all, what else is there in life?), the latter has a distinctly French flavor. "The archetypes are the same," says Georges Conchon, one of "Châteauvallon" 's scriptwriters, "but the behavior is 100% French."

"Châteauvallon" tells the story of the Bergs, an old, rich, and powerful French family that owns a newspaper, *La Depêche Républicaine.* The arrivistes who challenge the established order in this saga are the Kovalics, Yugoslavian emigrés and owners of a prosperous construction company. Not that there is any suspense as to who is going to come out on top: in France, unlike America, good taste always triumphs over vulgarity.

But there are other, more profound, differences between the Bergs and the Ewings. "In France," says Conchon, "you hide your money if you're rich. You never show it." The executive producer of the series, Jacques Dercourt, agrees. "In the States, everyone is quite open about their money, but money has a dishonest smell to it in France. Everyone wants it, but no one will talk about it."

The Ewings are powerful because they are rich. The Bergs, on the other hand, are powerful because they own a newspaper and because a few members of the family sleep with cabinet ministers from time to time. As the French see it, those vulgar Texans pursue money as an end in itself. The Bergs hold onto their money because it is the means to maintaining their power.

Perhaps the most intriguing difference between the French and American soaps concerns sex. The opening credits of "Châteauvallon" feature an exhausting sex scene with enough writhing to wear out even the most athletic actors. Each segment contains scenes that would never be allowed on American television. And yet, for all the sex, most of the scandals are political. "We expect the rich to misbehave. There is nothing shocking about one of our characters sleeping with the chambermaid," says Dercourt. "The French are much more interested in political scandals. J.R.'s sexual pastimes are meant to shock and disgust American viewers, but his is behavior of a mildly amoral nature by French standards. In France, adultery is a perfectly respectable way of life."

"Châteauvallon" is every bit the success its creators expected it to be. The show attracts 35% of the viewing audience on average, or 15 million viewers. And a poll in *Paris Match* magazine found that the French prefer "Châteauvallon" to "Dallas" by 57% to 29%. But the critics have not been as enthusiastic. The Paris daily, *Libération,* found the heroes "ordinary" and called the French program "not a soap but a '*soaporifique.*' "

Whatever the critics say, the series' popular success has been confirmed with an order for 26 additional episodes. "No one can accuse us of giving way to cultural imperialism," says Dercourt, somewhat defensively. "We are trying to *fight* that imperialism with something distinctly French—a series in the literary tradition of Balzac and Dumas." Most viewers will be unconvinced by that claim. Not that it matters: if the show is not "distinctly French," its pretensions certainly are.

—Alexandra Tuttle

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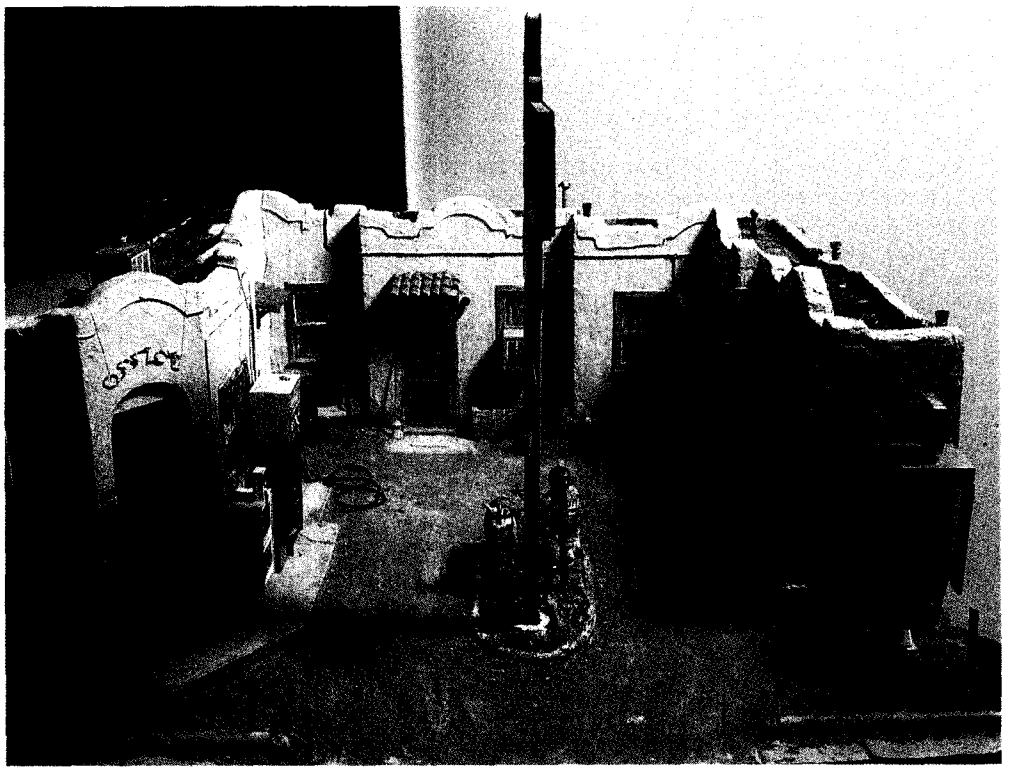
MODEL EXISTENCE

Tim Prythero lives in Albuquerque, New Mexico, not far from Central Avenue, which is part of old Route 66 and a street now dotted with old motels, rundown gas stations, and tawdry trailer courts. This is the raw inspiration of Prythero's art—scale-model sculptures of astonishing detail, depicting such things as "Paradise Trailer Court," "Shell Station," and most recently, a work nearly a yard square called "The Cactus Motel." The pieces, part of a show called "Highway U.S.A.," which opened at Albuquerque's Hoshour Gallery and moved on to the Craig Cornelius Gallery in New York City, are of a place where time has taken its toll, the wayside architecture of bypassed America.

Prythero is self-taught; his vision distinctly his own, though he grew up in a family of artists—his father is a landscape painter in Truth or Consequences, New Mexico. He got early practical experience making his own toys and miniature street scenes and towns in his own backyard. After high school he began making small Southwestern-style adobe houses and Western street scenes that he sold at arts and crafts fairs.

That's where gallery owner Lise Hoshour discovered his work. She gave him a show and introduced his work to Craig Cornelius, who has since featured it in two shows in his Manhattan gallery.

Prythero's works, all 1/12 scale, have become increasingly detailed and varied. He has created a tiny kitchen interior based on his grandmother's kitchen, and he made a dozen house trailers for the "Paradise Trailer Court" show. He has moved on to lived-in hippie school buses, old gas stations, and the motel, which sold for $5,000. The buses and trailers go for $3,000 to $5,000, and Craig Cornelius has a long waiting list for Prythero's work.



© EDWARD KLAMM/FOTOWEST

"The Cactus Motel draws inspiration from motels up and down Central Avenue," says Prythero, "where the neon is all broken and you don't want to stay there unless you have to."

Disrepair is the Prythero trademark. His motifs are torn screen doors, broken windows, overflowing garbage cans, stains and rust and dents. His is a world of peeling paint, chipping plaster, leaking pipes, debris, half-hearted repair jobs, and the triumph of deterioration over maintenance.

Prythero builds his creations from the ground up. "There's a point," he says, "when things look pretty

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new." That's when he hits his real creative stride, chipping and denting things. "Aging," he calls it, and he has a whole line of techniques for rusting metal and staining walls, ripping tiny screen doors, breaking miniature windows, creating clutter.

"When you add a lot of clutter, you can tell who lives there," says the artist. His hippie school bus has a small box of Pampers showing in the back window, some tools sitting on the fender near the open hood. The bus sits on a slab of asphalt, on which there is a small, flat, very dead rabbit. Prythero first shaped the rabbit. Then, he says, "I stuck some fur on it, hit it a couple of times with a hammer, and put it in the road."

Prythero says that as he works he visualizes the people who might have hung around these places. In the Cactus Motel, he says, there is a family with children, and a single man who has stayed there for months, and the proprietor. A sign on the motel wall—a bit of economic pentimento in which the faded old lettering shows through the new paint—indicates that the price has been cut from $10 for a double to $9 a night. The old plaster burro and cart in the middle of the driveway needs a paint job. Someone has tossed an aluminum ice cube tray in the flower bed. There is grease on the barbecue grill, and a Frisbee on the roof, as well as part of a tricycle, broken beer bottles, and a woman's high-heeled shoe.

Even the garbage in the handmade aluminum garbage can is real. "Not rotting food or anything like that," says Prythero, but through a plastic bag, the remains of a TV dinner carton are visible. Prythero pays endless attention to detail and chance, to the quirks of wind and water, time and dirt, and human lassitude.

So keen is his eye that when gallery owner Hoshour pointed out to him that one of the bits of shrubbery behind the motel appeared greener than another, Prythero explained that the greener weed was under the dripping air conditioner.

He spent three days making the tiny toilet plunger that stands outside one of the motel rooms.

Prythero, a quiet, retiring young man, spends most of his time working alone in a small shop behind his mother's North Valley Albuquerque house, in a clutter of materials and inspiration.

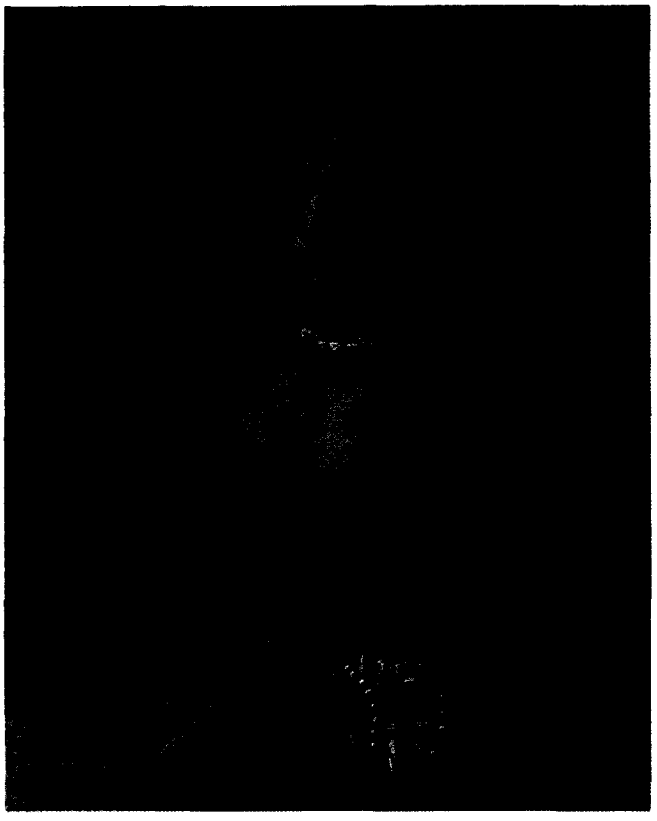
He builds it all from scratch, making the tiny license plates on the school buses from embossed aluminum, creating the small old metal lawn chairs and then rusting the paint off them and bending up the arms. The tires on top of his house trailers, holding down the roofs in case of wind, are made from plasticized clay. The dirt from his own yard finds its way into some of the yards for the trailers and the roads for the buses. "You just sift it a bit," he says.

Prythero is currently working on another lived-in bus. From there he says he'd like to branch out to diners and other bygone bits of roadside Americana, like the old curio shops and stucco wigwam motels along other parts of Route 66. He'd like to refine his techniques, too, he says, and work on miniature neon that really lights up, for example. The manager's office at the Cactus Motel lacked one detail he would have liked to add, he says, if he could figure out how to do it. "I'd like a little TV, black and white, turned to the soaps," he says. "Going all day long."

—Karen Evans

YOUNG AT ART

Out of more than 1,000 entries in the visual arts category, the National Foundation for Advancement in the Arts awarded top honors to nine high school seniors in this year's 1985 Arts Recognition and Talent Search. Two of the works, both untitled, appear here: Above is a piece by Donna Farmer, 17, of Birmingham, Alabama; Below is one by 18-year-old Lei Chou from Cleveland Heights, Ohio.



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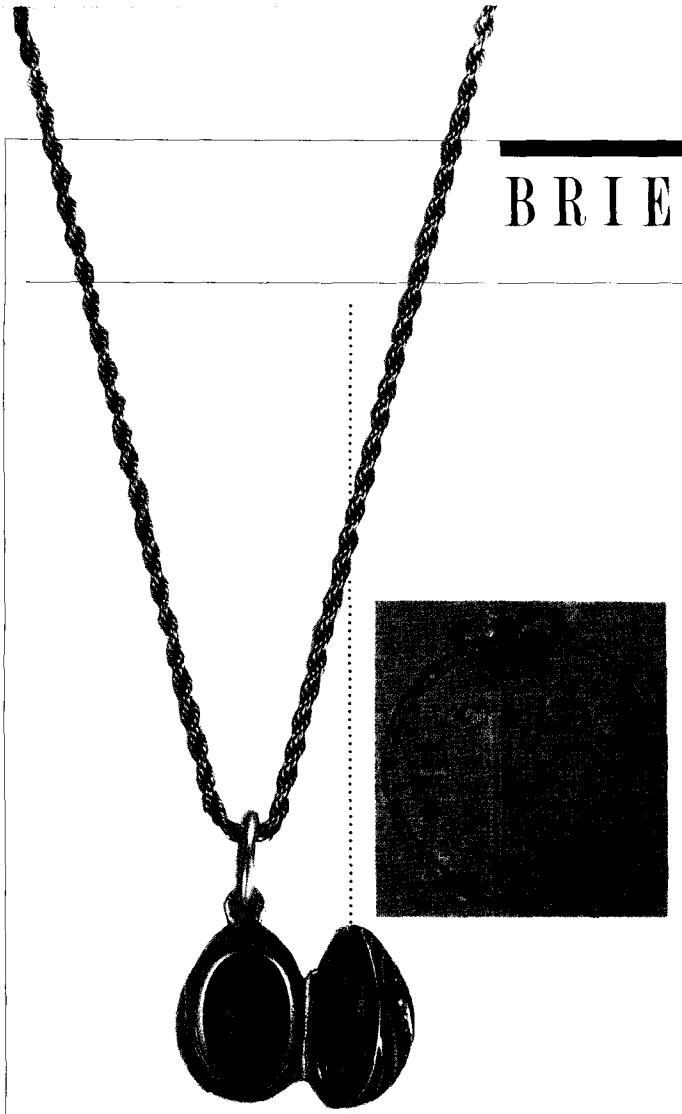
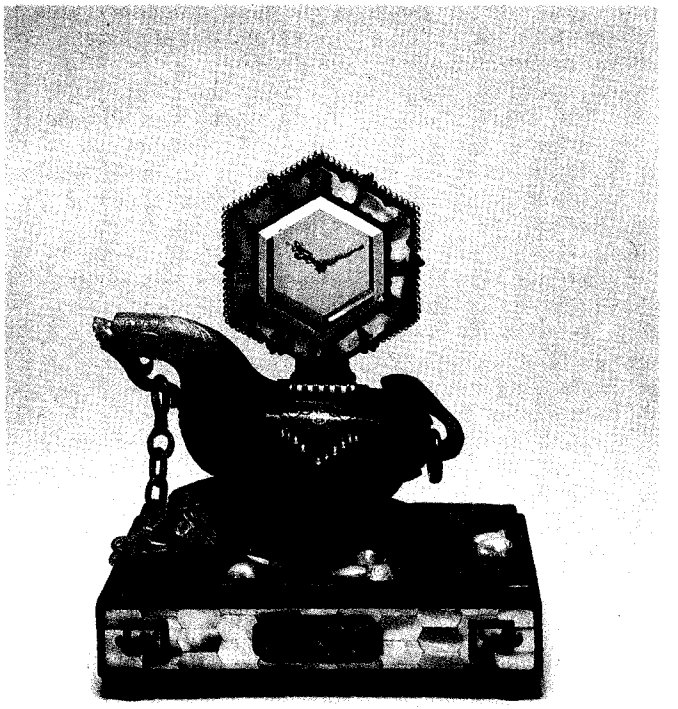
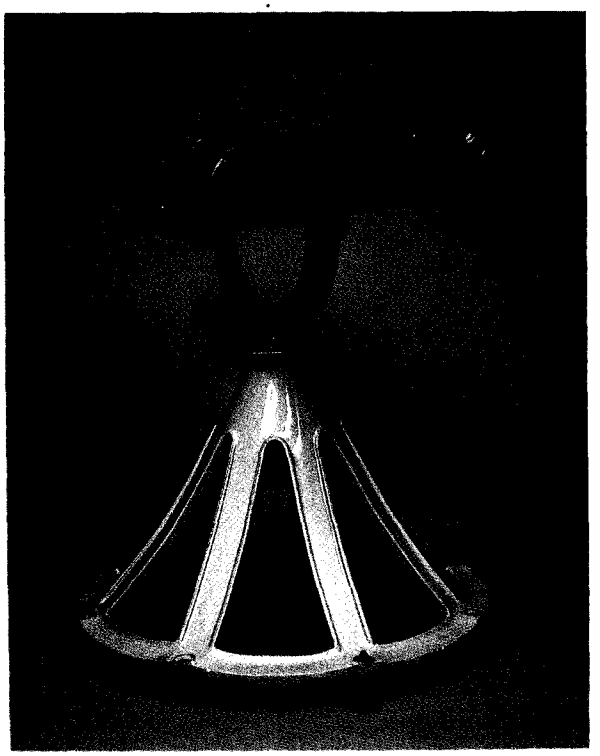
BRIEFINGS







AUCTION BLOCK

Above, far left, is a miniature egg locket of enamel and gold with diamond set from Fabergé (1896-1903). It once belonged to Princess Youssoupoff of Russia, as did the little terrier whose photograph appears inside. The locket was auctioned at Christie's for $13,750.

Above, left, this rare, unused Bermuda penny stamp fetched $42,900 at Sotheby's in London. It was designed by Postmaster William Bennet Perot in 1861 and found in the collection of a Danish sailor who died in 1942 and whose widow sold it to a collector in Copenhagen in 1976. To date, only four of these Bermuda pennies have come on the market, all of them cancelled.

The Cartier "Mystery Clock," above, brought $264,000 at Christie's in New York. The clock, made by Louis Cartier in Paris in 1924, had been "lost" for the past 40 years and was recently rediscovered in a private Florida residence. The clock is the first in a series of 12 animalier mystery clocks made by Cartier between 1922 and 1931. It features an agate chimera walking upon rose quartz boulders and supporting a rock crystal dial with mother-of-pearl chapter ring and diamond hands and numerals. The hands appear to be suspended within solid crystal because the dial consists of four plates of rock crystal invisibly sandwiched together. The two inner plates are fixed to the hands and rotate by hidden gears.

Christie's East will sell this 1883 Gatling gun, left, when Modern Sporting Guns and the James W. Rulless Collection of American Firearms goes on the block this month. It is expected to bring between $22,000 and $26,000.

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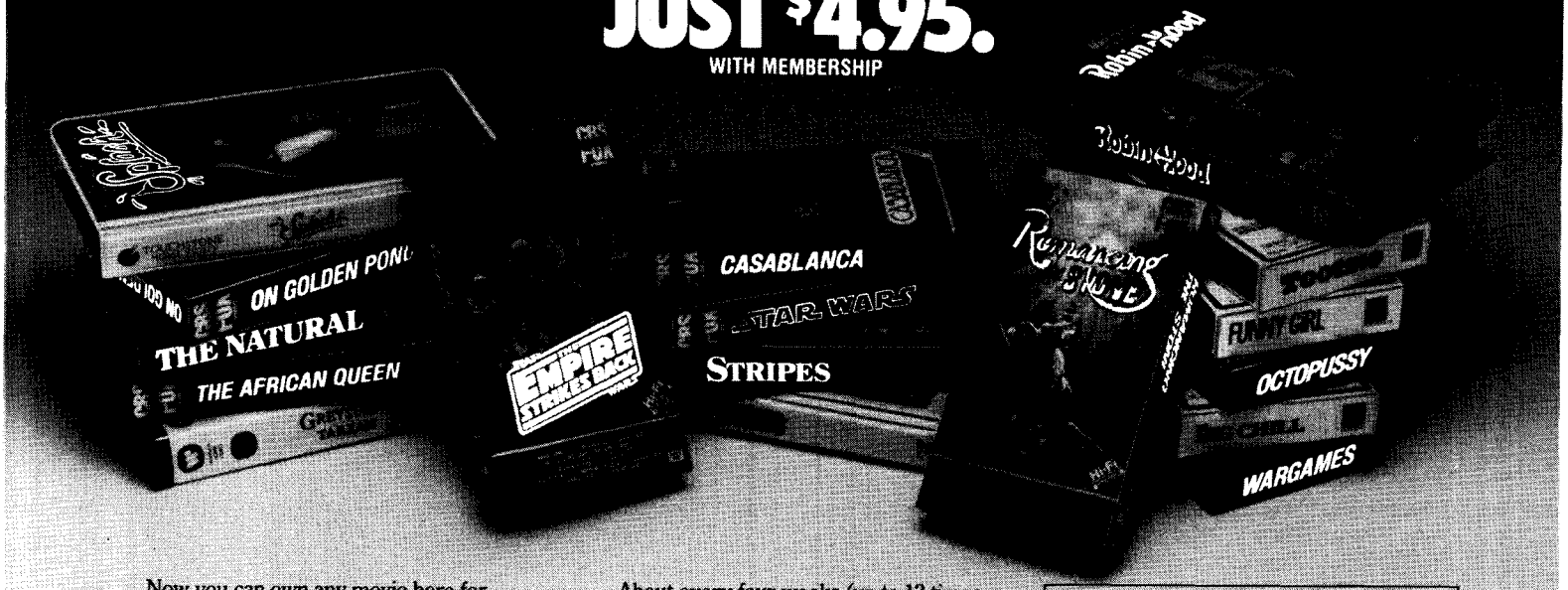

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SPLASH	5304022	CASABLANCA	0507082	TIGHTROPE	6051052
THE BIG CHILL	1527022	TOOTSIE	1509042	BACHELOR PARTY	0926012
WARGAMES	0828022	DUMBO	5251052	COUNTRY	5341072
RISKY BUSINESS	6033082	THE AFRICAN QUEEN	0511022	ANNIE HALL	0502112
THE NATURAL	1649052	MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY (1935)	2562062	FANNY & ALEXANDER	3112092
STAR WARS	0564162	THE PHILADELPHIA STORY	2503082	GREYSTOKE—THE LEGEND OF TARZAN, LORD OF THE APES	6045042
YENTL	0895082	THE WAY WE WERE	1529002		
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CADDYSHACK	6023022	CABARET	4001272	BODY HEAT	6020032
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		OCTOPUSSY	0856052	DR. STRANGELOVE	1521082
GANDHI	1533042	PORKY'S	0775112	ANNIE	1516052
POLICE ACADEMY	6049002	THE GRAPES OF WRATH	0531082	FIDDLER ON THE ROOF	0551032
ARSENIC & OLD LACE	0735102	MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS	2529082	A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS	1537002
LA CAGE AUX FOLLES	0512012	NATIONAL LAMPOON'S VACATION	6039022	THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN	0534212
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BRIEFINGS

MIKADO

New York's Pierpont Morgan Library has the most extensive Gilbert & Sullivan archives in the world. More than 200 photographs, posters, programs, autographed manuscripts and letters, printed scores, and ephemera have been selected for an exhibition marking the 100th anniversary of the first production of the *Mikado*.

Among the items on display are rare photos showing the first D'Oyly Carte cast members in the original costumes. There is a souvenir program for the *Hot Mikado*, a jazz production starring Bill "Bojangles" Robinson at the 1939 New York World's Fair.

In Gilbert's own hand is a topical encore verse for a 1908 production for Koko's "I've Got a Little List," condemning suffrage and socialism:

That well-intentioned lady who's
too bulky for her boots,
The lovely suffragist—I've got *her*
on the list—
That single-minded patriot, who
doesn't bank with Coutts,
The red-hot Socialist—I don't
think *he'll* be missed.

Frederick Federici, original Mikado

NORMAN GERSHAM

BACK IN THE U.S.S.R.

When John Denver was singing with the Chad Mitchell Trio back in the 1960s, he probably never imagined he was destined for international diplomacy. In 1977 Denver became one of five founding members of the World Hunger Project. Jimmy Carter later appointed him to the Presidential Commission on World Hunger. This past fall, the 42-year-old singer-songwriter became an unofficial goodwill ambassador when he undertook a 12-day musical tour of the Soviet Union.

Early in preparation for the visit, protocol became a concern because formal cultural ties have not been renewed since the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan in 1979. Denver called upon friends familiar with the diplomatic situation to secure an invitation from the Union of Composers of the U.S.S.R. He was briefed by both the U.S. State Department—which neither sanctioned nor opposed the visit—and the Soviet Embassy in Washington.

Once on tour, including stops in Moscow and Leningrad, Denver met with members of the State Cultural Ministry as well as popular Soviet folk musicians. Appearing in his traditional cowboy boots and leather vest, he entertained an audience made up largely of Soviet officials by singing such hits as "Rocky Mountain High" and "Leaving on a Jet Plane."

Since returning to the States, the New Mexico-born entertainer has continued to sound a theme of friendship through music, a medium he believes transcends politics and "evokes a common emotion that speaks to the deeper, hidden self." The Soviets, too, appear anxious for a return engagement. Denver recently returned to work out details for a Soviet television special planned for early next year.

In the meantime, Denver has just completed a U.S. tour in association with his new album, *Dreamland Express*. Concert dates this month include a Denver, Colorado, benefit, July 5; a concert with the Boston Pops on July 14 in Washington, D.C.; and a performance with the Dallas Symphony, July 20. Next month the singer returns to China for a worldwide satellite concert from the Great Wall.

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BRIEFINGS

Silent screen star Nita Nalde (1923)

Ava Gardner (1950)

Olive Thomas, the most popular brunette in Ziegfeld's Follies (1920)

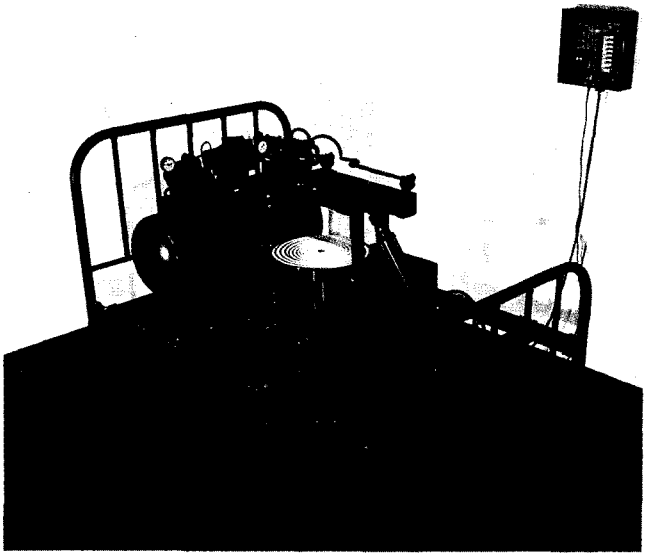
VARGAS GIRLS

When Albert Vargas died in 1981, it was the end of an era for the American male. For 60 years the Peruvian-born artist painted women, famous and unknown, with brush strokes so soft and light each figure seemed to breathe on the page.

The Vargas touch, instantly recognizable, began with paintings of the Ziegfeld stars in the 1920s and continued through his long association with both *Esquire* and *Playboy* magazines. During World War II Vargas girls sat tucked in the pockets of American troops who landed on faraway beaches, and as late as the '50s they were still decorating millions of America's high school lockers.

In his last years, Vargas's work was seen on album covers for such artists as Bernadette Peters and The Cars.

Through August 31, the San Francisco Art Exchange will host the first-ever retrospective of Vargas's lifework. Because major publishers often held exclusive rights to the artist's work, he was unable to sell many of his own paintings. Selections from Vargas's private collection, however, will be on sale through the gallery. Among them will be paintings of Marlene Dietrich ($80,000), Marilyn Monroe ($65,000), and Shirley Temple ($32,000). For further information call (415) 441-8840.



JO BABCOCK

ART ATTACK

Bryan Rogers's *Perfect Timing* was part of a recent exhibition of 40 artists whose work appeared at the Otis Art Institute of Parsons School for Design. The intriguing collection of paintings and sculpture, entitled "San Francisco/Science Fiction," was conceived as an unorthodox look at human/machine behavior in which some of the works "assault" the viewer with whirls and thumps and spewing oil. Rogers has called his work "the ultimate in electromechanical sensuality. No fuss, no mess, complete dependability." Adds the artist's wife, "I wish I'd learned about sex that way."

SR

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A THOUSAND WORDS

A Selection of Photographs from Recent Books

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(Opposite, above) The muscular back of an Australian lifesaver from **Down Under, To Glorify the Australian Lifesaver**, *photography by Peter James, Salem House, $9.95.*
(Opposite, below left) Laurence Olivier in Sophocles' Oedipus *at the Old Vic, London (1944-45 season), from* **Theatre in Britain: A Personal View** *by Harold Hobson, Merrimack Publisher's Circle, $24.95.*
(Opposite, below right) "Wartime Romances," courtesy of the Library of Congress, from **The Homefront: America During World War Two** *by Mark Jonathan Harris, Franklin Harris, and Steven Schecter, with an introduction by Studs Terkel, Perigee Books, The Putnam Group, $8.95.*
(Left) Worship of the Devi as the Blessed Dark Goddess Bhadrakali from **The Flame and the Lotus: Indian and Southeast Asian Art from the Kronos Collection** *by Martin Lerner, photographs by Peter Johnson, The Metropolitan Museum of Art, Harry N. Abrams, $40.*
(Below) A fashion jewelry shot for Italian Vogue *from* **Paper Dolls**, *photography by Art Kane, Melrose Publishing Co. $35.* SR

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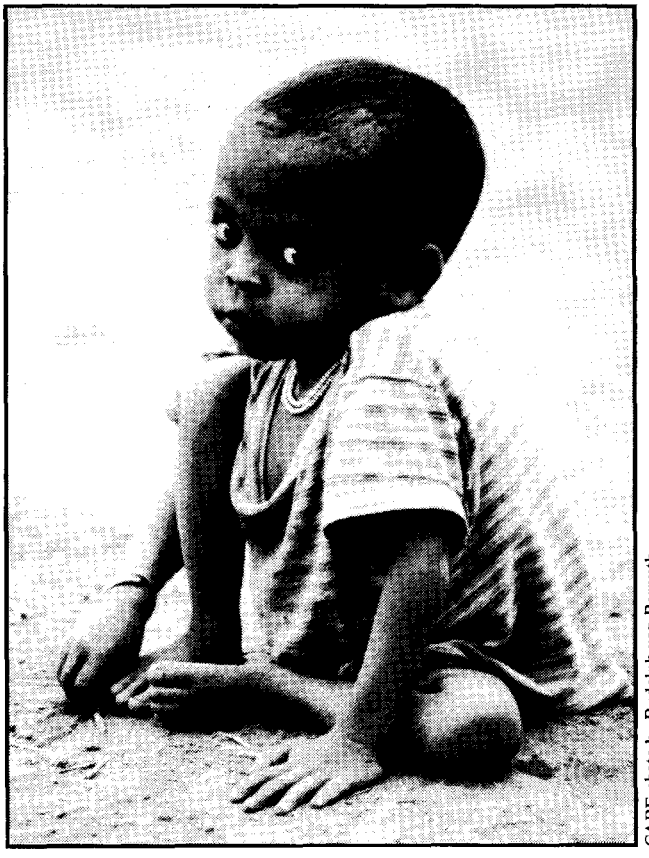
CAMPAIGN for AFRICA



CARE photo by Rudolph von Bernuth

Millions of children are dying silently. Famine has left them too weak to cry — their parents, too weak to hope. Through CARE you can bring food and critical supplies to millions of people in Ethiopia and other drought-stricken countries: Mauritania, Chad, Niger, Kenya, Mali, Somalia, Mozambique, and Sudan.

You already know about the African crisis. You may even have contributed to a relief effort. If so, thank you. But please remember — the African people will need emergency food shipments for many months before they can get past the most severe point of danger. Please send your contribution now to:

CARE: CAMPAIGN for AFRICA,
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CARE

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CLASSICS

by Melinda Franklin

PICTURE PERFECT: SR FOCUSES ON CAMERAS

Linda Ronstadt, Nikon

Sean Young, Minolta

a Hasselblad on the moon

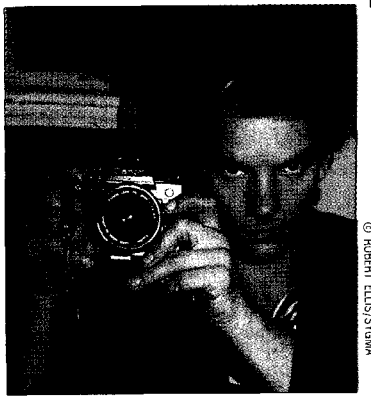
Andy Warhol, Konica

Christie Brinkley, Leica

James Hunt, Olympus

John Travolta, Polaroid

Elizabeth Taylor, Canon



Sting and his Canon

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CAMERA MAN

INTERVIEW WITH MARTY FORSCHER, CAMERA EXPERT

Q. What is the best 35 mm camera in the world?

A. It's difficult to single out one 35 mm camera that is much, much better than all of the other 35 mm cameras available today. But it is interesting to note that eighty percent of all 35 mm camera images reproduced in magazines are photographed with a Nikon camera.

Nikon owes much of its success to a man named Joseph Ehrenreich, a New York camera dealer who recognized the potential of the Japanese camera industry. He traveled to Japan in the late 1950s and convinced Nikon to start making higher quality cameras to compete with the top-of-the-line products coming out of Germany. As professional photographers' demands for new features increased, Ehrenreich saw to it that Nikon innovation was the first to meet them. Ehrenreich also set up a well-organized sales operation for Nikon in the U.S., which helps account for Nikon's large reservoir of loyalty among professional photographers.

Marty Forscher, well-known camera technician and proprietor of Professional Camera Repair Service, New York

Today Nikon has the most complete system of photographic equipment. There are many viable substitutes for Nikon that are well made and mechanically sound. For example, Pentax, which sells less expensive cameras than Nikon, in almost every sense meets the needs of the amateur photographer. So does Minolta and Olympus. Another camera, Ricoh, is very well made and reflects state-of-the-art technology within its price range.

Q. What should the casual amateur photographer look for when purchasing a new camera?

A. 1. You should buy a brand name product and make sure that it has legitimate "parents" you can turn to if you have a problem. Many off-brand cameras are available, but when they break, you are going to have trouble getting them fixed.

2. You should be concerned about gray market products. Syndications buy cameras for the big discount houses wherever the dollar is strong—Singapore, Hong Kong, and Portugal—and bring them into the U.S. legitimately. Often the price of a gray market camera is very attractive. The gray market business is of major proportions, and it is hurting the retail and wholesale industry in this country. In order to compete with those prices, American importers have extended warranty periods and offered larger rebates.

Ten years from now, cameras as we know them today will be obsolete.

It is essential that you be able to get your camera serviced under warranty in this country. Responsibility for servicing gray market cameras is very diffuse. Make sure that the camera's warranty papers say that the camera is an import and that the warranty is covered by an American importer.

3. The camera should be purchased in a package that is factory packed, not opened and repacked. Unscrupulous dealers will buy damaged merchandise and save packages from other sales and repack cameras.

4. Most legitimate cameras come complete with neck straps, lens caps, batteries, etc. Discount houses may offer lower prices, but often their cameras are sold stripped down. You'll end up paying extra for the required accessories.

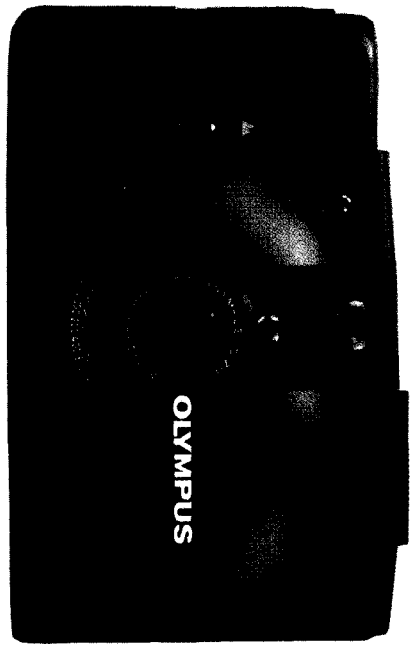
5. If possible, put the camera through its paces before you walk out of the store with it. See that it is functioning properly.

6. Sometimes, it is worth more to go to a store where a salesperson will spend a significant amount of time with you. You may learn something new about a camera that isn't easily explained in an instruction manual, and the salesperson can also get a feel for what kind of camera you need.

Q. What is in the future for the camera industry?

A. Ten years from now, cameras as we know them today will be obsolete. Everything will be on tape. Video is the photography of the future, and the fidelity of the image is the only thing that stands in the way of this right now. People will eventually be able to take video home movies and extract photographs from the movies that will be perfectly acceptable.

In the future, it will also be possible to transmit photographs by telephone. That kind of technology is available now, but the quality of the image still stands in the way of this technique being used on a regular basis.



Pictured here is the Olympus XA3 camera, measuring 4" x 2.6" x 1.6". Convenience in handling and overall design are the hallmarks of the Olympus XA series.

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BRONICA

Bronica enjoys the reputation of being one of the most electronically advanced and well-made cameras in the world. The Bronica SQ-A and SQ-Am—their most popular lines—represent a newly developed single lens reflex camera system for users who prefer a 6×6 cm film format. One of the chief attractions of the 6×6 format is the large negative it produces and the overall image quality. The result: an 8×10″ print from a Bronica is as sharp as a 3×5″ print from a 35 mm camera.

Another Bronica feature is the interchangeable film system. By simply attaching an auxiliary film container—called a film back—to the camera, it's possible to mix black-and-white and color films, interchange slide transparency and negative color films, or even use Polaroid film. Bronica offers several different film backs, one for each film format.

OLYMPUS

Originally established as Takachiho Manufacturing Company, Ltd., in 1919, this company took its name from the mythological mountain of Japan's ancient gods. Reflecting its increasing international activities, in 1949 Takachiho changed its name to Olympus, signifying the home of the ancient Greek gods.

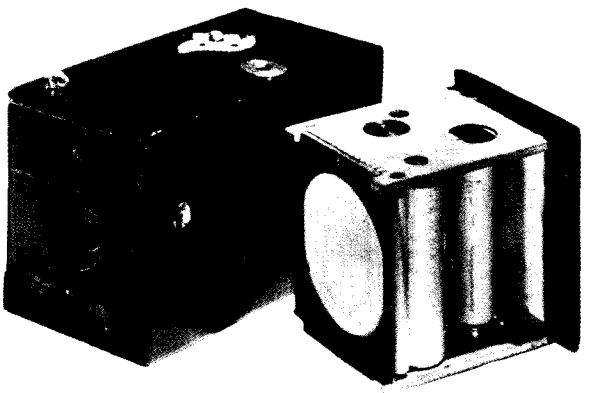
Recently, Olympus introduced its OM-PC single lens reflex camera made to take correctly exposed pictures with ease, even under the most difficult lighting conditions. The OM-PC has "intelligent" metering capabilities similar to the human eye. This unique system, called ESP (Electro-Selective Pattern), is a built-in microcomputer that uses vastly more exposure information than most other cameras. ESP automatically adjusts for back or front lighting, bright and dark backgrounds, and even direct sunlight. The Olympus OM-PC system is less expensive than other fine cameras.

Another Olympus showpiece is the new Quick Shooter—the world's first fully automatic 35 mm camera with a user replaceable long-life battery that will last five years under normal use. The Quick Shooter features the fastest flash recycling time of any 35 mm focus camera.

KODAK

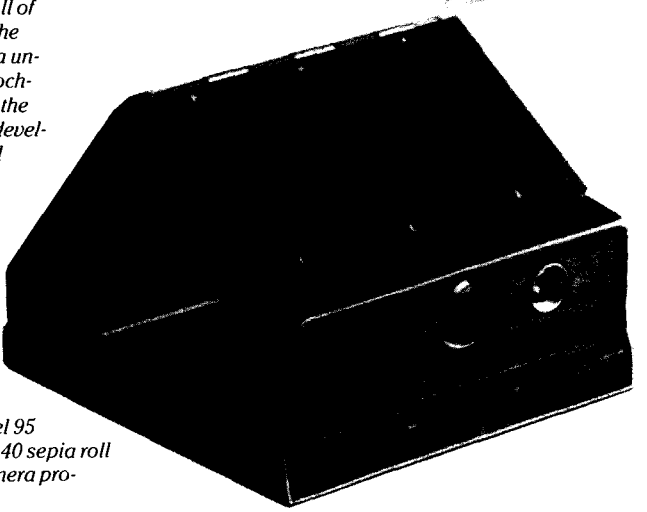
In 1888 a single technological breakthrough launched photography into the mainstream of society. George Eastman, a former bookkeeper in a New York bank, announced his invention of the Kodak No. 1, the first hand-held camera designed to use roll film.

The Kodak No. 1 cost $25—a high price in those days—and came loaded with enough film to make 100 exposures. The price of the camera included the cost of processing the first roll of film, and required that the owner return the camera unopened to Eastman's Rochester, N.Y., plant, where the film was removed and developed into negatives and prints.



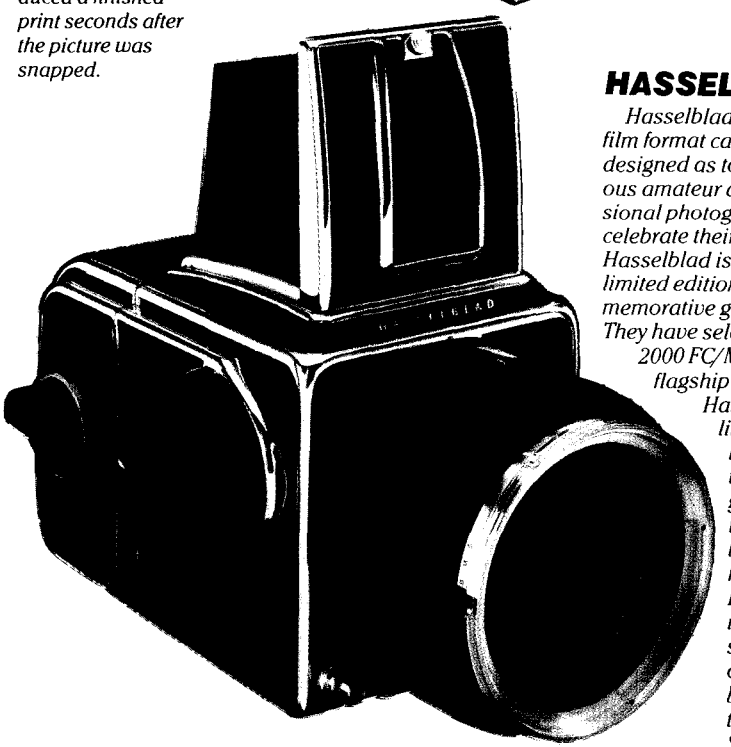
POLAROID

The popularity of cameras increased dramatically after 1948, when Edwin H. Land introduced the first one-step products, the Polaroid Model 95 Land camera and Type 40 sepia roll film. The new Land camera produced a finished print seconds after the picture was snapped.



HASSELBLAD

Hasselblad 2¼ x 2¼ film format cameras are designed as tools for serious amateur and professional photographers. To celebrate their centennial, Hasselblad is producing a limited edition of commemorative gold cameras. They have selected the 2000 FC/M, the flagship camera of the Hasselblad line. It is finished in black with 24 carat gold trim on the camera body, and the film magazine. Each camera is individually serialized and only 250 will be available in the United States.



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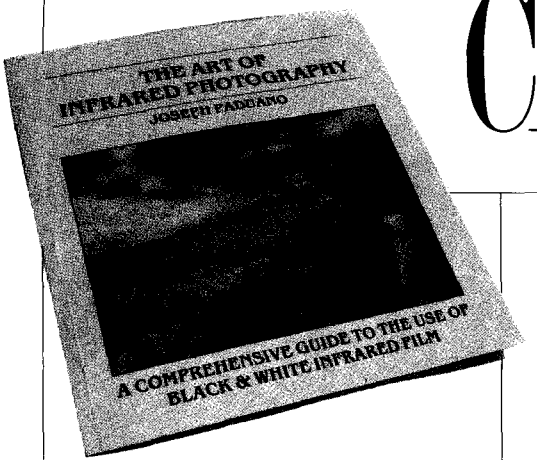
CLASSICS

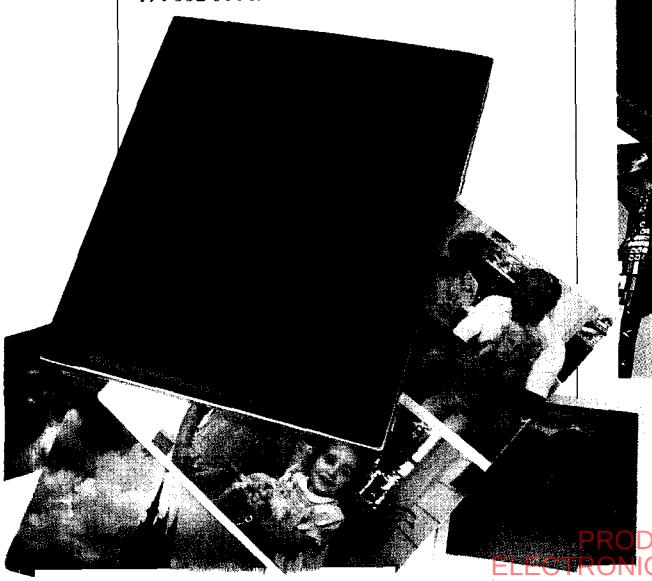
PHOTOS BY TOM WOLFE

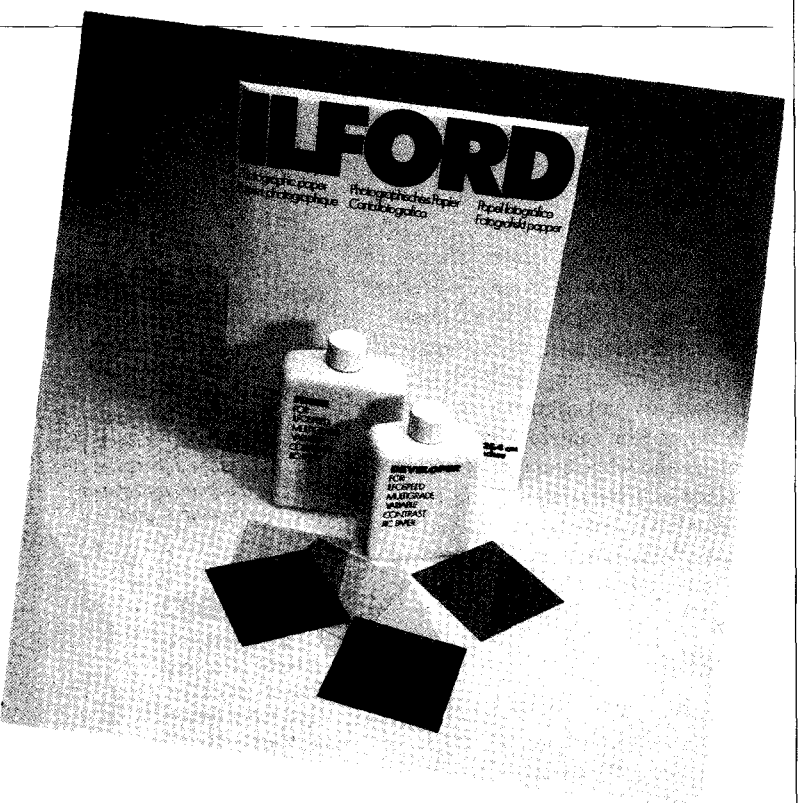


The Art of Infrared Photography *represents a straightforward approach to the use of black & white infrared film. $12.95 + $1.50 postage from Morgan & Morgan, 145 Palisade St., Dobbs Ferry, NY 10522.*

The compact Simon slide viewer allows you to sort, edit, and view your slides at three different magnifications. $129. From the Sharper Image Catalogue, 1-800-344-4444.

This elegant tortoise-shell covered photo album holds 48 photographs. $21.50. Available from Specialty Shoppers, Milwaukee, WI 414-332-9004.





The Ilford Multigrade Discovery Kit provides the material needed to discover the finest in variable contrast black & white printmaking. Includes 25 sheets of Ilford mulitgrade variable contrast paper, developer and fixer (enough for 25 prints), seven multigrade filters, and information booklet. $27.95. Available at Ron Com Camera, Washington, D.C. 202-543-1900.

The Life Library of Photography *series (Revised Edition) covers literally every aspect of shooting, developing, and printing pictures—for the beginner, the serious amateur, and the professional. $15.95 per volume (16 volumes total). Available at all major bookstores.*

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NEW YORK CITY'S

6 BEST, MOST UNDISCOVERED ARTISTS

BY COOKIE MUELLER ▾ PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES COLBURN

ALL THE NEWS YOU'VE READ ABOUT ARTISTS WHO HAVE LEAPT FROM ANONYMITY TO fame and reached star status overnight is true. Painters today have become like rock stars fifteen years ago.

At no other time in history could this have been possible, except perhaps in that period in Holland during Rembrandt and Vermeer's time, when the art market became so glutted with paintings and money that the weight finally made the bottom fall out.

Unfortunately, some of the new art stars are not so talented as Rembrandt. In fact, they don't appear to be talented at all, but the rabid public doesn't seem to know the difference . . . or even to care.

The six artists featured here (with birthdates included for astrologically minded readers) have real talent—different from Rembrandt's, of course—but they haven't yet received the kind of attention or recognition needed to launch major careers.

These artists all lead vastly different lives, and their works certainly look nothing alike. They are linked only by their belief in, and their sense of commitment to, their art—not to trends or the desires of patrons or public.

If there is anything such as justice in the world — an arguable proposition — these pages will be the prologue to major careers for major talents.

Cookie Mueller is an actress, writer, and art critic. She has appeared in all of John Waters's films. She writes columns for Details *and* East Village Eye. *Her book,* How To Get Rid of Pimples, *was published last summer.*

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DECEM 9, 1957

D A V I D B O W E S

These days an artist like David Bowes is a rarity. Unlike the majority of young and modern rocketing art stars, Bowes doesn't mass produce. He disregards the demands of the market and the public, is neglectful of trendiness, and has not begun to think of reproducing his work on T-shirts . . . although the idea is so incongruous and ridiculous that it might just work.

Despite the fact that Bowes's creative impetus and inspiration does not appear to be love of money and fame, he is acquiring both and is one of the stable of artists, along with wildly successful painters like Keith Haring, who show at Tony Schafrazi's Gallery, one of the hottest and most financially solvent galleries in New York, the nation, and perhaps the world. So his stab at avoiding the limelight isn't working.

His pre-Schafrazi gallery work was sort of neoclassical Fragonard stuff: bucolic scenes riddled with people, animals, and objects that seemed a hybrid of Edwardian England and Cleopatra's Egypt. Later he became enamored of the Mediterranean and spent a long time working in Rome, where his paintings became heavily influenced by an Italian Renaissance decadence. Lately he has moved on to yet another sphere, but the utopian romanticism remains, and there is an avoidance of Manhattan's "glitter garbage factory" influence.

From his youth he remembers well a print of a painting of the Madonna by Fra Filippo Lippi that hung in his room. This was his first introduction to art. His heritage is heavy on the cultural side, but his parents tried to dissuade him from pursuing a serious art career. A risky proposition, they warned him. He has proved them wrong.

All but the youngest culture lover remember a time when an artist was supposed to be the esthetic, sensitive type, a soul obsessively driven by divine unseen forces, romanticized in novels by Irving Stone and Somerset Maugham, penniless but rich in spirit. David Bowes has been born into a time when this ideal is rather archaic. He may well be one of the last old-fashioned poetic artists. They are going rapidly the way of the wind.

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AUGUS , 1958

F R E D B R A I T H W A I T E

A few years ago in lower Manhattan, Fred Braithwaite, a.k.a. Fab Five Freddie, became famous for things other than painting. In fact, he's one of those NYC renaissance men, capable of stylishly doing just about anything well.

He began a "nebulous" music career years ago by rapping on the streets. People who don't live in New York might find it difficult to imagine that music happens spontaneously on the streets here, but this is where rap music was originally conceived. Braithwaite was one of the first to bring rap indoors in performances at Steve Mass's now defunct Mudd Club in 1980 when that place was the mecca of all artistic and cultural concerns.

Braithwaite had a starring role in Charlie Ahearn's 1982 film, *Wild Style*, a loosely plotted, low-budget gem about subway yard graffiti writers/painters, rap singers, and street dancers. The film sent sparks flying in all directions in the United States, Europe, and Japan, and sent Braithwaite on tour everywhere to promote it. In France, the Celluloid record label cut the first French Hip Hop record with Braithwaite rapping a phonetically learned, Phillip Marlowe-style dialogue as lyrics. It was a hit, but Braithwaite didn't much like record biz people. There were too many middlemen. "Everything seemed sleazy. It was a lot like making hamburgers . . . not too many great meals were being cooked up in those recording studios."

Through most of those years Braithwaite was painting, and now his work is beginning to ripen. Once he worked exclusively with spray paint on sheet metal, but he now works with oil on canvas. His particular style has changed only slightly. He is under no pressure to produce, and he's found that unlike the film and music businesses, things happen a bit slower in the art world. It requires patience and lonely work, but he feels that it's a better system: just the artist and the viewer in an intimate relationship. There is no way to hide behind the technical expertise of film editors and studio sound engineers.

One sure sign indicates that Braithwaite is about to make larger waves with his art: the people who buy his work are other artists. So far his collectors are Julian Schnabel, Keith Haring, Kenny Scharf, and Francesco Clemente. He is represented by the Fun Gallery, the very first gallery to open in the East Village.

As he grew up in Bedford Stuyvesant, he remembers, his father's friends who hung around were people the likes of Miles Davis, Max Roach, and Thelonius Monk, so fame is not such a foreign thing to him. An only child, he believed he could literally walk into the TV set or the painting of the ship on the wall, the same way Alice walked into the looking glass. Perhaps he is coming full circle now. Braithwaite as the creator can walk into what he chooses; the boundaries are limitless. "One is capable of writing his or her own future," he says and smiles. "You can fill in the spaces as you see fit."

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JANUARY 19, 1950

STEFANO CASTRONOVO

It's well known that the Italians are at least two thousand years ahead of the infant Americans in the art department. For Italians, the love of the sublime divine—art and beauty—is in the blood. It's biological. It's built right into their DNA double helixes.

Stefano Castronovo, born and raised in Trieste, Italy, has a definite advantage. At thirteen his work was so shockingly mature, so advanced, that he was taken under the wing of a master mentor for private art tutoring. This is quite an extraordinary thing even for Italians. At fourteen he was accepted into a gallery in Trieste and was included in group shows with adults three times his age. At eighteen he retired.

He decided to travel, physically and mentally: Mescaline in Munich; LSD in Lisbon; speed in Spain. In the '70s he quit drug-taking. He headed for American shores, first New York, then LA, where he came out of retirement, got out the brushes, and married a Chinese woman, Mee Din. He also had a son, Ian. They moved back to New York, and he started watching closely the anti-art scene of the late '70s, which was marked by postminimalism, anarchy, and work that looked as unpainterly as possible.

Only after the public's appreciation of this flaccid flim-flamming wore thin did painters with true skill and genuine talent get a chance to show their work. Castronovo falls into this category naturally. His work is realistic, but not at all like the paint-by-numbers photo realism school. He is mysteriously adept at giving skin and cloth that transparency that only happens in reality or in paintings by the old masters. He assures us that this mastery comes not through any formula but through his concentration and three decades of practice. In the past two years he has been painting portraits of megastars (Elvis, Michael Jackson, Darth Vader) on the backs of leather jackets, churning them out for lucky wearers who can afford them. ("Here I am painting these jackets for everyone to wear while I'm naked.")

Perhaps one could label him a mannerist, magic realist, but I don't know if any label fits. Maybe it is just a feeling and impression of reality that we perceive in his work.

He shows with Patrick Fox Gallery, the hottest new gallery in New York, and he is bound for stardom. The only problem: he can't seem to find the same kind of special colors that they have in Italy. "That green . . . oh, especially that one brown. . . ."

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JUNE 24, 1954

S C O T T C O V E R T

Scott Covert doesn't really live anywhere, except perhaps on the telephone. For the last five years he has lived with different friends for a few weeks at a time. He manages to function well with no money at all. In fact, he has become a fixture on the Manhattan night life scene: working the door at Michael Jackson's birthday bash at the Museum of Natural History, hosting Beverly Sills's final performance party, and working on the committee of Lincoln Center's Royal Ballet shindig with Prince Charles and Mrs. Reagan in attendance.

Covert has also been seen on the stage sporadically in Theatre of the Ridiculous pieces directed by John Vacarro. He walked away with every show he appeared in, and he could have pursued acting as a career. But like many artists, Covert lacks the thick skin it takes for self-promotion in the serious entertainment business. Besides, he just isn't normal enough.

Originally from Edison, New Jersey ("The town was first called Menlo Park because they didn't know Tom Edison was going to live there. What else would they have called it? Light Bulb, New Jersey?"), Covert moved on to San Francisco, where he made an impression on the San Francisco Art Institute staff by creating art from whatever he could find: old toothbrushes, buttons, used Band-Aids, already chewed gum. Then he moved into working with other, more substantial, used items—skulls and skeletons.

When his lover died and was cremated, Covert, because he wasn't a member of the family, was excluded from the funeral. Depressed, he consulted a psychic who said that in an earlier life Covert had been an Egyptian high priest and had been much involved with death. Covert found himself drawn to skeletons and bones, which he began to see as the literal brace of the human life force. If one could see spirit, if it were something tangible, it would be a skeleton, he says. The fact that his brother is a Capuchin monk, the order that presides over the Church of the Immaculate Conception in Rome, where the bones of four thousand religious are on display, is merely a family coincidence.

Covert also makes collages, '60s style, from magazine cutouts, mostly eyes and clocks. He has discovered that all clocks used in ads read 10:10. Could this have some wild ultrasignificant subliminal meaning for humankind? He also makes crucifixes from wood for his collages of modern martyrs, people like Rose Kennedy, Calvin Klein, and Roman Polanski. Lately, his collages have focused on genitalia.

Covert has a cosmopolitan, topical sense of black humor and makes his social commentary by cajoling people to laugh through their perceptions of the ironic. To date he has had one show in a small, obscure gallery. This gallery is no longer even locatable, and neither is the artist, who is, as usual, at large and presently "floating." If he could be pinned down, his work would sell; there are a growing number of collectors. As yet his work remains spread around the city in various friends' homes, gifts from a gifted comedic artist.

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MAY 18, 1952

J A N E D I X O N

In 1980 at the Bronx gallery Fashion Moda, the place where graffiti and alternative art first came into the confines of walls, Jane Dixon began working on a huge maze one could walk through and get lost in before finally finding the center. The center was a small oasis of green Easter grass, offering the person who arrived there the feeling of being in a little sanctuary or a secret city park: solace amid confusion.

The maze was a favorite of neighborhood kids, the ten- to fourteen-year-olds, preadolescents that didn't know anything about art, much less that art could be fun. The kids adopted the maze, they painted it and graffitied it up, and put trap doors and windows in it for quicker routes and short cuts to the inner sanctum. Those same kids started making mazes for school projects; they began thinking about art as a reality for themselves.

Dixon had unwittingly opened a door for a bunch of otherwise culturally deprived youths of the inner city. She is pleased about this, because what she was thinking while she was working on the piece was very personal . . . a reflection of what she had been feeling at the time—a bit chaotic, but certain of some peaceful core. Often she uses her work in this way, as a sort of visual manifestation of what's going on in her head.

She says she paints from apprehension and fear, and it is true her canvases are dark and eerie Times Square cityscapes that evoke a feeling of doom. But she means something more esoteric, not quite literal, although this is exactly how she approaches her work—very literally.

It is difficult to imagine that Jane Dixon is fearful. The most striking thing about her, aside from her obvious physical attractiveness, is her naturalness and tranquility of manner. There is an easy presence here, an assurance that comes from knowing what she wants without having to resort to overt, dogged displays of determination to get it. If there is such a thing as reincarnation, Dixon gives all the appearances of having paid her dues in the last life.

As far back as she can imagine, even back to kindergarten, she knew that she was a painter, that her coordination made realistic renderings possible at so early an age. At boarding school at fourteen, thinking that her parents had abandoned her, she became fully aware of the artist she was. Even before entering the Chicago Art Institute, she began cementing her style. Upon moving to New York City she met filmmaker Charlie Ahearn, and she knew that later she would marry him, but wasn't so happy about the idea of having to wash anyone else's socks. Surprisingly enough, Charlie not only knew how to make brilliant films and be a sensitive husband, but also knew how to wash socks.

Jane Dixon shows her work at the Brook Alexander Gallery. She has just started designing theater sets, and lately she's found a new usable surface: vinyl. Very modern. So is she, but not ultra.

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APRIL 1958

GREER LANKTON

ERIC KROLL

The first work publicly seen by this uncategorizable artist was sexually and politically personal. If the work could have been hung on walls, people might have been more comfortable. As it was, they just didn't know what to do with it. What Greer Lankton makes are dolls. More definitively, what she makes are doll-like sculptures that mean more than dolls. At the Chicago Art Institute she was making these sculptures while everyone else was painting on canvas. And at the Pratt Institute she couldn't be persuaded from this kind of work. She began to do photography to document the dolls.

Viewers are usually stunned when face to face with these figures, especially the one wearing the fat suit—a costume like a wet suit that makes its wearer look a hundred pounds heavier and more grotesque. Even more shocking to the unsuspecting is the hermaphrodite doll in labor, explicitly complete with umbilical cord, medical terms made visible, and a passel of amorphic brats in tow. It had the art mavens' heads twirling. Some found it offensive, everyone found it intriguing.

But for Lankton, these concepts are not outrageous nor unrelated to her experience. She was at one time a man, but never truly comfortable with the accompanying anatomy. She, and everyone who knows her well, see her original gender as a slight mistake that was simply rectified. She didn't ever look much like a man, anyway, and endured a lot of abuse from unsympathetic people.

Her family, fortunately, is a close-knit, liberal, loving, and artistic bunch. Her father, a Presbyterian minister, is much like a theological psychologist and philosopher. They understood.

Her work has a lot to do with her singular experience. How many artists can tell you that they were once of the opposite sex? There is quite a bit of hype and pretentiousness involved with being an artist these days, but Lankton definitely does not use this aspect of her past for publicity purposes; in fact, she plays it way down. All it really means, ultimately, is that she is more comfortable, natural, and less mentally jammed up. Unlike other "East Village artists," she seems to have a relaxed wisdom concerning her career. It seems that she intuitively knows that there is no positive key to success, but surely the formula for failure is trying to please everyone all the time.

Someday Lankton would like to see her "people," her dolls, come alive in animated films, which is entirely possible since all the dolls she is making these days have movable joints.

Lankton shows her work in an East Village gallery, Civilian Warfare. Right now she is working on a whole family of little people. I can't wait to see the film. SR

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SPY MASTER

BY ERIC SAUTER

The increasingly less enigmatic author whose thrillers are sure-fire best sellers

IN THE PHOTOGRAPHS THAT GRACE THE backs of his books, Frederick Forsyth's features seem saturnine. Like so many of his characters, there is a hint of cruelty in the upward slash of his mouth, a coldness around the eyes. In person, he is a startling surprise. He is positively jolly, joking wryly with English grace, that combination of civility and the desire to put up a good front, at once sincere and superficial, that has been the charm of countless Englishmen before him.

He takes press attention like a trooper, recounting tales of his promotional travel woes with a smile. A photographer circles in and he begins striking poses, each one more theatrically interesting than the last.

He understands what they want. After fifteen years of best-selling novels, after nearly as many years of deadly rumors following him like an obtrusive tail, he knows they want to see the legend.

He is the man who knows assassins and mercenaries, the man who may have paid for a coup in West Africa, the man who knows where to buy guns and forged passports, the man who can change his face for a camera with the easy grace of a consummate actor, the man who is more of a real adventurer than his fictional characters.

Forsyth's legend is bolstered by a gathering of facts that helped create and now preserves his aura of hard-edged romanticism. A speaker of French and German by the time he was a teenager, he joined Reuters in 1961 and soon replaced one of their Paris correspondents because he was the only one in the London office who spoke the language. In Paris, he waited around for DeGaulle to get assassinated. After two years, when that didn't materialize, he went to East Berlin—"spy-crowded East Berlin" his publisher describes it—to become bureau chief at the age of twenty-five.

Two years later he joined the BBC and by 1967 he was in Biafra, angering the British ambassador to Nigeria by suggesting in his reports that the small uprising was in actuality a bloody civil war. The BBC transferred him to Parliament while the Biafran disaster escalated. He asked them to send him back but the BBC refused. Forsyth resigned. Two days later he was reporting from Biafra on his own. He made it a world story.

He left journalism in 1969 and, with the idea that it might become a "small-scale success," wrote *The Day of the Jackal* in thirty-five days in the first months of 1970. After shopping the manuscript around the West End of London for seven months, he found a publisher and the book appeared in June of the following year. Forsyth was thirty-two years old. By the fall, he had become a tremendous success.

"People think that I must have woken up one day and, bingo, a million dollars. I wish it had been that easy. It came in dribs and drabs. I think I got $600 for the British edition, a huge $10,000 for the American edition minus the cut of my British publisher and my agent's cut. You don't retire on $6,000."

But the money did come, especially after he wrote his next two books, *The Odessa File* (1971) and *The Dogs of War* (1973). "My accountant and lawyer called me and said, 'Look, Freddie, the facts of life indicate that the money from all *three* books will be coming in 1973. You'll have too much. You ought to leave the country.' "

Once his plans to leave England were known, part of the legend was set into place: Forsyth had the cold heart of a mercenary—he wrote *only* for the money and when it arrived, he took it with him into tax exile. After a year in Spain, he and his wife went to Ireland for another five years of what everyone said was another non-productive tax exile.

The move to Ireland was not motivated by the tax-free life writers enjoy there, he claims. It was mostly inspired by his wife, who happens to be Irish. They had no real home in England, so they spent five years in her country and returned to England in 1980.

He feels very English now, his lust for travel confined to what he calls "the old whore, Europe. I still find her fascinating." But England is where he prefers to be. "I've lived under fascist regimes, communist regimes. We've got a great little country there and it's the place I want to live."

CRISTINA MICHNIACKI

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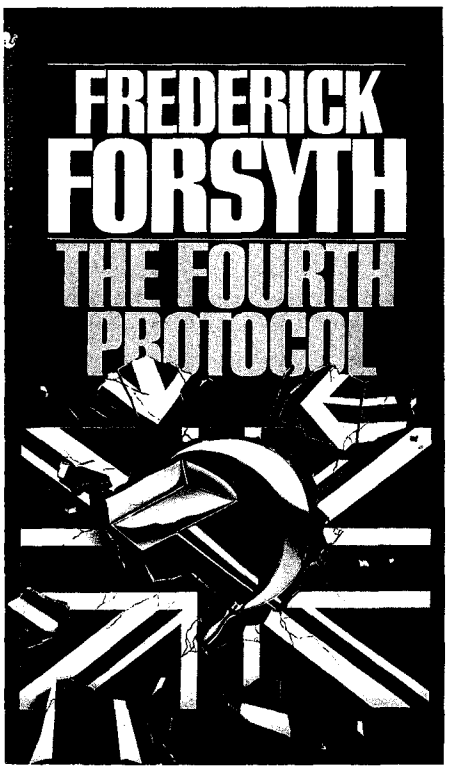
His lust for money has subsided as well. "I'm honestly not very impressed with the damn stuff. What I value it for is, first, independence. I do not have to check in or out of a factory floor or office. Second, security. It's good to know that I can take care of my family. The third is spending. Neither my wife nor I have very ostentatious tastes. I don't want a $500,000 yacht. I'm happy with my small fishing boat off the south coast of England. I take my mates and a crate of beer and we have fun, do a bit of fishing.

"When the other story came into my head—*The Devil's Alternative*—there had to be more than money in mind. I do enjoy inventing stories. The creation of a yarn pleases me, researching all the arcane facts and figures."



Above is the cover of the paperback edition of Forsyth's recent #1 best seller, to be published by Bantam in September.

It took him forty-five days to create *Devil's'* 175,000 words; the 150,000 words of *The Fourth Protocol* took forty-two days. He writes twelve pages a day on an electric portable—"a major scientific breakthrough for me. I couldn't manage a word processor"—and they tend to come off his typewriter more or less the way they will be in final form.

"What I will do after my first draft is hoist in all the criticisms and comments of a very small group—my wife, my editor, my publisher, and my agent—and if they all take the view that this needs clarifying or that is too long, then I will make changes.

"I've got no literary pretensions. I don't have a highly personalized style. Eighty percent of my books is story. The other twenty percent is where I sandwich in the other three components of novels—descriptive passages, dialogue, and character development."

Although *Jackal* made his reputation, he is probably closest to his novel *The Dogs of War*, a thinly disguised primer on how to overthrow a Third World government. It led the *Sunday Times* to accuse him in 1978 of spending nearly a quarter of a million dollars to hire a mercenary army to oust West African dictator Macias Nguema of Equatorial Guinea. The army, unlike the one in the novel, failed to get closer to Africa than the Canary Islands, where they were arrested by Spanish authorities. Forsyth's former literary agent, Bryan Hunt, called it "a load of old codswallop," and added, "to imagine Freddie giving anyone ten pence would be amazing."

AFRICA, THE CONTINENT HE WROTE about for years, still haunts him.

"I said a decade ago it was going to be an unmitigated disaster, a welter of blood and conflict. I don't think I was all that wrong," Forsyth reflects. "Most countries have now degenerated through coups d'etat and corrupt regimes. If they were trading establishments, they'd be declared bankrupt, morally as well as fiscally. I would like someone to point out an honest leader, a guy who hasn't salted millions in United States aid away in a private Swiss account."

His admiration for the Biafran leader Ojukwa is accompanied by an undisguised cynicism towards the West.

"I thought he could actually govern a people more humanely, more wisely, and more efficiently than any I'd seen. Oddly enough, nobody seriously disagreed with me in the same British establishment that assured that he had to be destroyed. There is an element in all Western governments, I'm afraid, that suggests that a helpless Africa is probably a better option than a developed and prospering Africa. One has to face the reality. Parceling out little packets of aid to that continent is like pissing in a lake. You're not going to raise the level of existence. Most of it ends up in some colonel's back pocket and *we know it does.*"

Forsyth saves his admiration for the professionals, the men who have been hired to do the nasty work and do it well—the mercenary Shannon in *Dogs*, the assassin in *Jackal*, the colorless MI5 agent Preston in *Protocol*. These are the major characters in his books and the ones he is drawn to in real life. He has, for instance, spoken with a professional killer.

"I had a curiosity about him. Not a fascination, because that indicates an admiration and I had no admiration. Why does he do it? Does he feel anything? Answer, no. Is he afraid of getting caught? Answer, yes.

"I talked to him long enough to answer a few questions but not all that I would like. The Jackal was based in part on that man but the Jackal was probably too good. If a guy that good was running around collecting commissions, there'd be a lot of dead politicians around."

There are few, if any, professional killers running around loose these days except perhaps in the pages of books, according to Forsyth. Even the KGB has become rather tame.

"The KGB is into dirty tricks, they're not into assassination. The so-called Wet Affairs Department, Department V, the Executive Action Department, the latest information is that they've disbanded the damn thing. It's still the grist of [Robert] Ludlum's mill—where would he be without the notion of killers wandering the countryside like werewolves? One of my contacts in British intelligence commented, 'My dear boy, if you knew what bloody problems we have just to get ministerial approval for a phone tap, let alone a hit!'

"Perhaps it's the fault of us novelists, that we portray CIA hit men wandering our streets, not only wasting Soviet agents—there has never been a precedent case of a Soviet agent killed in America—but apparently wasting each other. An obvious example is Philip Agee, who lived openly in Holland for years. Why the hell wasn't he wiped? Because they don't do that anymore. Even the Russians don't do it anymore.

"A guy said to me once—and he was in a position to know—'I have spent ten years in the corridors of Langley [CIA headquarters in Virginia] and there are two guys you will never meet there—one is a Republican and the other is an assassin.' "

Forsyth talked to a KGB defector who felt so comfortable with him that a two hour interview turned into six hours.

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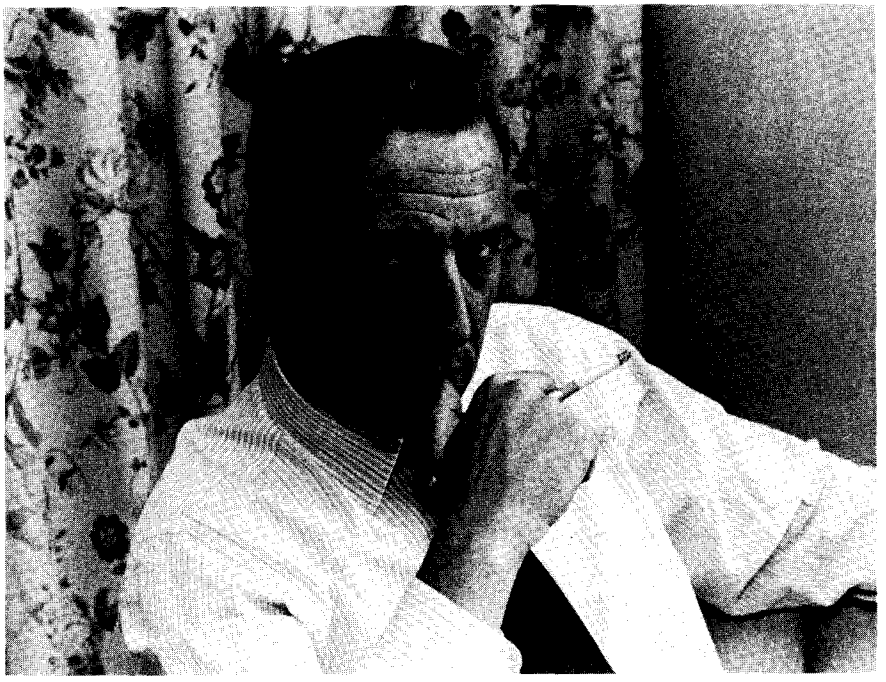

A guy said to me once, 'I have spent ten years in the corridors of Langley and there are two guys you will never meet there—one is a Republican and the other is an assassin.' "

"He was absolutely fascinating—the insight into what really goes on. They make snafus like we do. They have a vast bureaucracy like we do. They have rivalries, like who's going to get a personal driver, who's got the bigger office. They have wife trouble, their kids get into trouble. These are high-ranking men in the KGB."

It is his knowledge of the minutiae of intelligence that fills his last two books, books that have dealt with the institutionalized underside of the world's established order.

"Secret services are willy-nilly inevitable. They perform different roles because the societies are different. For instance, the KGB is truly vast. It covers all the work of the CIA, the FBI, the immigration services, and half the police.

"The CIA, by our standards, is very open. You may say it's very covert, but to have a building that actually has CIA written on it and coach parties of congressmen coming in the door, this is bemusing to the Brit, it really is. It's like having the president's personal toilet on 'Candid Camera.' But it does correspond to the American approach—secrets are bad.

"Brits are much more oblique people, more clubby, and our agencies mirror that. They are very secret. The heads of the two main agencies are not known. They probably get on the morning commuter train and nobody knows who they are. Even in retirement they're not identified. We accept that the job has to be done, therefore let it be done in the most discreet manner as possible."

But if they have their national idiosyncrasies, all intelligence services are similar in other, more fundamental respects.

"A lot of intelligence is a damn dull job. Ninety percent of the information is what is called legal. It comes from reading magazines, newspapers, mile after mile of technical journals. The KGB has got tier on bloody tier of people sitting reading *New Scientist* and *Stereo* magazines. Of the remaining ten percent, nine is now called electronic—listening to phone calls, cable networks, tank commanders chatting between tanks.

"About one percent goes into that area called true espionage, because all the mechanical toys can't get inside a man's head. That is mostly what it's all about. That's what a president wants to know—what are they going to do next? It's a guessing game, backed up by as much information as you can get."

Another similarity, one that disturbs Forsyth, is that the sides have grown more and more alike. "The clarities that our grandfathers had are blurred. It's not always easy to retain a conviction that using the *contras* to pick up a regional magistrate who happens to be a Sandinista and pulling his testicles off is really serving democracy."

The writer that Forsyth admires for his ability to portray honestly those two peculiar and disturbing truths about the business of espionage is John LeCarré—the pseudonym for David Cornwall, who worked for British intelligence before turning to writing. LeCarré's *The Little Drummer Girl* drew criticism from Israel because it showed an Israeli intelligence officer in a realistic, if unflattering, light.

"The funny thing was that the Arabs were absolutely outraged about it. They thought it was a pro-Israeli book. The Israelis thought it was pro-Palestinian. I thought it was a story of what is actually going on. He was trying to represent the sort of way in which they operate—through duplicity, dissimulation, manipulation. To suggest that we don't work that way is not true."

But it is George Smiley from LeCarré's *Tinker, Tailor* who remains the most accurate and honest of all fictional spies. "I don't think there will be another Smiley. There certainly wasn't one before him. I think he's probably the master."

There are similarities between Forsyth and LeCarré's fictional spy. Like Smiley, Forsyth's greatest secret—perhaps his greatest asset—is his utter normality. It is only his legend, what we *imagine* about him, that is so tantalizing. But it's a legend that Forsyth seems to discourage.

"I never carry a gun. I could never get involved in combat because of my back—it's got a broad streak running up the middle of it. I've been around some rough guys and was always very polite.

"Once a year, I go off to the Caribbean or the Indian Ocean and deep-sea fish. I tried fly fishing once, but I ended up just flogging hell out of the trees. Evenings, I play snooker. Snooker and fishing, what else? It's pretty banal, isn't it?" SR

Eric Sauter is author of the Hunter series of original paperback thriller novels, published by Avon. The most recent is Hunter and Raven.

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A WRITER'S DESK

ERICA JONG

THE DAY THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN in her Weston, Connecticut, study, her desk was "relatively clean," says Erica Jong. "Last summer I was working in Italy and carrying a little office in my satchel. When I'm working, I usually have dozens of yellow pads and many, many handwritten drafts—as many as two or three thousand pages."

Jong's secretary enters the drafts on a word processor. Jong then reworks the drafts, producing as many as fifteen to twenty revisions of each page. She saves the first, handwritten draft and her most recent draft. The rest are stored in "boxes and boxes and boxes" beneath the desk.

The pyramid-shaped object on the desk is made of cardboard covered with hand-painted paper from the Piazzes book bindery in Venice. "They do hand printing and binding—the old Venetian crafts going back to the Middle Ages," says Jong. "It's a shop where I buy my notebooks for poetry and novels. It's a family-run shop—one of my favorite binderies.

"I've spent the last three summers in Venice . . . I love it there." She is currently writing a novel set there, and the last chapter of *Parachutes and Kisses*, her most recent novel (1984), is set in Venice.

Behind the stack of books is a red-framed photo of "my lover, Chip, whom I've been living with for three years," notes Jong.

The surrealistic painting of a door with clouds is really a door, gessoed and painted by Joseph Smith, illustrator of Jong's *Witches* (1981). "I think of it as the door to imagination," she says. Three paintings to the right of the door are watercolors done by Henry Miller. "They were given to me in 1974 after he read *Fear of Flying* [1973]," Jong says. "He's one of my muses."

Other books by Jong include: *Fruits & Vegetables* (1971), *Half-Lives* (1973), *Loveroot* (1975), *How to Save Your Own Life* (1977), *At the Edge of the Body* (1979), *Fanny* (1980), *Ordinary Miracles* (1983), and *Megan's Book of Divorce* (1984).

VIOREL FLORESCU

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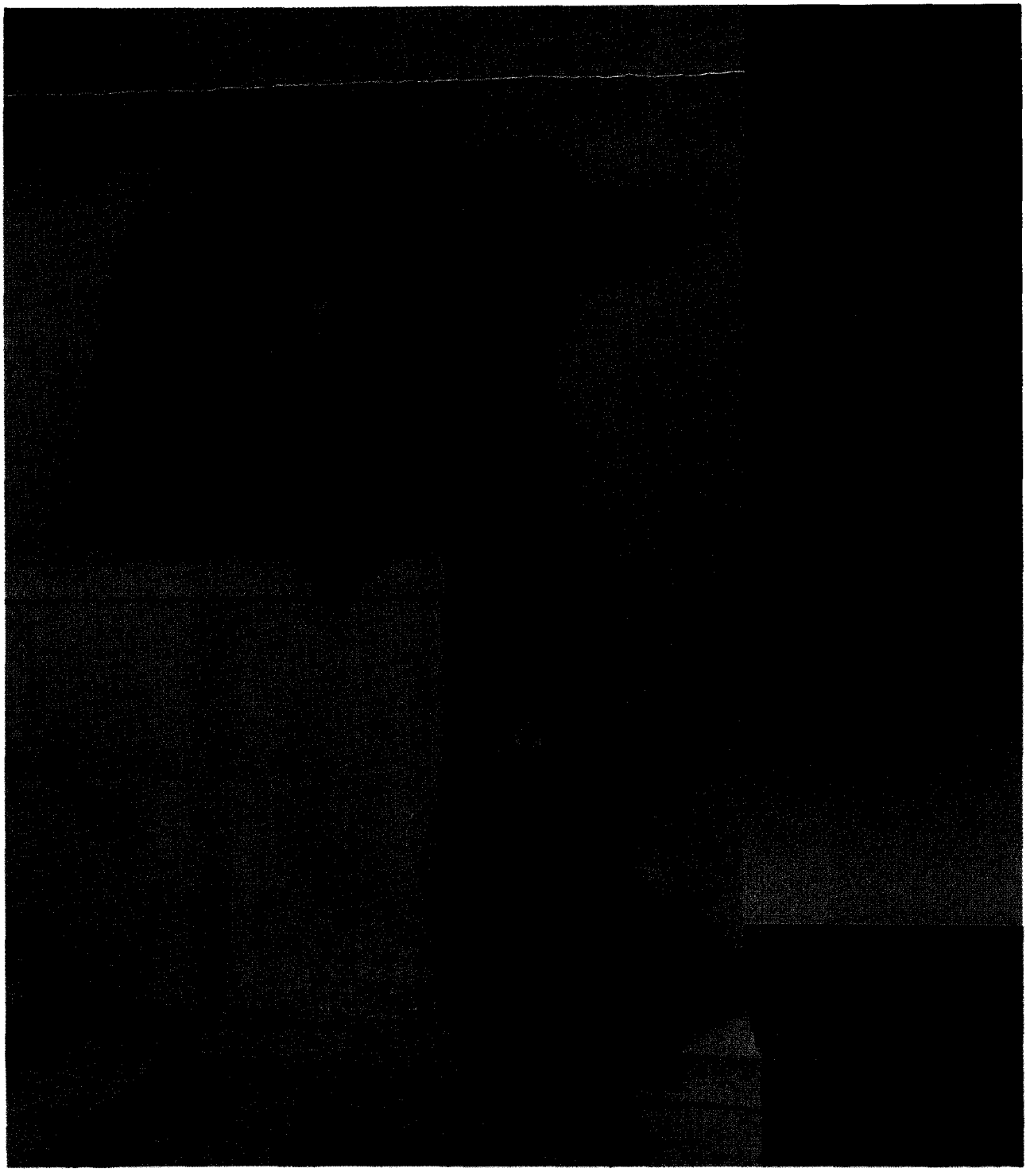

SR GALLERY

MISHA GORDIN

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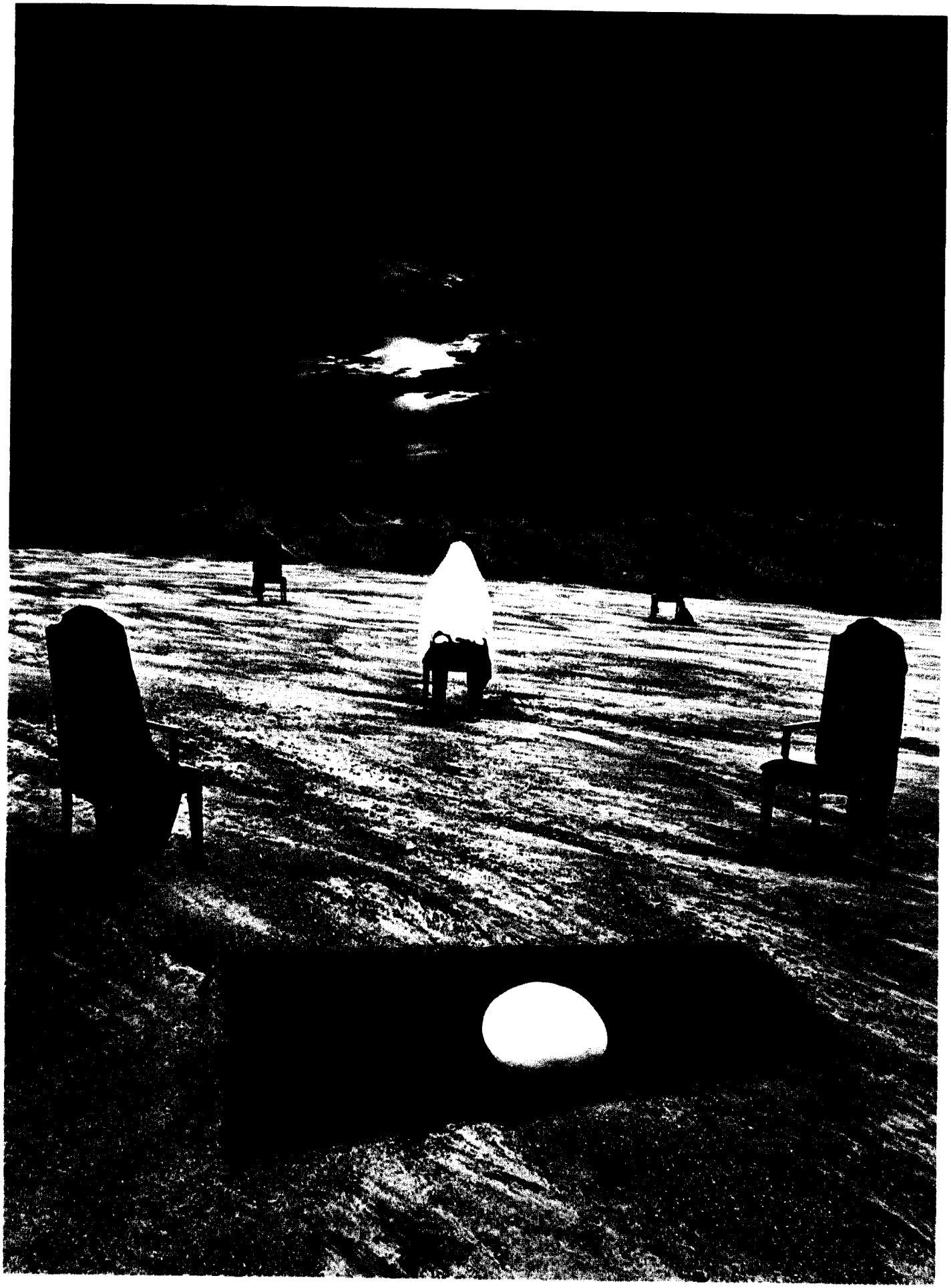

Opening page 43, Fumi Kaneko's "wearable art" is featured in this exhibit poster prepared for the Ree Schonlau Gallery, Omaha, Nebraska.

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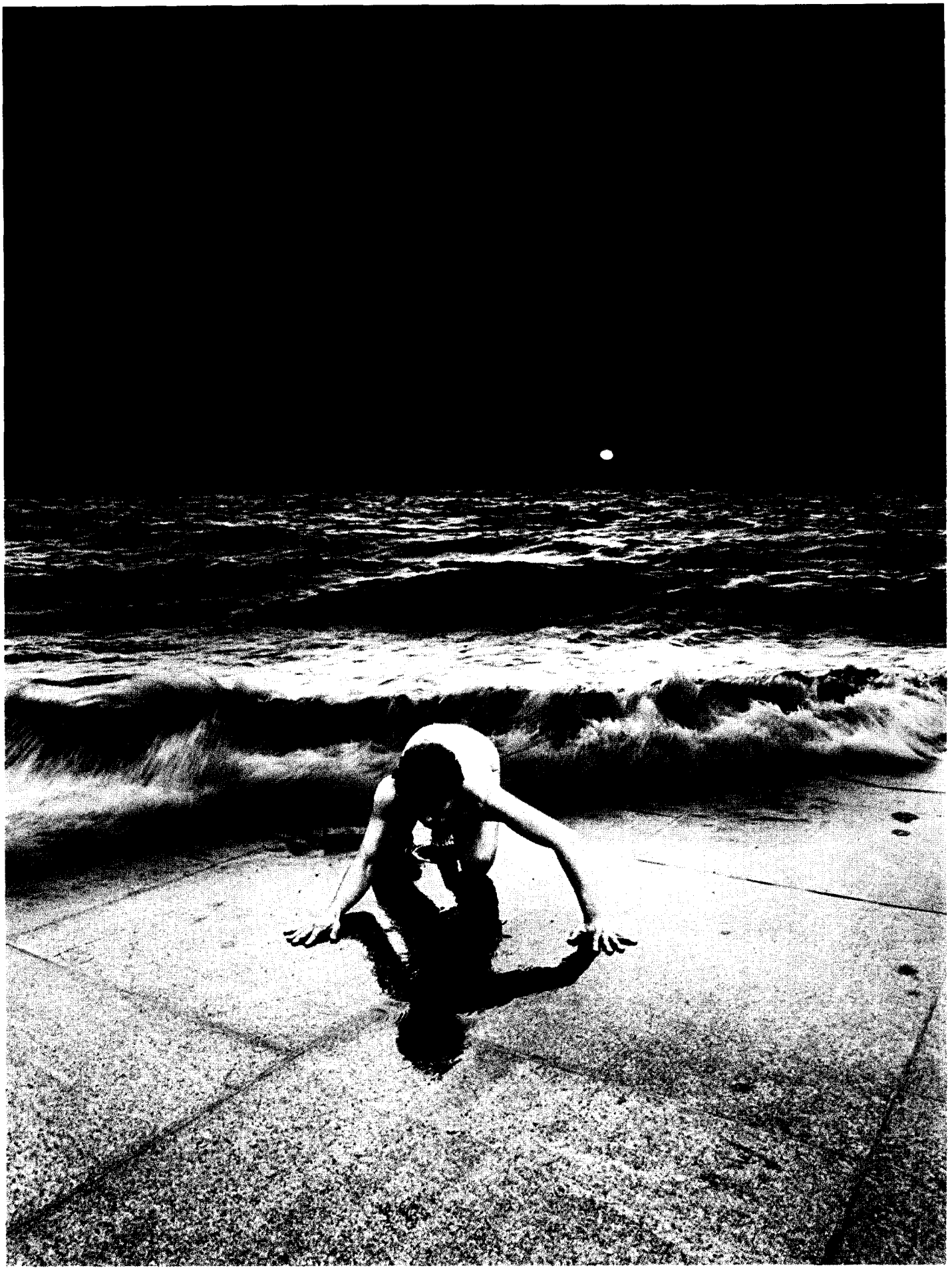

The Liquid Shadow

Pages 46 and 47, Prophecy

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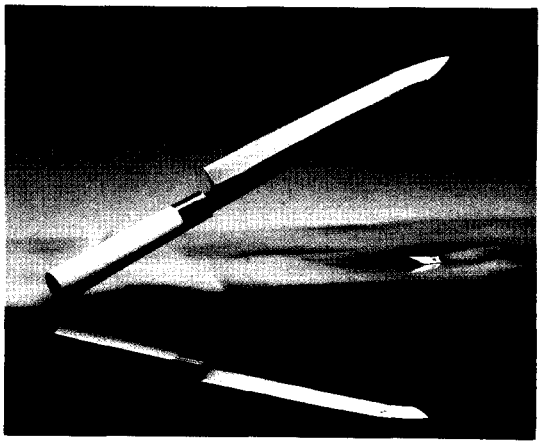

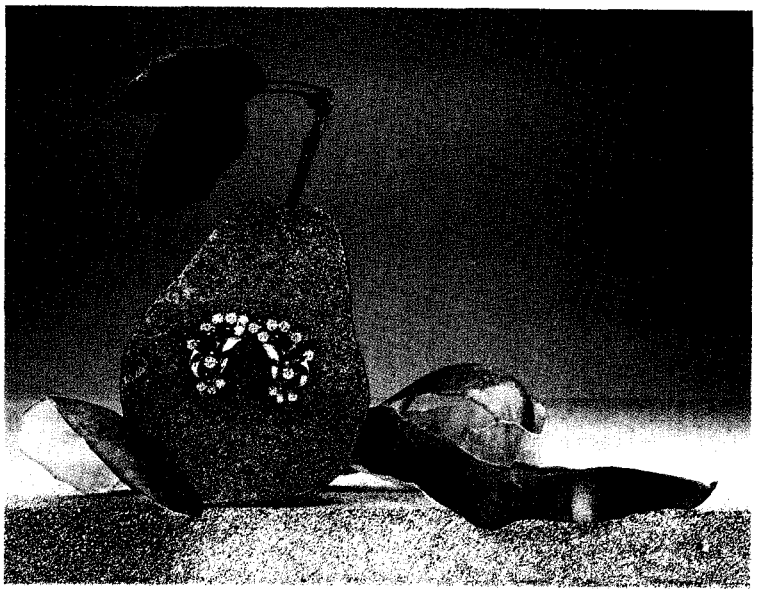

MISHA GORDIN WAS BORN IN RIGA, LATVIA, AND trained as an engineer. He is a self-taught photographer, his interest sparked by the inheritance of a German Contax camera from his grandfather. He emigrated to the United States in 1974 and now lives and works in Troy, Michigan. Currently, he is organizing an installation based on the idea of a shout. The project will combine thirty portraits of "people with interesting faces" as well as a soundtrack comprising the serene sounds of nature and primal screams. His inspiration? "Everything starts with a shout at birth. I am interested in simplicity and intrigued by the idea of 'shout.'" SR

Misha Gordin
Left, three examples of the artist's studio still-life work.

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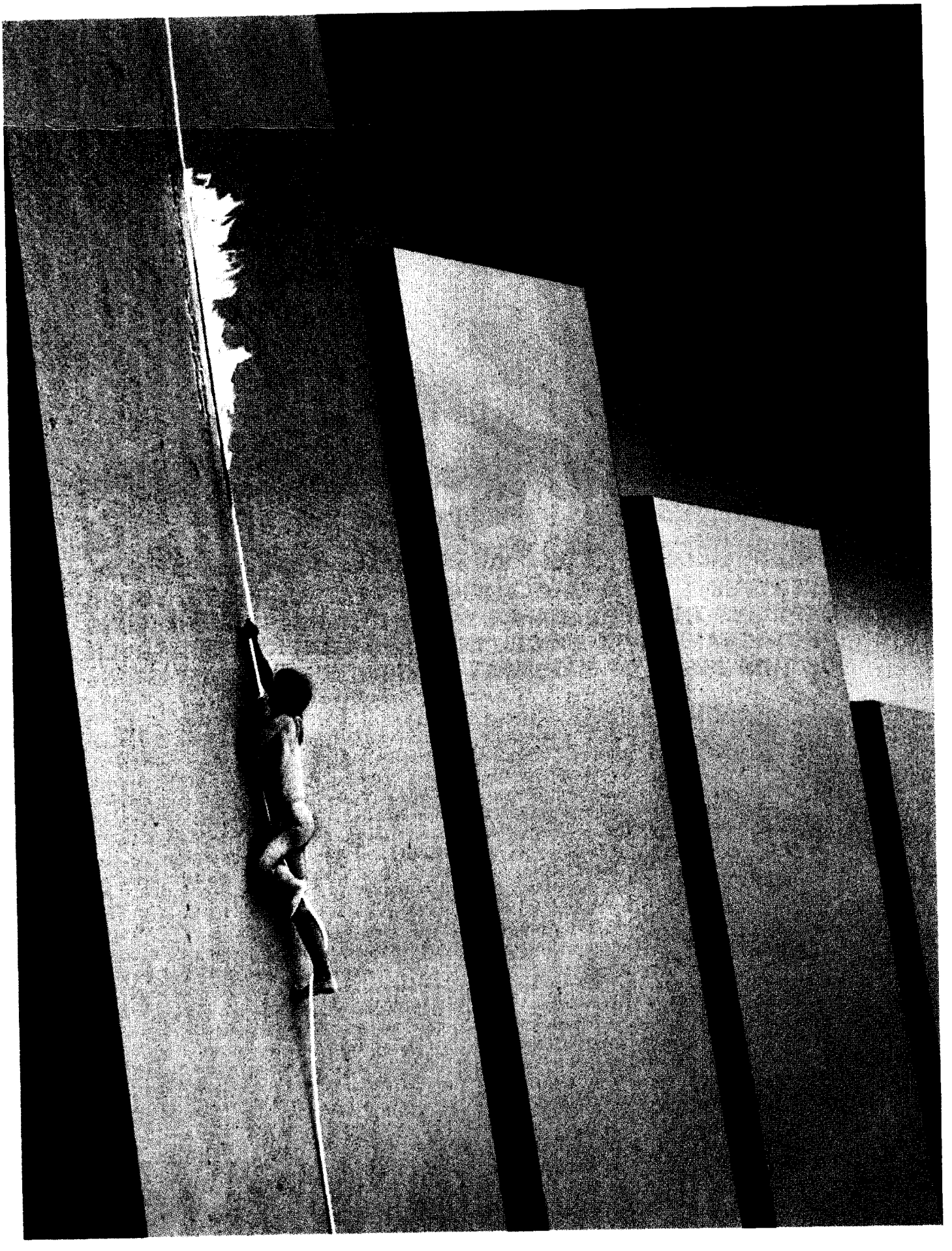

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COURTESY OF THE SAN FRANCISCO ART EXCHANGE

SEX SELLS

EVERYTHING FROM MAGAZINES TO MEAT GRINDERS, WHICH EXPLAINS THE APPEARANCE OF AN OTHERWISE GRATUITOUS PHOTOGRAPH OF A MODEL IN A SWIMSUIT ON THE COVER OF THIS ISSUE OF SATURDAY REVIEW. ■ BY MICHAEL GROSS

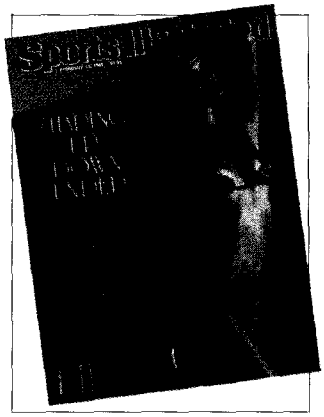

PHOTO BY BRIAN LANKER. © TIME, INC. 1985

THE WALLS OF ASSOciate editor Julie Campbell's office are lined with twenty-one years' worth of *Sports Illustrated* bathing suit issue covers. Here are the many ages of Cheryl Tiegs, the many charms of Kim Alexis, and a young Christie Brinkley, clad in as much baby fat as bathing suit. Printing these issues is like minting money. The average issue of *SI* sells 250,000 copies. The 1984 swimsuit issue's half-million copies sold out. This year, *SI* printed a million. Sex, which long ago conquered movies and the best seller lists, has finally insinuated itself onto mass market newsstands. Today, only the most staid publications leave the subject alone. Such was not always the case.

Until Hugh Hefner launched *Playboy* in 1953, sex on newsstands had been coyly respectable—like Vargas's pinup illustrations in the old *Esquire*. Hefner took *Esquire*'s formula—mixing full-page cartoons, fiction, journalism, and political satire—and added photos of bare breasts and behinds. An immediate hit, *Playboy* "raised the level of sex," recalls magazine designer Walter Bernard. But in initiating his "philosophy" of openness, Hefner opened a Pandora's box. Out of it jumped dozens of demons that finally flourished in the fertile, febrile ground of the '60s.

In 1967, Matty Simmons published *Cheetah*, one of the first "overground" underground magazines. Its premiere issue featured a parody of *Playboy's* centerfold, starring the Mamas and Papas weighty singer Cass Elliott, recumbent in the nude, surrounded by flower power daisies. "I was trying to inject as much humor as possible," Simmons recalls. He was also trying to get attention, and it worked. *Rolling Stone* photographed Janis Joplin, naked save for her bangles

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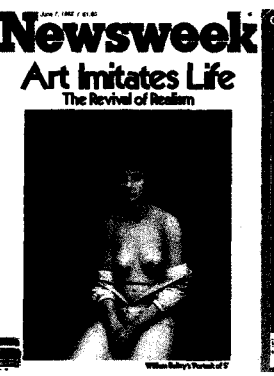
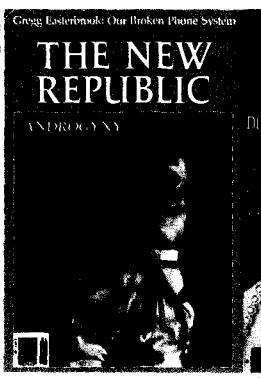
SEX, WHICH LONG AGO CONQUERED MOVIES AND THE BEST SELLER LISTS, HAS FINALLY INSINUATED ITSELF ONTO MASS MARKET NEWSSTANDS.

COURTESY OF PLAYBOY MAGAZINE © 1953

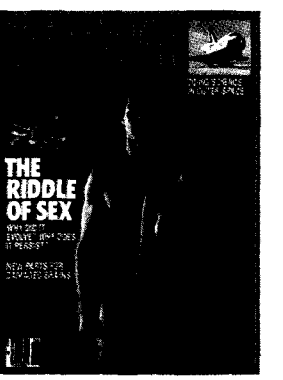


© NEWSWEEK 1982



ROBERT J. STEINBERG, 1983

PHOTO BY SANDI FELLMAN



HENRY WOLF, © TIME, INC. 1984

and beads, half-clad groupies, and guitarist Duane Allman in a full-frontal nude. Edge-riding culture magazines like Ralph Ginzburg's *Eros* and *Avant Garde* became collector's items thanks to their willingness to shock. And fashion magazines like Diana Vreeland's *Vogue* put forth the delightful proposition that anything was acceptable if photographed with enough style.

Matty Simmons introduced *National Lampoon* in April 1970. Today, two bulletin boards hang in the halls of *National Lampoon*. One is topped by the word "Yes," the other says "No." Pinned to them are dozens of magazine covers. "These sold well," Simmons says, pointing to the board marked "Yes," repeating one word, "sex, sex, sex, sex, sex, sex, sex, sex, sex."

Sex turns up regularly on *National Lampoon*'s covers, but there are limits. "We don't use lower genitalia," Simmons says. "We have never had a nude cover. We have never published anything to turn somebody on. I would not have fun publishing a magazine that sells copies because it pays girls two hundred bucks to spread their legs." Simmons believes taste, not sex, is the true borderline. "One cover got us in a lot of trouble," he recalls. *National Lampoon*'s "No Issue" issue, featuring cover boy Father Time holding up a used prophylactic, was taken off many newsstands. And some companies to this day refuse to advertise in the *Lampoon*.

Other mass magazines have had similar experiences. In its fourth issue in 1968, *New York* magazine ran a story about Andy Warhol superstar Viva, illustrated with two Diane Arbus photographs of Viva nude, with dirty feet, lying on a sofa covered with a rumpled sheet, her eyes rolling back into her head. The backlash "was tremendous among advertisers," recalls Walter Bernard, who went to work at *New York* shortly afterwards. "It wasn't so much the nudity, although 1968 was different. It was really a kind of debauched picture. It alarmed the advertisers because they didn't know what the magazine was going to be." The repercussions lasted "a long time," Bernard says. "I'm sure it slowed the success tremendously."

Counterculture magazines could take risks like that. *Star* magazine, started in 1972, lionized the groupies of Los Angeles by making them cover girls. Drug and illustrated "adult fantasy" magazines walked through the door that Simmons, *Stone*, and the underground had opened. Skin magazines opened doors beyond that.

Seeing that *Playboy* had grown complacent with its success, Bob Guccione introduced *Penthouse* to America in 1969, pushing the limits of acceptability.

Mass magazines—though freed considerably by the swift expansion of those limits—had to walk a finer line. Walter Bernard calls the formula they developed The Tease. "If you're successful," he explains, "you've got to be careful. Sexual content cannot be gratuitous. It cannot violate the personality of a publication. And when sex is used to increase newsstand sales, the promise has to deliver." Bernard offers Helen Gurley Brown's revival of *Cosmopolitan* as a successful example of The Tease. Magazine consultant Joel Novak calls *Cosmo* "a magazine totally turned around by introducing sex."

The Tease also worked for *Sports Illustrated*, whose swimsuit issue was invented to fill the post-football wintertime sports lull. "We were just thinking of doing it once," Julie Campbell recalls, but the first swimsuit issue "sold out in a very short period." Each year thereafter, *SI* repeated its success, tying the pictures to an adventure or sports story. "We started out with a resort," Campbell says. "Then it grew to an island. Brazil was the first time we did a country. This year, we tackled a continent." That Australia issue sold more advertising than any issue in the history of *Sports Illustrated* except the one covering the 1984 Olympics.

A turning point was passed in the mid-'70s, when an issue featuring a photo of Cheryl Tiegs in a breast-baring fishnet bathing suit "flew off the newsstands," Campbell recalls. "We got lots of letters saying that suit was indecent," but they got many more urging them to keep up the good work. The walls were down. *Time* and *Life* both ran the Tiegs shot in special year-end issues. In 1973 *Time* had run a nude photo of *Last Tango in Paris* star Maria Schneider. The *New York Times* reported that *Time* received 10,000 outraged letters, lost 5,300 subscribers and, temporarily, four advertisers. But newsstand sales increased by 60,000. That year, *Reader's Digest*—yes, the *Reader's Digest*—racked up an 84% newsstand sale with a cover headlined, "What Makes a Women RESPOND SEXUALLY."

In 1974 *Folio*, a magazine about magazines, reported that sex, budget, diet, and any Kennedy except Ted would sell mag-

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azines. In 1975 *Life* ran a paparazzi's photo of Brigitte Bardot "in the near-buff," and a fashion shot of the latest swimsuit trend, the string, "a barely discreet compromise between discomfort and vulgarity." *New York* hit it big in 1976 with Gail Sheehy's cover story on "The Sexual Diamond."

Time's bestselling cover in 1976 featured TV's sexpots, Charlie's Angels, who also appeared on *TV Guide*'s top selling cover that year and *People*'s second bestseller. *People*'s best that year, selling 1.8 million copies representing 99% of its print run, was a cover featuring Cher, Gregg Allman, and their newborn son. *People* editor Richard Stolley explained its appeal to *More* magazine, saying that covers featuring "very attractive women with lots of flesh showing around the shoulders do very well." Jann Wenner, publisher of *Rolling Stone*, chimed in to say the ideal cover featured "sex, sex, sex, sex. What's new?" Even *Ms.* won in '76 with a special issue called "How's Your Sex Life?"

By 1982 *Newsweek* dared to put a semirealistic nude painting on its cover to illustrate an article on American art. The painting "quickens the eye," they reported. "Nudes usually do, which is why artists paint them." It's also why editors use them.

Sex has even invaded the pages of the more serious, highbrow mass magazines. This January *The New Republic* got a reaction when it ran a pair of bare female breasts on its cover to sell an article on androgyny. "The chic of shock has continuous vitality," wrote its author, Anne Hollander. Skeptics pointed out that the striking photograph seemed far from androgynous.

Jann Wenner, publisher of *Rolling Stone*, said the ideal cover featured "sex, sex, sex, sex. What's new?"

The use of sex as a selling tool was clearly not limited to men's magazines. A new breed of women's magazine emerged at the end of the '70s, led by Condé Nast's *Self* and *Mademoiselle*.

First: Get Their Attention

From a recent feature on men's swimsuits in Gentlemen's Quarterly. *The photo featuring model Paulina Porizkova is by Patrick Demarchelier.*

Aimed at educated, sophisticated, upscale consumers, this new wave of magazines could "take a few more chances because you're not trying to please everybody," explains *Mademoiselle* editor, Amy Levin. *Self* was started in 1979. "We pioneered a kind of romantic picture," says editor Phyllis Starr Wilson of her sexy photography. The *Self* woman works out and puts on her makeup starkers. "I don't think we ever sat down and said, 'Now we're going to do nudity,' " Wilson recalls. "This is a magazine about sexual health, physical health. The body is a beautiful thing you are into taking care of. We were certainly aware we were doing nude photographs."

Self appealed; it was an instant hit. But, Wilson recalls, "We also got letters from mothers saying, 'I can't have this on my coffee table. I don't want my fourteen-year-old girl to see it.' "

New wave sexiness has spiced up the Condé Nast magazines *GQ* and *Mademoiselle*, enlivened respectively by husband and wife editors Arthur Cooper and Amy Levin. *Mademoiselle* "had been quite proper and even rather prudish for a period of time," Levin explains. "When I first came here five years ago, this magazine had no breath in its body. I had to get people to notice." Levin introduced a bold new design and a "not explicit, but sexually noneuphemistic" style, featuring sex-related articles and photos of semi-naked young girls. There were problems. An article on vibrators led to newspaper headlines like, "*Mademoiselle* is no longer a nice girl," and a photo of a girl on a toilet has yet to be forgotten by some advertisers. But the magazine's circulation "increased enormously."

When Cooper came to Condé Nast, *GQ* had a different problem. "There was the perception that it was a gay magazine. Whether that was true or not isn't the point. Perception becomes reality. The most important problem was to change that perception." Cooper did that by using mature men, instead of "young models and a lot of blond boys" on the cover and in fashion portfolios. He added naked women for their heterosexual appeal. Seminude photos accompanied profiles of actresses Melanie Griffiths and Karen Allen. Nude women began appearing in fashion spreads; the most sensational was *Sports Illustrated* cover girl Paulina Porizkova's topless appearance in a *GQ* spread on men's bathing suits.

Magazine editors "try to be very responsive to trends," says Amy Levin. "I hope we find them a little bit before they reach sitcoms." What trends does she see? "The epidemic sense of venereal disease. All the problems people have with contraceptives. We used to do things on 'Your Contraceptive Personality,' assuming you had a choice. There is no choice anymore. Thing after thing is being ruled out as dangerous, injurious to your health, fatal. Options close in. The whole scare about AIDS and now AIDS in the heterosexual community. Modesty is coming back in. People can't be free when they're imperiled. Certain kinds of behavior will be limited. People want to live, not die."

Mademoiselle is currently being redesigned, its sexual content slightly toned down. At *Self*, Phyllis Starr Wilson says she's interested in "reinventing love for the '80s. There's a little backlash about sex. Not backlash. It's overkill." Then she laughs and confides, "*I* don't think it's dead. But I have certainly calmed *Self* down a little bit."

If Levin and Wilson have succeeded in staying ahead of their markets, Tina Brown has had to find one as the third editor since the rebirth of *Vanity Fair*. "I

Continued on page 91

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The Spread of Sex and the Demise of Romance in the America of Our Times

■ BY FRANK GANNON

WE USED TO BE A ROMANTIC PEOPLE. OUR culture—our music, our movies, our drama, our art, our literature—was characterized by the romantic qualities of innocence, intensity, vulnerability, optimism, ardency, mystery, nostalgia, melancholy, glamour, flirtation, guilt, and restraint.

Think about *This Side of Paradise,* or *Look Homeward, Angel:* quintessential books of their authors and their decades. Even the gritty realism of *The Grapes of Wrath* was unbearably romantic. Hemingway's macho men are almost casebook examples of the romantic sensibility at work and play. The Second World War produced romantic fiction like *Tales of the South Pacific* and *From Here to Eternity.*

The 1950s turned out to be both the high point and the final flowering of romance in America.

In terms of popular impact, *West Side Story* is one of the most striking examples. The Jerome Robbins–Leonard Bernstein–Stephen Sondheim–Arthur Laurents resettlement of the Romeo and Juliet story to the Puerto Rican tenements of New York's upper West Side perfectly combined a grimly realistic story with an ardently romantic cultural and social consciousness.

Even a book like *Peyton Place,* banned and excoriated at the time, today reads like an ordinary example of American romantic popular fiction.

For all the decade's alleged and real stultification, the 1950s were a dynamically romantic time. The growth of popular culture, made possible by the combination of postwar prosperity and the proliferation of media (including the phonograph record and, of course, the spread of television) provided both markets and opportunities for romantic expression. These were the days of heavy petting in the back seats of sexy cars to the beat of seminal rock'n'roll.

It isn't coincidental that many of the recent highly successful loss-of-virginity movies, like *Porky's* and its offspring, are set in the '50s, when an adolescent's sexual rite of passage was still considered an event with romantic significance. It may still be, but *attitudes* toward it—peer and parental—are more dispassionate.

The apotheosis of American romance was the New Frontier. In John and Jacqueline Kennedy, romantic politics, society, and culture found ultimate expression and embodiment. The beginning of the end of romance in America, therefore, occurred on November 22, 1963. The unthinkable ugliness of John Kennedy's murder—that it could happen at all, much less that it could happen to him—was unreconcilable with the romantic spirit.

The memory of the New Frontier, that one brief, shining moment, lived on for a few years until, within a period of fourteen months, Bobby Kennedy was dead, Jackie married Daddy O and became Jackie O, JFK was revealed to be a somewhat shallow, chauvinist womanizer, and Teddy drove his car and its occupant(s) off his own version of the Tallahachie Bridge. Dreams die hard, but they die big.

The one thing romance can't survive is disillusion, and the Kennedy assassination, the Vietnam War, and Watergate were a triple whammy.

Culturally, the decade from the mid-'60s to the mid-'70s was one of consciously antiromantic reaction—characterized by a paranoid cynicism, drenched in hype and drugs, and cultivating a disheveled, often violent chic.

Changing attitudes towards sex—public and private attitudes and public and private sex—have played a major role in the demise of American romance.

Ideas do have consequences, and by the late 1950s, American culture reflected the determinedly unromantic kind of Freudianism that had been introduced to this country in the 1930s. Bruno

Milestones of The Rise and Fall of Romance in America

Peyton Place: American raunch, American romantic

Julie Andrews sells her violets in *My Fair Lady*

West Side Story: an ardently romantic cultural and social consciousness

BETTMANN ARCHIVE

Sigmund Freud: the impact of psychoanalysis as a science

JFK: the New Frontier was the apotheosis of American romance

BRYSON/SYGMA

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SEX SELLS

Bettelheim has written eloquently about the mechanistic spin that Freud's first American disciples and translators put on his ideas and techniques. Freud conceived his analysis as equal parts art and science; but the medical doctors who imported it to America put heavy emphasis on the latter.

Freud's own belief in the role of romance, myth, and mystery was underemphasized or glossed over. The impact that this view of the role of sex in our conscious and unconscious lives had on America's artistic and cultural life was enormous. Artists, writers, and performers were entering analysis in droves in those dull-as-dishwater Eisenhower years. The black-and-white, cause-and-effect understanding of sexuality encouraged by analysis and the idea that inhibition is repression were increasingly reflected in their artistic output.

Over the last twenty-five years virtually every barrier has fallen concerning what can be written, printed, or filmed about sex. Hubert Selby Jr.'s *Last Exit to Brooklyn* attracted attention for assaulting the few remaining redoubts of reticence. The full frontal nudity that made *Hair* a national *cause célèbre* was intended to be political, not erotic, and therefore, presumably, socially significant. The nudity at Woodstock was widely covered by the mainstream media. And the presence of Marlon Brando in *Last Tango in Paris* and the excitement its stark pretensions raised among some critics allowed people to discuss openly the carnal uses of the high-priced spread.

By the early 1970s, national magazines were printing undisguised and un-dash-dash-dashed four-letter words. *Playboy* followed the lead of the aggressively raunchy *Penthouse* and began running unretouched genitalia. The appearance of Christie Brinkley in a see-through fishnet bikini on the cover of the 1977 *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit issue was a breakthrough in newsstand display and public acceptance.

At the risk of sounding bluestocking, let me make a point about a cultural price we pay for this kind of sexual openness and freedom. Almost forty years ago the philosopher Richard Weaver wrote about the meaning of obscenity. Its original sense was that certain things should be kept from sight; that certain things should be enacted off-stage because they were too private, too personal, too intense for other people to see. Originally the idea of obscenity had less to do with sex than with emotions like grief, or suffering, or personal humiliation (which the Greeks, for example, banned from the theater).

With the dominance of tabloid journalism and TV news, the classical concept of obscenity involving the rightful privacy of intense emotions has gone with the wind. Today we are critics—even connoisseurs—of the sufferings of others. Often within the same newspaper or the same broadcast it is possible to judge (or, more to the point, it is impossible not to judge) the comparative dramatic reactions of, say, two mothers whose infants have died, or two families who have lost their homes.

This commonplace vicarious experience of intense emotions inevitably affects the imagination. In addition to becoming somewhat steeled to what we see, we no longer have to use our imaginations to know what such experiences would be like: we can watch them as they happen to others. The passivity of the process has changed not just the way we think about reality, but *what* we think about reality.

The same is true of sex. Being able to see and read and hear all about it inevitably affects our imaginations as well as our emotions. No less an expert than Norman Mailer observed that sex hasn't been as much fun since the guilt has gone out of it. Woody Allen expressed the same idea when one of his characters answered the question: "Does sex have to be dirty?" with the reply: "Only if you're doing it right."

As pictures of and writing about sex became more open and accessible and familiar, a cottage industry of sexual advice and explication appeared, ranging from the fanciful (Xaviera Hollander) to the pedestrian (the *Playboy* Adviser) to the mechanical (*The Hite Report*) to the mechanistic (Masters and Johnson). The

Milestones of The Rise and Fall of Romance in America

A. TANNENBAUM/SYGMA

Julie Andrews bares her breasts in *SOB*

S&M: the cutting edge

TANNENBAUM/SYGMA

UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

Jacqueline Kennedy marries Aristotle Onassis: nothing is sacred

Cocaine: drug of choice for the '80s

G. GORMAN/SYGMA

Bob Guccione: American romance in the pink and on the wane

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implication was that great sex was merely a matter of enough technique and enough *information*. Even the experts who tried to retain some romance (like Alex Comfort in *The Joy of Sex* and Dr. Ruth Westheimer in her current video ministry) reflect the unromantic idea that where sex is concerned, there are no questions without answers.

The rise of feminism also struck a blow to the already reeling romance. It turned out that some feminists—like Lonnie Garfield Barbach—had been keeping count of all those orgasms men have been depriving women of over the last twenty centuries and were determined to file claims—against men and against society—for restitution.

It has been remarked that in a democracy people get the leaders they deserve; the same might be said for recreational drugs and à la mode sex. In the 1980s the most popular drug of abuse, celebrated for its aphrodisiac qualities, is cocaine—a driving, sexy, focused high, and so different from the mellow, open, sensual high of its recent predecessor, marijuana.

Today's sexual cutting edge is S&M; today's sexual frontier is androgyny. Good sex for the 1980s, despite the anxieties introduced by herpes and AIDS, is still open, free, unblushing, uninhibited, and relatively virtuoso. Although this may seem perfectly natural to us, living with it and through it as we do, it represents a major cultural change.

So there is a new and evolving American sexual landscape. Traditional romantic values are barely holding on, breathing their last gasps (someone in California will undoubtedly make and market a snuff film of the actual demise), fighting last-ditch battles in the pages of Harlequin paperbacks and the repertoires of symphony orchestras. They have yet to be replaced by anything equally clearly defined, and that is one reason why our current culture is so antsy and eclectic.

In the meantime, the prevailing spirit of the times is unromantic: cautious, skeptical, studied, sophisticated, interested in the calculated effect, self-aware, unsentimental, and smart. It is neither better nor worse than the romantic spirit that preceded it and that animated so many years and so many accomplishments of American culture. But it is different, and that alone makes it worth thinking about. SR

The Romantics: Intense, vulnerable, optimistic, capable of surrender, ardent, mysterious, nostalgic, melancholy, glamorous, flirtatious . . .	**The Un-Romantics:** Cautious, skeptical, studied, sophisticated, interested in the calculated effect, self-aware, unsentimental, smart . . .
Placido Domingo	Luciano Pavarotti
Jerry Herman	Stephen Sondheim
Lionel Richie	Grandmaster Flash
Eurythmics	Talking Heads
Armagnac	Cognac
Georgia O'Keeffe	Louise Nevelson
Helmut Jahn	Michael Graves
Sally Field accepting her Oscar	Jessica Lange before the House Democratic Caucus Task Force on Agriculture
T'ai chi	Jogging
Mort Zuckerman	Donald Trump
Catherine Deneuve	Victoria Principal
Tina Turner	Madonna
Steven Spielberg	Francis Ford Coppola
NYC	LA
Elizabeth Taylor	Joan Rivers
David Hockney	Andy Warhol
Annie Dillard	Ann Beattie
Charles Kuralt	Geraldo Rivera
Old Coke	New Coke
Time	*Newsweek*
Norman Mailer	John Irving
Frederick's of Hollywood	The Pleasure Chest
London	Paris
Pasta	Sushi
Celibacy	Promiscuity
Katrina and the Waves	The Pretenders
Ted Koppel	Dan Rather
Ronald Reagan	Nancy Reagan
John Updike	Philip Roth

TONY KENT/SYGMA
Catherine Deneuve

© ROSS-MARINO/SYGMA
Tina Turner

BRUCE MCBROOM/SYGMA
Steven Spielberg

WOODFIN-CAMP
New York

Old Coke

TIME

Charles Kuralt

Ronald Reagan

ANDANSON/SYGMA
Victoria Principal

Madonna

LEDRU/SYGMA
Francis Ford Coppola

WOODFIN-CAMP
Los Angeles

New Coke

Newsweek

Geraldo Rivera

Nancy Reagan

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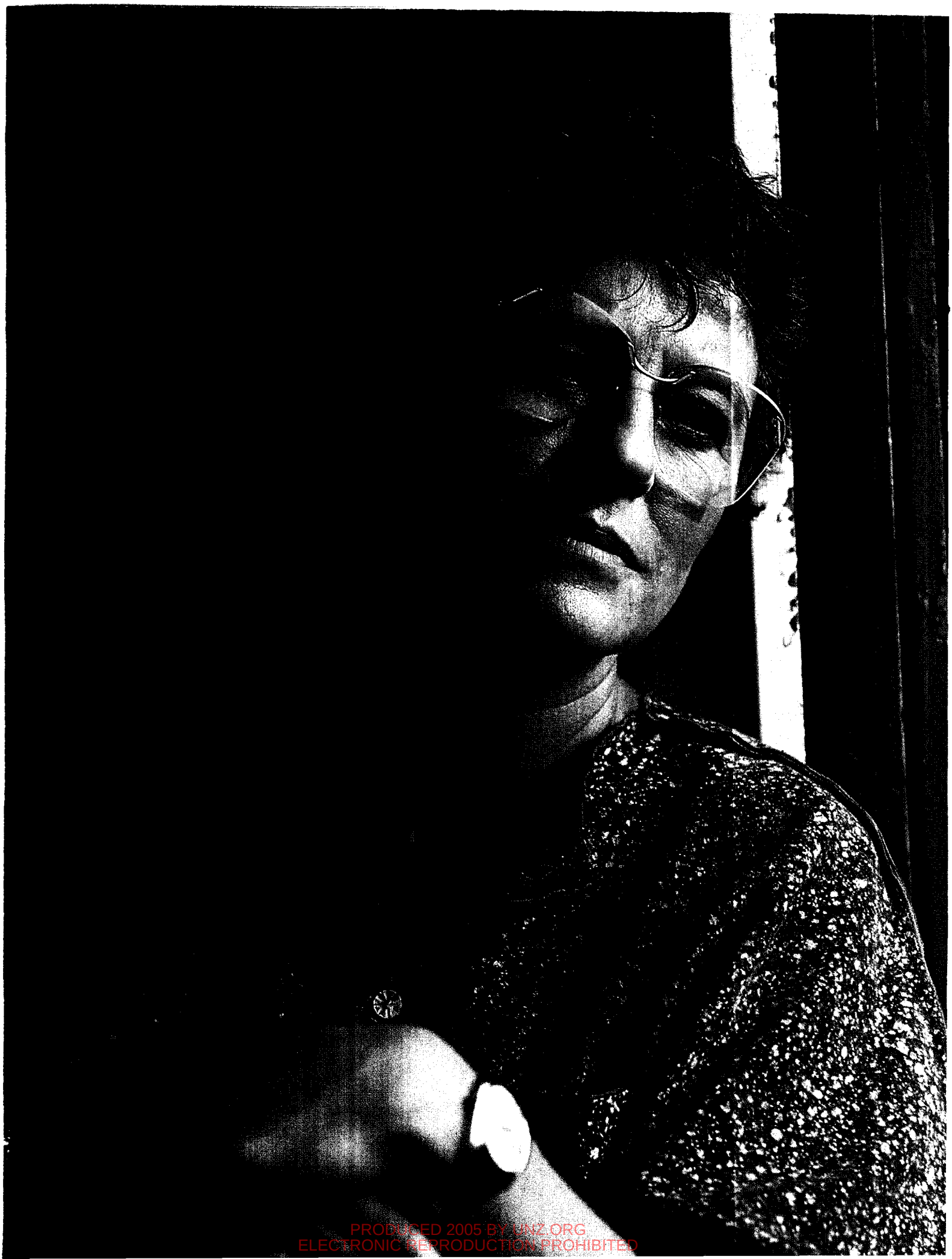

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An American expatriate is London's Miss Lonelyhearts

BY SANDRA McELWAINE

AGONY AUNT

IRMA KURTZ IS THE KIND OF PERSON YOU WANT TO REALLY talk to. Not the superficial chitchat that we all indulge in and take refuge behind, but the heavy stuff. Girl talk, where you let down your hair and discuss the hurts, the angst, the woes.

There is a reason why her cozy manner and reassuring smile invite you to lower your guard and share the pain. Irma Kurtz is a transatlantic Ann Landers, a misery maven, what the British call an "agony aunt," whose column appears in the English and American editions of *Cosmopolitan* magazine. "I'm like 'Dear Santa Claus' of the emotions," she smiles brightly, peering through her aviator glasses and straightening her salt-and-pepper hair.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY NIK KLEINBE

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"I have noticed, especially in New York, when a woman is with a man she has such a look of relief on her face."

"But what I really am is a traditional rabbi's wife or wise woman. I disseminate common sense to those in trouble. It's awful how in need people are of someone to tell them what to do." Once a month, the forty-nine-year-old New Jersey native settles down to a typewriter in her sprawling London townhouse to dispense advice to the lovelorn on two continents.

Each time, she culls through two thousand letters, ninety-five percent from women, before answering those she deems most appropriate. "No sex problems," she says. "I'm not a voyeur." The most common complaint is one of loneliness. "There's a lot of sadness out there," she explains, "an almost universal horror of being alone."

She is quick to distinguish solitude, which she believes furnishes invaluable time to think and rely on inner resources, from aloneness. "Real loneliness does not stem from lack of companionship, nor is it a disease," Kurtz states. "It is a condition, not liking yourself, not enjoying your own company."

She also believes that the fear of being alone drives people to seek answers in drugs, religious cults, and sexual promiscuity, or to search for the "one true love" who will make them feel whole. Her readers have so often confronted her with this particular problem that she decided to research its roots and recently wrote a book on the subject entitled *Loneliness* (Blackwell, $10.95).

"I got fed up one day," she says, "and decided to find out what loneliness is all about. It's not a self-help book. There are no glib solutions. I can't tell people what to think or do. What I can do is point out alternatives. Everyone in this country thinks they are entitled to be happy. We are only entitled to the *pursuit* of happiness. So many are unwilling to go out and look." There is a touch of scorn in her voice, which bears traces of a British accent mixed in with basic New Jersey.

It's been twenty years since wanderlust led her first to France and ultimately to England, the place she calls home. "Life just caught me there. I felt wrong in America, I had never really been happy. I like the way the English use the language and I had so many wonderful friends. I knew I had become an expatriate when I spent the return fare home."

Now she is back touting her book and seeing her own country as both a native and a foreigner. Americans are sentimental in their judgments and addicted to romantic love, she finds. The British are more pragmatic and irreverent. "In America everyone is looking for a man," she observes. "In England they're looking to get rid of one. Maybe we should start a little lend-lease."

Irma Kurtz has not always been an agony aunt. The daughter of a dentist and a social worker, she graduated from Barnard College in New York, and held her first job in the public relations department of Henri Bendel. "Pushing Givenchy, would you believe?" she says, pointing incredulously to her baggy trousers and moccasined feet.

Her love of adventure and travel led her to Paris in the late '50s and a personal encounter with loneliness. "There I was, all alone in the winter, unable to speak French, climbing up five flights to my apartment. . . ." The words trail off.

A public relations job for a strip club and an editorship on a girlie magazine attracted her to London. An article in a glossy British magazine entitled "Love in Capital Cities," comparing the sexual abilities of various European lovers, launched her writing career. There are three kinds of men, she announces: "heroes, husbands, and homosexuals."

At thirty-six, without benefit of a spouse, she bore a son, Marc, who is now twelve years old. She describes him as "a happy, butch little boy," who spends most weekends with his father, an English painter. "The quality of love that we give him is what is important. The one thing we couldn't do for him is live together happily." She goes on to say she has been in love a lot, enjoyed living with different men, playing house, but decided marrying for love was not a good idea. "Money, maybe," she chuckles, adding, "anyway, I'm too bossy. I like things my way. I'm heterosexual and romantic, in a way, but married, no."

Because of her warm, outgoing nature and an ability to solve problems, Irma Kurtz almost fell into her current line of work. "People always leaned on

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me." Her fate was sealed five years ago while standing in a railroad station. A young mother with a baby in her arms approached Kurtz, told her the child was from a previous marriage, and questioned whether she and her present husband should have a child to "cement their marriage." Startled, Kurtz announced it was not a good idea, puzzled why she was constantly giving free advice. Right then and there she decided, "like a prostitute," to get paid for her travail. "If I hadn't had wanderlust, I would have been a psychiatrist," she says.

According to Kurtz, there are five agony aunts in London. Only one is not Jewish. "I guess we just know how to make good chicken soup," she laughs. "After all, what is all this about but comfort?"

Comfortable is a word that seems to apply to Irma Kurtz and her lifestyle. On the surface, at least, there are no ragged edges, no social patter, no brittle smiles. Besides the column she writes for various English newspapers, she appears on the BBC and has published two novels—one about the Ku Klux Klan, the other on being an agony aunt.

At the moment, she is working on a book about men. "That," she declares, "is fun. I have noticed, especially in New York, when a woman is with a man she has such a look of relief on her face. It's really interesting."

Kurtz claims, however, that she is truly happy alone. "I don't regret anything," she says firmly, at the same time admitting that despite past pronouncements, she would not completely rule out marriage in the future. "I don't expect to, but I'm afraid to say never now. Maybe when I feel the first arthritic twinge."

Meanwhile, she continues to aid those in need with both a sense of proportion and a touch of humor. The one thing she fears most in her role as Miss Lonely Hearts is commiserating over other people's unhappiness.

"I have to be very careful," she explains. "Pity doesn't do anybody any good." ■

Sandra McElwaine is a Washington, D.C.-based journalist who appears regularly on Cable News Network.

A KURTZ SAMPLER

IT IS PROBABLY FAIR TO say that men and women have not always been very good for each other. For example, as far as men have been concerned, passive has meant sexy because the woman offers no competition; innocent has meant sexy because she offers no comparisons; and whoreish has meant sexy because she offers no resistance. As far as women are concerned, power has meant sexy because the man offers no choice; experience has meant sexy because he offers no responsibility; sometimes weakness has meant sexy because he offers the woman an illusion of being needed. Two things are clear: what is sexy has not been friendly, and there has been no equality in sex. The physical act itself embodies domination: there is only one partner remotely likely to be impregnated; and only the other partner must perform in order to consummate the act, while his partner/victim/slave can lie there and think about Kate Millett.

I know very well that when I walk into a roomful of men three paces behind my gorgeous, blonde bombshell chum from California, only the myopic or those who long ago surrendered to their own inadequacies will turn in my direction. What the hell? To be admired or even desired at first sight by a man is like being rather ticklish: it's amusing or embarrassing, depending on the circumstances, but not necessarily the prelude to a more intense contact. To be admired or desired physically at first sight by *all* men must be ghastly; it would fill life with the constant fear of loss, while allowing neither friendship nor business dealings with the opposite sex. I shall never understand why a few women from every group continue to choose to waste their time and energy making themselves irresistible, which is as restrictive of action or free thought as is purdah.

Men have always felt desire was an imperfection in them, a flaw in their strength, aroused and aggravated by women, and, to be blunt, they have also imagined in some undeniable, dark and superstitious part of their minds that spent sperm is sapped strength. Heaven knows we've heard enough about the significance of menstrual blood, so I feel emboldened to say I've always suspected the shearing of Samson's hair, for example, was a euphemism for the milking of his semen. After all, many athletes still will not make love before a big contest. Through the ages, fanatics devoted to various gods, or slaves required to give wholehearted service to their masters, were deprived of their distracting "manhood," or deprived themselves of it. Whatever some contemporary shrinks and pundits may call modern women, the truth is that infinitely more men have been castrated by other men or have castrated themselves than were ever castrated by women. SR

From Irma Kurtz's Beds of Nails and Roses. *Reprinted by permission of the publisher, Dodd, Mead & Company.*

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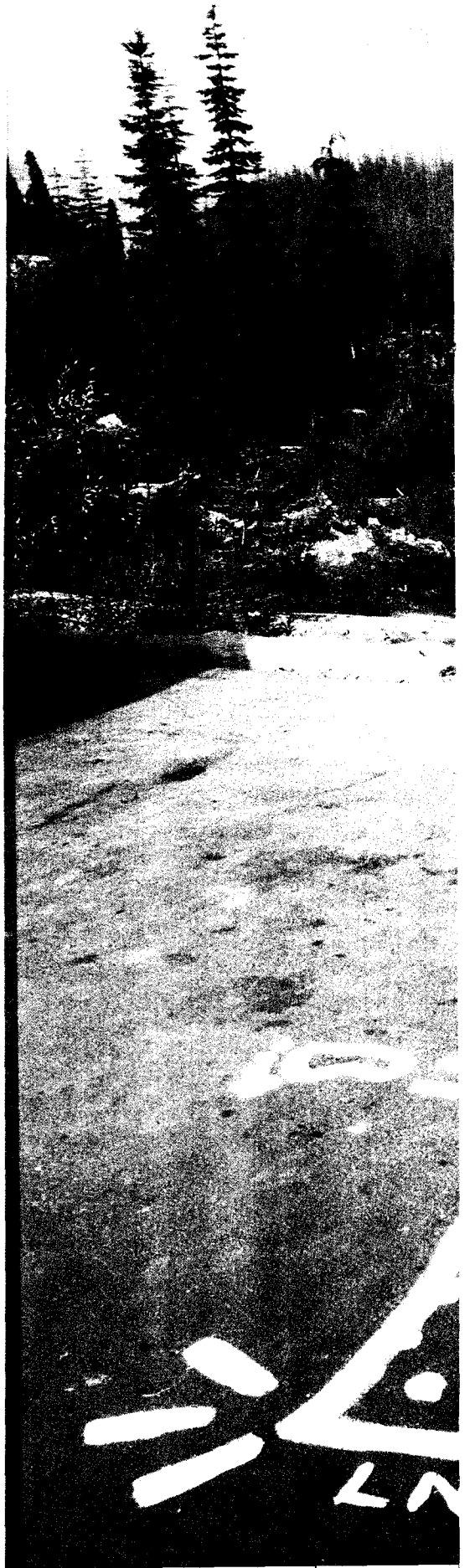
SIGN LANGUAGE

White man paints with forked road



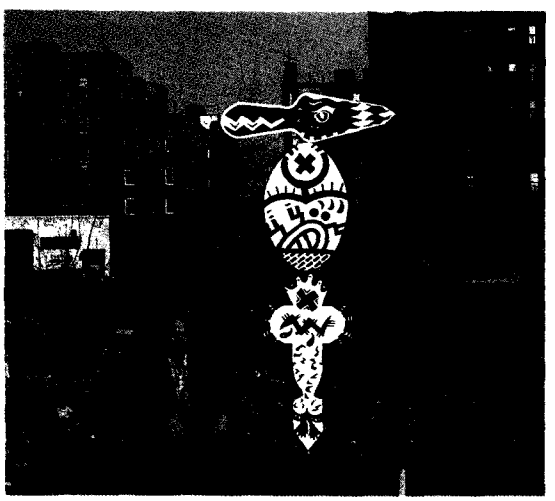
IF A PICTURE IS WORTH A THOUSAND WORDS, THEN LEE NADING HAS ALREADY WRITTEN a novel dedicated to nature on the highways of America.

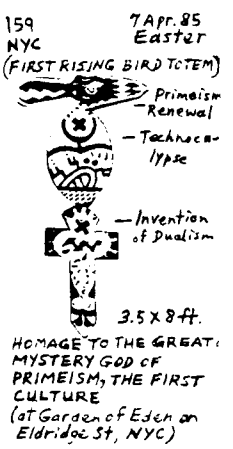
Using a paintbrush and white latex paint, the lanky, forty-five-year-old self-described "guerrilla artist" has been painting large pictures on roads and highways for two years. It's his way of calling urgent attention to the natural environment and what man is doing to it.

A lifelong outdoorsman, Nading has done his road paintings or erected small icons at one hundred fifty-six different environmental sites all across the country, but especially in the West and Southwest. He uses simple images and picture symbols, like rising or falling birds, either to pay homage to nature—as at Mount St. Helens—or to "jinx" man's technology—as at the Los Angeles Aqueduct "for robbing the desert for yards and pools."

Most of these paintings have been created by headlight or moonlight, and all have been done illegally. Nading has become an expert on the hit-and-run techniques of road painting.

He says that this summer he will attempt his most ambitious project so far—a one-lane-wide, half-mile-long work on the highway near Utah's Canyonlands National Park. A site near this scenic park was recently considered for a nuclear dump. The artist says the painting will require thirteen gallons of paint and an estimated twenty-two hours to complete, with or without official permission (which he says he is seeking). It will be "the history of Western civilization, sort of," he explains, incorporating images from many of his previous road paintings and including his depiction of God, or "the Great Mystery."





The rural Indiana-born Nading has been alarmed at what he considers the ruthless assault of uncaring technology on nature—he calls it the Technocalypse—since becoming involved with environmentalist groups in the 1960s. He conceived the idea of the road paintings in 1983 when a sudden storm over the Rockies blocked him from taking part in a major demonstration at Glen Canyon Dam.

A 1964 graduate of the Art Institute of Chicago—where as a student of sculpture he was a contemporary of Jim Nutt, Karl Wirsum, and other founders of the Hairy Who movement in art—Nading considers his road paintings and icons part and parcel with the art he does in his SoHo (New York) studio.

He has documented his "Trail of Rising and Falling Birds" in a journal, sketches, and snapshots, and hopes someday to include them in a formal context with his studio art. Yet he resists being lumped with "political artists" because he thinks much art so called is simply "trash." What he aims for is an art that bonds solid techniques with his artistic statements about man and nature. SR

—Martin Northway

Martin Northway is a freelance writer and marketing consultant based in Chicago

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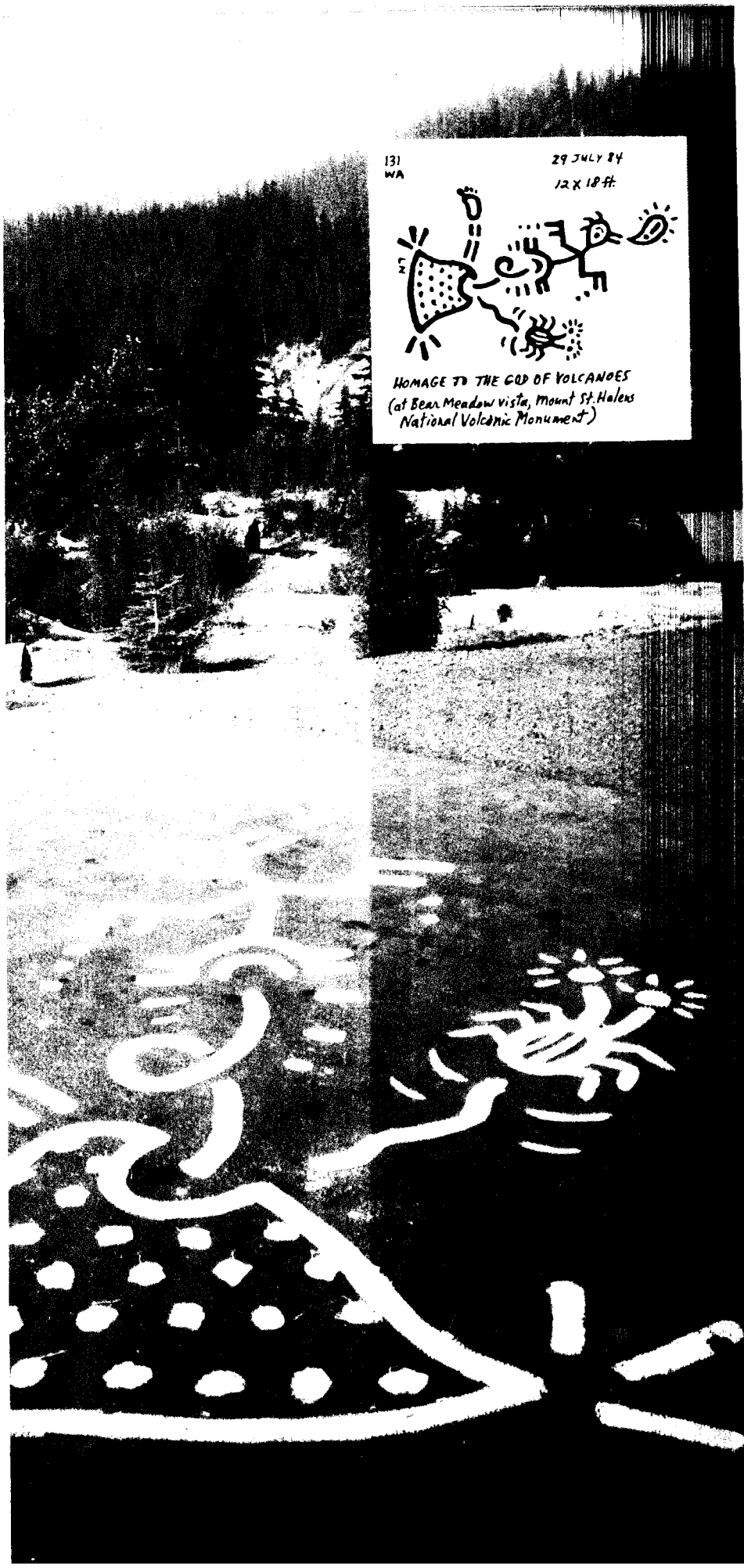

131
WA

29 JULY 84
12 X 18 ft.

HOMAGE TO THE GOD OF VOLCANOES
(at Bear Meadow vista, Mount St. Helens National Volcanic Monument)

DAVID DERKACY

90
AZ

9 JULY 84
JINX ON
GLEN CANYON DAMN
(On old steel sign at Overlook, Page, AZ)
6 ft.

146
WY

5 AUG 84
(plaque, red on white)
HOMAGE TO THE GOD OF INTER-SPECIES COMMUNICATION
(Devil's Tower Nt'l. Mon., on rocky point on w. side rd., .8 m. W. of Admin. Bldg.) 1.5 ft.²

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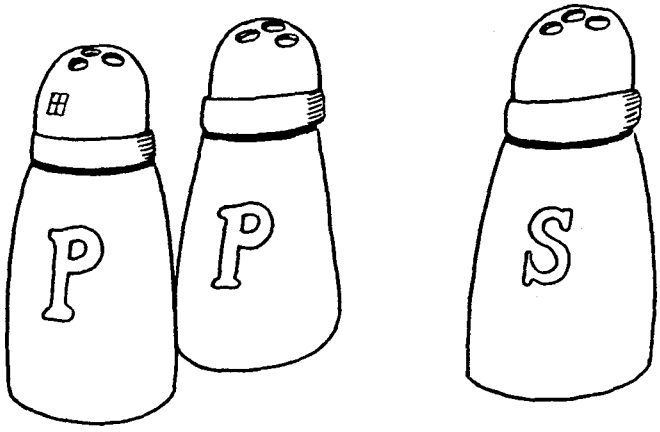
DRAWING BOARD

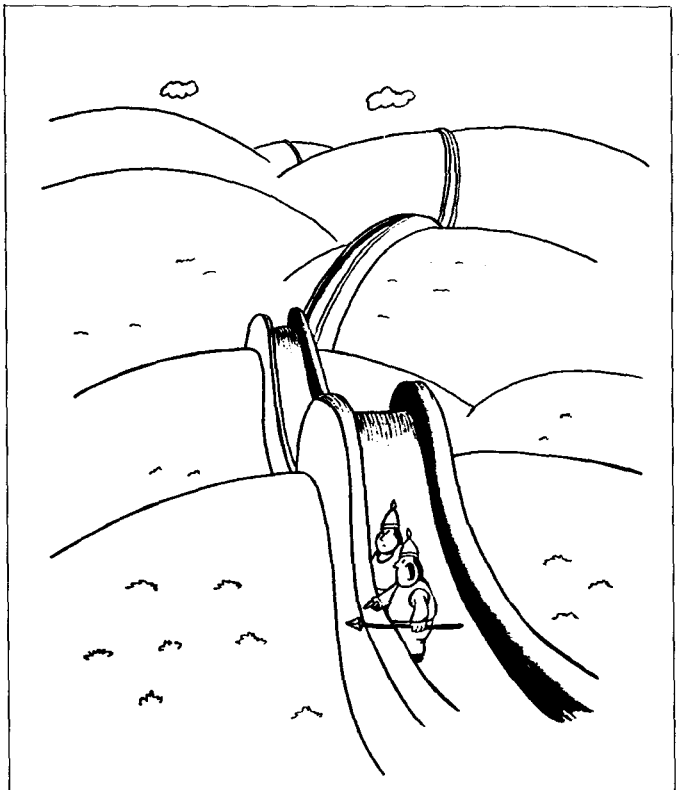
NORM ROCKWELL

CARTOONIST NORM ROCKWELL WAS BORN and raised in Mason City, Iowa, and now lives in Menominee, Wisconsin. He is distantly related to another famous Midwestern artist whose name he shares. Rockwell began cartooning for the Army during a two-year hitch in 1960, and early this year became the official Army cartoonist. He appears in various magazines and in King Features' "Laff-a-Day" twice a month. "I've had a fair amount of luck," says Rockwell.



"I'm a pepper. He's a pepper. Wouldn't you like to be a pepper too?'

"You have a yeast infection."



"See? The grass looks greener."

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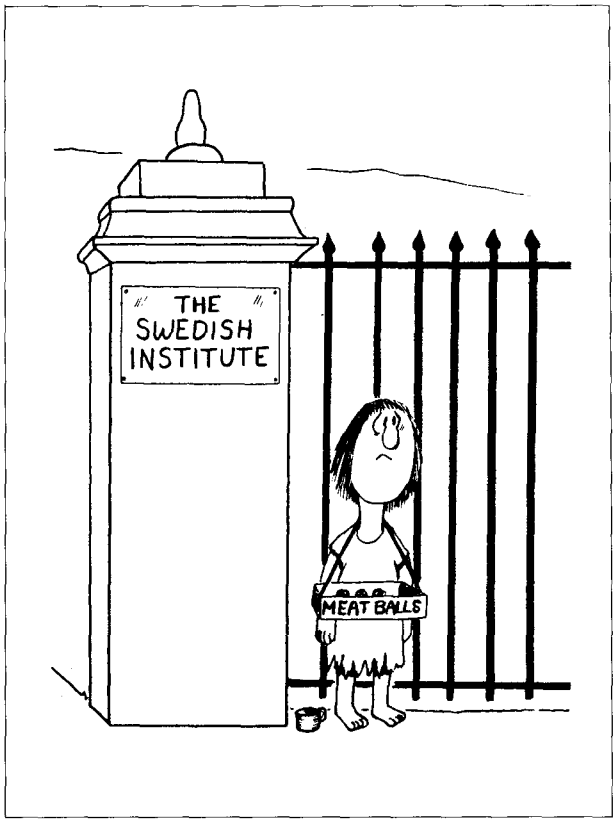
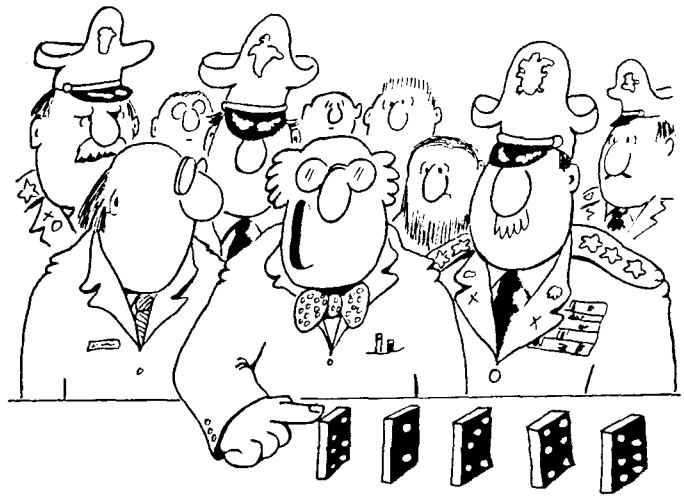
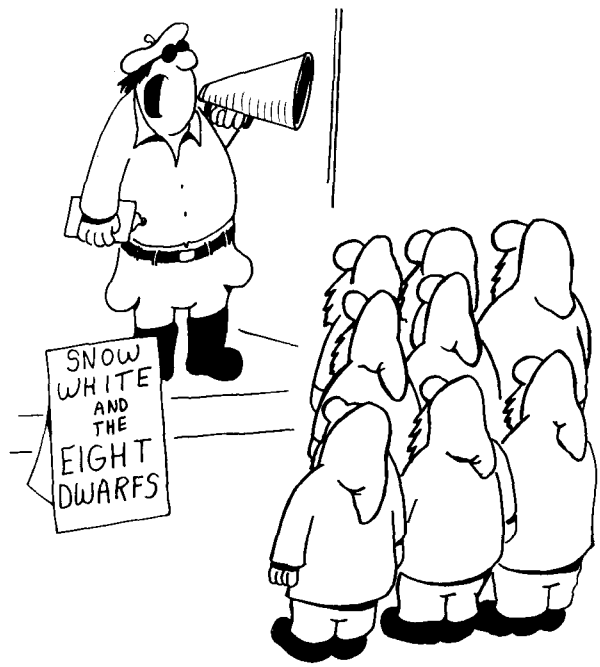




"Now remember. This is only a theory."



"Grumpy, Doc, Bashful, Dopey, Happy, Sleepy and Sneezy, report to Make-up. Sleazy . . . I'd like to see you in my office."

SR

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WINE

by Jerome Cramer

SPARKLE PLENTY

"I LOVE CHAMPAGNE," ART BUCHWALD explains. "It tastes as though my foot's asleep."

Champagne has no peer as an accompaniment to fun and celebration. Consider that the world's most famous glass for serving champagne—the Sèvres Cup—was made from a mold of the breast of Marie-Antoniette. Champagne is a good-time wine.

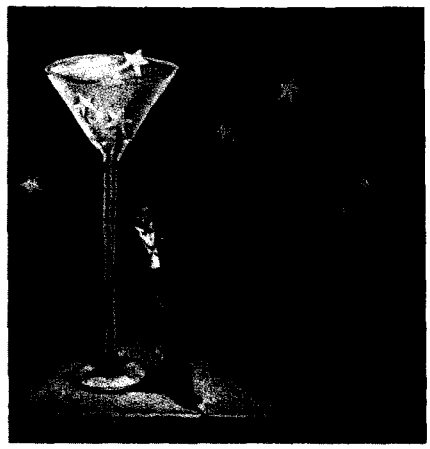
It has been served at celebrations since the coronation of Philip the Fair in 1285, but it wasn't until the late seventeenth century, when the wizard Dom Pérignon worked his magic on the wine, that partaking of champagne could be justly described as "drinking liquid stars."

What makes champagne special is not necessarily the quality of the grapes (most champagne is a blend of Chardonnay and Pinot Noir), but the process used to make the wine. By the time you gently pop the cork on wine fermented by the traditional *la méthode champenoise*, the bottle has been turned, twisted, and jerked more times than a baby at a family reunion.

Briefly, *la méthode champenoise* starts with a fast pressing immediately after the grapes are picked. The deep red skins are quickly removed to ensure the juice is not tainted with excessive color. The juice is then put into wooden casks for the first fermentation, a process so loud and violent that one early writer likened it to the sound of a swarm of angry bees.

All champagnes are blends of various wines, so pay attention to brand labels rather than vineyard or district names. The major difference in the quality of the various champagnes rests in the *cuvée*, as the blending of the wines is called. Each firm has a distinctive style for their nonvintage champagne; the skill handed down from Dom Pérignon is the blending of red and white wines from various years to produce a consistently excellent nonvintage wine.

Once the wine is blended, a trace of sugar and yeast is added to start a second fermentation in the bottle. Because of the thick glass and the heavy corks, the carbon dioxide created by fermenting sugar is forced into the wine. The bottles are then rotated by hand, turned nearly vertical, and after a period of time, the sediment settles on the cork. When the cork is popped, the pressure drives out the mass of sediment. More wine is added (along with a touch of sugar that will determine the sweetness of the final product), and each bottle is corked and wired. All told, an individual bottle of champagne could be handled as often as two hundred times.



AMY SALGANIK

When Dom Pérignon worked his magic on the wine, partaking of champagne could be described as "drinking liquid stars."

Much of our domestic sparkling wine is produced in bulk: rather than fermented in the bottle, the wine is produced in large vats, then bottled and sold.

In a year of a great harvest, such as 1971, the champagne houses will declare a vintage, and the wine will be made entirely from grapes of that year. These champagnes are more expensive but worth looking for. A vintage Pol Roger champagne, the favorite label of Winston Churchill, might sell for $20 a bottle, while a nonvintage might run $16 to $18.

At the top of the line in champagnes are what might be called super-luxury wines. These are made from blends of only the highest quality grapes and carry names such as Moët et Chandon's Dom Pérignon, and Roederer's Cristal, wines that might cost $50 per bottle.

Although only sparkling wines produced in the Champagne region of France can properly be called champagne, other countries turn out excellent wines. In fact, the potential for sparkling wines in California is so great that famous labels such as Moët and Piper-Heidsieck are working on American versions of their products.

Familiar American names such as Korbel produce good wines. When President Richard Nixon traveled to China, he offered his history-making toasts with Schramsberg, perhaps the finest sparkling wine from Napa Valley ($19 for vintage, $25 for a bottle of reserve). It's an excellent wine, but if you are hunting for a bargain, consider that Spain produces a very nice sparkling Codorniu wine for as little as $5 per bottle.

Sweetness—which is determined by the final addition of sugar to wine before final bottling—might be the key in selecting champagne to fit your taste, and the ratings run in this order: Brut (bone dry); Extra Sec or Extra Dry (dry); Sec (slightly sweet); and Demi-Sec (sweet). Many people prefer a light, dry wine such as a Taittinger blanc de blanc (made entirely from white grapes) for toasting and sipping, while they choose wine with a heavier taste (such as Bollinger R.D.) to drink with meals.

A survey of friends has unearthed a painful debate over champagne and hangovers. Many firmly believe that the severity of the hangover depends on the sweetness of the champagne. Others, equally as vehement, insist that the better the quality of the wine, the less severe the hangover. Science might side with those who cling to the sugar theory, but other friends of long experience insist that they've drunk lots of Dom Pérignon or G. H. Mumm and (thanks to the fine blend) lived to tell the tale.

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TRAVEL

by Nino Lo Bello

FOLLOW THE LIEDER

WHILE WORKING ON HIS THIRD SYMphony in Austria's spectacular Salzkammergut region, Gustav Mahler invited his young assistant conductor, Bruno Walter, to spend a few days with him. As Walter got off the lakeside steamer and stepped onto the landing platform, Mahler saw that his visitor was transfixed by the awesome peaks providing a theatrical backdrop to the lake.

"You need not pay any attention to them," exclaimed Mahler. "I've already composed them into my new symphony!"

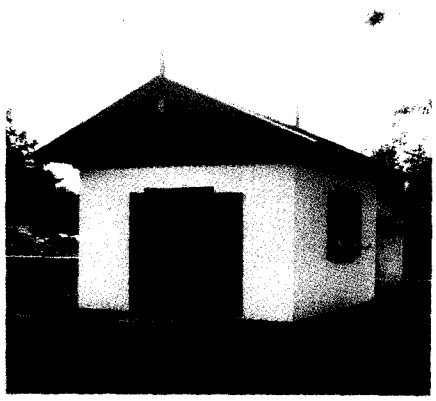
Mountains, lakes, trees, meadows, birds, cowbells, and virtually all the sounds of nature in its full summer glory were grist for Mahler's mill. As one of Vienna's most sought after conductors, he found time to do his composing only during the off-season when the concert halls and opera houses were closed. Mahler often described himself as "a summer composer."

My wife and I came up with the idea of paying a call on each of Mahler's summer sanctums. It would be a Mahler safari, a kind of pilgrimage in honor of the great composer.

We figured it could be done in less than a week by auto from Vienna. We would play Mahler's music on our automobile cassette player, attempting as much as possible as we approached (or departed) each site to be listening to the particular symphony or Lieder that Mahler had written there.

We began with Mahler's Second Symphony, and about three hours later we reached Steinbach am Attersee with the Third ringing in our ears. We found the inn where Mahler had lodged each summer between 1894 and 1896 (today the Gasthof-Metzgerei Föttinger). A hundred feet away is his composing cottage just steps from the quiet waters of the lake. The tiny, wooden, one-room, square "dollhouse" could be described as just large enough to hold four telephone booths.

He would retire to this den early in the morning and stay there until lunchtime. His sister Justi (Justine) and their friend, Natalie Bauer-Lechner, spent most of their mornings trying to maintain the necessary peace and quiet for Mahler to do his composing unbothered.



Mahler's Steinbach am Attersee cottage

Mahler often described himself as a "summer composer."

As Natalie said in one of her letters: "To render the numerous village children harmless, we had worked out a proper system of keeping them far away and quiet. They were forbidden to set foot on Gustav's meadow and to play by or bathe in the lake. We even got them to keep quiet in the street, and in the houses, by means of pleas and promises, sweets and toys. If a hurdy-gurdy man or street musician appeared, we would hurl ourselves upon them with a sizable tip, silencing them instantly." Even the animals got no peace when the two women went into action. Justi and Natalie were never able, however, to silence the cowbells, but, significantly, Mahler incorporated this particular sound in several of his symphonies.

Mahler would often start his day by diving into the lake. He loved swimming underwater for long stretches at a time and would surface only when his lungs were ready to burst. What he enjoyed most of all was rowing after he had finished composing for the day. It was said that he rowed energetically, and for a man who often looked emaciated on the podium, Mahler had a remarkable physique and superbly developed arm muscles.

One of Mahler's favorite haunts was the nearby town of Bad Ischl, which considers itself the Operetta Capital of the World, because most of Vienna's established operetta composers maintained summer houses there, as did an important composer of another stripe, Johannes Brahms. Mahler liked nothing better than to pedal his bicycle twenty-four kilometers for long talks with Brahms, often at the Zauner Cafe.

We made a detour to Bad Ischl for a visit to Zauner's, now in existence for more than one-hundred-fifty years. As we pulled into the majestic spa, our cassette was playing the last movement of the Third (listed in the *Guinness Book of World Records* as the longest symphony ever written by a major composer, running nearly two hours). At Zauner's we had a pot of coffee apiece and demolished a half dozen different pastries, several of which were known to be the favorites of the Emperor Franz Joseph I. No one knows which Mahler and Brahms preferred.

Continued on page 91

Mahler's statue

NINO LO BELLO

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TOP OF MY HEAD

by Zan Thompson

PURPLE PASSIONS

THE LADIES WHO WRITE ROMANCE NOVels all have marvelous hair, great, luxuriant tosses of shining hair. And they have great clothes. The picture of Danielle Steele on her hardcover romance *Crossings* shows her wearing one of those $750 sweaters with the large stitches and the sleeves pushed up over smooth, tan forearms. Her hair is shoulder-length and thick, and her eyelashes as long as a camel's. Wonderful eyelashes.

Rosemary Rogers not only has enough thick, black hair to fling around her shoulders, she lives in Carmel on the Monterey Peninsula. I don't quite believe her wardrobe on the cover of her 1978 romance, *Crowd Pleasers*. She is sitting on some craggy rocks on the Monterey coast, wearing a long, strapless tomato-red gown with a drape of the same chiffon across her pretty shoulders. She must have been lowered to the rocks by a helicopter, because she is wearing a pair of five-inch-heeled strappy sandals. I have walked those cliffs, and it can't be done in those shoes. Not only that, but sitting there in that sheer chiffon must be murder on her bottom. I've sat on the rocks at Point Lobos in heavy blue jeans, and it smarts. However, these ladies and their sorority are so well insulated by packets of lovely money, they don't feel such minor discomforts, unlike the princess on the pea.

Recently, there has been a great deal of hand-wringing and overanalysis of the great popularity of romance novels, with lots of sober clucking about the vulgarity of the writing and the similarity of the plots.

Of course. That's why they're so popular and have always been. Someone just noticed, that's all. They take absolutely no effort and are like eating peanuts. Also, they're as comforting as milk toast on a tray when you're wanly ailing: virtue triumphs, the evil are eventually punished. There's excitement but no mayhem. It's a delicious, upholstered world, even though it be at war or in the midst of great travail.

Just because the genus now is called the romance novel, bodice ripper, or hysterical romance, it will not change.

Jain Erla, who is branch librarian at the Linda Vista library where I take, says, "I think they have a filing cabinet with drawers labeled Eyes, Hair, Build, Teeth, Skin. Then they pluck a card from each drawer and that's about the extent of the character development."

She's right. In three minutes, I found clear grey, piercing black, hard and flint-like blue, steady hazel, and glowing turquoise eyes.

Library readers and book buyers are the same, mostly female and any age. "Many romance readers have high-paying jobs," Jain says. "They read them as fast as they are published, and they don't read anything else. There is always the hazard of reading the same one twice. Maybe that's why Harlequin numbers theirs."

Sounds bleak, and it is. It's just not new.

In her valuable book *Genreflecting*, Betty Rosenberg writes that Kay Mussell, in her 1980 *Women's Gothic and Romantic Fiction: A Reference Guide*, systematized such material from colonial times to the present.

Reading these novels, making bibliographies, dissecting, cataloguing, and cross-referencing them, is like killing a mouse with a guided missile. Overkill.

There is nothing new in these romance novels. Early in this century, Kathleen Norris ripped off the same plot and the same heroine time after time in short stories and novels to resounding financial rewards. And so did many other writers.

If the reader doesn't want to read a "sand-and-tit" epic, as they are affectionately called, all she has to do is look at the cover picture and read the title. If the girl pictured has her dress clinging by a thread and it's any shade of purple, put it down. And if the title includes any shape or variation of the words love, desire, captive, passion, madness, fire, savage, fury, or torment, don't pick up the book.

The men are named Chase, Lynx, Jeb, and Noble. The ladies are named Flame, Aimee', and Alaina.

The writers scatter French and Spanish words, depending on the geography, through the book like almonds in a Christmas cake. And adverbs. They use lots of adverbs. They shout bravely, counter gallantly, and glare hotly.

They will stay with us. Just because the genus now is called the romance novel, bodice ripper, or hysterical romance, it will not change. It is a form of work as measured and predictable as the minuet.

Faith Baldwin was a durable practitioner of this cottage industry. Recently we bought a typewriter chair made in Denmark. It came wrapped in several editions of a Danish newspaper in which was printed the serialization of chapters of one of Miss Baldwin's truth, beauty, and deep breathing novels. Not only has it endured, it has prevailed for more than fifty years and through several translations, and has made it into many countries, including the Scandinavian. Let the ladies with their bobbing curls remember the doyennes who marched before, maidenheads pristine, until the final page. SR

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TRADEWINDS

by William Cole

FOUR FINE POETS

IT'S A GREAT SEASON FOR POETS WHEN four of the best have books out, and a celebration is in order, with samplings—necessarily short ones. To begin with, the most obvious: Seamus Heaney. When critics hail him as the best Irish poet since Yeats, or the finest poet now writing in the language, his reaction is, "Get off my back." In his newest, and seventh, *Station Island* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $11.95), he digs into Ireland's soil and soul in poems that are meditative, lyrical, often mysterious, often showing love for the odd word, the word that jolts. Take "La Toilette," one of the shorter poems:

The white towelling bathrobe
ungirdled, the hair still wet,
first coldness of the underbreast
like a ciborium in the palm.

Our bodies are the temples
of the Holy Ghost. Remember?
And the little, fitted, deep-slit drapes
on and off the holy vessels

regularly? And the chasuble
so deftly hoisted? But vest yourself
in the word you taught me
and the stuff I love: slub silk.

Now, that *ciborium* is the golden goblet that holds the eucharistic bread, and after looking in five dictionaries, I can define *slub* most easily as an intricately twisted weave.

X.J. Kennedy is a poet who can sing both high and low. Like T.S. Eliot, Theodore Roethke, A.E. Housman, and Hilaire Belloc, he can be funny or serious, can write for adults or for children. He calls himself "one of an endangered species: people who still write in meter and rime." Now the University of Georgia Press has gathered "every poem that the poet cares to save" in 168 pages of joy and sorrow, *Cross Ties: Selected Poems* ($16.95 and $9.95). I've always been moved by a poem he calls "Little Elegy," which bears the dedication, "for a child who skipped rope":

Here lies resting, out of breath,
Out of turns, Elizabeth
Whose quicksilver toes not quite
Cleared the whirring edge of night.

Earth whose circles round us skim
Till they catch the lightest limb,
Shelter now Elizabeth
And for her sake trip up Death.

AMY SALGANIK

In Station Island, *Seamus Heaney digs into Ireland's soil and soul in poems that are meditative, lyrical, often mysterious, often showing love for the odd word, the word that jolts.*

Molly Peacock is a fine name for a poet, and a fine poet she is. Her second book, *Raw Heaven* (Random House, $12.95; Vintage paperback, $6.95) proves it. They're all beautiful—well, I'm not sure that's the right word for a poem beginning, "Dad pushed my mother down the cellar stairs." But they're all interesting: jaunty, rich, thoughtful. Fellow poet Dave Smith writes, "This is a poet people will read and press on their friends." So I will, with a sampling that is a novelty; titled "Novembers," it actually says nice things about that despised month:

Novembers were the months that began
with No.
"Oh no." They died in embers. Above were
V's of geese in skies lit from these low
Even fires. The fires of fall were
Mirrors for the feelings I felt before
Being. I'm telling you now I feel I
Exist for the first time! Neither the bareness
nor
Roughness demoralize—I realize I
See much clearer what leafless branches
show.

Take the case of Ted Kooser: First off, he's a wonderful poet with five published books and a slew of chapbooks, and is represented in every magazine worth thinking about. He's the founder and editor of Windflower Press, which brings out handsome editions of American and Canadian poets. Then he's an artist, with paintings in private collections. He designs the Windflower books and does illustrations and covers for other publishers. He's won just about all the honors given to poets (never enough). Plus which (to sink into momentary illiteracy) he's the vice president of a Nebraska insurance company. *How* tired he must be of references to Wallace Stevens! I particularly like his unexpected metaphors, as in a poem about a disused slide: "Blue morning glories/climb halfway up the stairs, bright clusters/of laughter." He refers to an abandoned grocery cart as "a little piano recital of chrome," and raked-up bags of leaves as "wet-shouldered/but warm in their skins." His new book, *One World at a Time* (University of Pittsburgh Press, $12.95 and $6.95), is part of the Pitt Poetry Series, which I consider the most noble undertaking of any American university press. Here's his poem "Daddy Longlegs":

Here, on fine long legs springy as steel,
a life rides, sealed in a small brown pill
that skims along over the basement floor
wrapped up in a simple obsession.
Eight legs reach out like the master ribs
of a web in which some thought is caught
dead center in its own small world,
a thought so far from the touch of things
that we can only guess at it. If mine,
it would be the secret dream
of walking alone across the floor of my life
with an easy grace, and with love enough
to live on at the center of myself. SR

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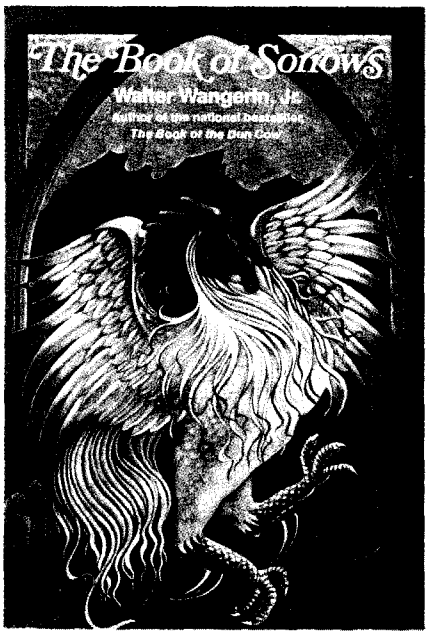
BOOKS



The Book of Sorrows

by WALTER WANGERIN, JR.

Harper & Row, 338 pp., $14.95

COMMENTING ON THE ORIGINS OF HIS Chronicles of Narnia, C.S. Lewis wrote, "everything began with images: a faun carrying an umbrella, a queen on a sledge, a magnificant lion. At first there wasn't even anything Christian about them." Downplaying without neglecting the importance of religious archetypes in the Chronicles, Lewis has given several generations of readers a welcome way into the books. The general reader need not be frightened off by a cardboard fiction, fabricated to represent Christian meaning.

So it is with Walter Wangerin's new book, the conclusion to *The Book of the Dun Cow*, winner of an American Book Award in 1980. Like its predecessor, *The Book of Sorrows* is difficult to categorize; although it is a Christian allegory, the book is more subtle and the vision deeper than that phrase may imply.

In his books, Wangerin has created a dark fantasy world where animals talk, reason, and act like humans. He writes powerful, intelligent stories within a tradition that extends from *Aesop's Fables* through *Lord of the Rings* to *Watership Down*. Like C.S. Lewis, Wangerin seems to work toward his themes from beautifully imagined and described images. On the first page of the new book, readers meet "two hens, white in a yellow field, walking with that thrust of the head which suggests that they are going secretly, on tiptoe, as spies, or comic exaggerations of spies, placing their claws with infinite care."

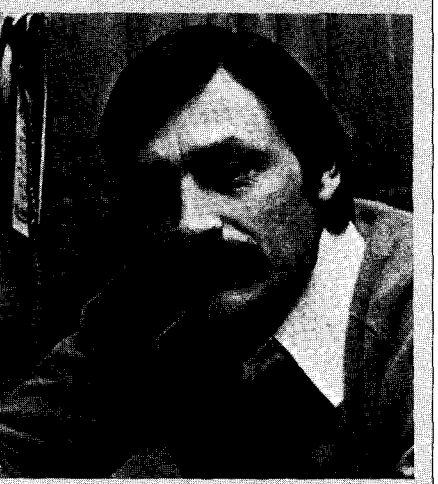
Admirers of *The Book of the Dun Cow* may recognize one of these characters as Pertelote, wife to "the loud, renowned" Chauntecleer the Rooster, leader of all the animals. The new book begins with a glimpse of life in the Coop after a terrible battle with Wyrm, an evil serpentine creature who has all but ruined this community of animals. The story follows Chauntecleer, haunted by the death of his friend Mundo Cani Dog, as he sets out to destroy Wyrm. The book ends with the death of the rooster, whose battle with self-doubt proves his undoing.

The Book of Sorrows is a thought-provoking and moving tale. Like the best of our beast fables, it quietly offers a measure of moral wisdom.

—*Thomas Swiss*

SATURDAY REVIEW TALKS TO

WALTER WANGERIN JR.



NAJLAH FEANNY

WALTER WANGERIN JR. STARTED "WRITING FOR my own salvation" at the age of fourteen when the "heaviness" of a strict Lutheran ministry prep school forced him into himself and literature. A teenager's daily writing habit has matured into a literary career for a man who says he has "never come upon a time he could not write."

Wangerin was born in Portland, Oregon, in 1944, but grew up in several towns in the Midwest. "Something in me yearns for the cold and wind of the harsh plains weather," he says. He decided to become a Lutheran minister like his father before him. His divinity degree and graduate work in medieval literature did little to train him for the poverty and racism he encountered when he was assigned as the pastor of an inner-city church in Evansville, Indiana.

Of his work as a minister, he says, "It's the best way of observing people. All that's human goes on between a pastor and the people. I would not have chosen that parish, but it is important to me that I went. It thrust me into things I'd never seen before."

Wangerin's ministry was a fertile source of ideas for his writing, but it was his involvement with a children's radio show that provided an important breakthrough by teaching him to consider an audience. "I had to find a way to grab the listeners, to keep them interested. I then realized I never really considered an audience in my writing, that I wrote only for myself."

Wangerin's influences include Dostoevsky ("I've never stopped reading him"), Shakespeare, and Milton. His more contemporary reading includes Alice Walker and other black American writers, along with Chaim Potok and Bernard Malamud. "There is something blessedly peculiar to Jewish writing," he says.

It was his familiarity with Chaucer and ancient beast literature that gave rise to his successful *The Book of the Dun Cow* (1978) and *The Book of Sorrows* (1985). From a rejected collection of short parables Wangerin salvaged a "lively community of creatures." He found using animals as characters "did not bind me to a time and place. With animals it's easier to create types and symbols. They can stand for all humanity."

While his allegorical tales have won acclaim, Wangerin does not feel bound to the genre. Along with several children's books that he is writing with "an eye toward an adult audience," his current projects include a theological work about faith, a story about the drowning of a childhood friend, and an investigation of Native American culture.

Wangerin now lives in Evansville, speaking, writing, and "househusbanding." He writes at least four hours every day, striving to write a book "the way Aaron Copeland writes music—moving, perceptive of the American voice, yet, somehow, even deeper."

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Carpenter's Gothic

by WILLIAM GADDIS

Viking, 262 pp., $16.95

WILLIAM GADDIS'S NEW NOVEL CONCERNS money, mendacity, and Moloch. It opens with a group of boys improvising a game of stickball with the corpse of a dove, "a kind of battered shuttlecock moulting in a flurry at each blow." Diverting themselves in the street, they bat their grisly plaything into a dead-end sign. Thus, says Gaddis, do we welcome the Paraclete.

Among other indignities, the Pentecostal dove now serves the base appetites of evangelists who blather about the evils of "secular humanism." Gaddis limns the archetypal fundamentalist huckster in the loathsome Reverend Ude, headquartered on the Pee Dee River down in Dixie. The Reverend Ude gathers his congregation "in the bank," as an inadvertently apt newspaper account has it, to harangue its members about "the profit Isaiah." He bottles the waters of the Pee Dee for sale to the faithful, who unfortunately drink it and contract typhus. He also has a habit of fatally prolonging baptismal immersion.

Ude's "media consultant" is Paul Booth, a former bag man for corporate bribery now married to a neurasthenic heiress whom he abuses verbally and physically. The pathetic Liz, his wife, resembles the shuttlecock dove of the book's first paragraph. She is exploited, battered, and doomed.

She finds cheer, however, in a romantic figure named McCandless, a geologist who has also been a missionary, a spy, and a novelist. McCandless has discovered, in Africa, major gold deposits that become the target of certain American corporations, aided by the CIA and the U.S. Senate. All of these entities somehow find common cause with the Reverend Ude's African mission. In the end, American solicitude for Africa leads to the dropping of a 10K "demo" bomb in the Mozambique Channel—the only way, as the American president says, to demonstrate our resolve to the "evil empire." The novel ends with this foretaste of Armageddon, and with Paul Booth stalking another heiress.

Like Gaddis's previous novels, *The Recognitions* (1955) and *JR* (1975), *Carpenter's Gothic* unfolds almost wholly in dialogue, rendered with painful fidelity to the elliptical manner in which people actually try to communicate with each other. Readers will find all this talk by turns exhilarating, frustrating, and numbing, but they will also encounter an unsettling vision of a culture in which religious and political fundamentalism, corporate rapacity, and private greed conspire to keep any would-be Paracletes bouncing off that dead-end sign.

—David Cowart

Gossip

by PATRICIA MEYER SPACKS

Alfred A. Knopf, 288 pp., $18.95

Reviewed by
DIANA MCLELLAN

"THE DEVIL'S THEATER." "IDLE TALK." "IF you can't say something nice, don't say anything at all." How unkindly the Prosecution treats Gossip.

Now, at last, the Defense has the floor.

Gossip, says this delightful professor of English literature at Yale, Patricia Meyer Spacks, is far more than fun. It is a vital force for civilization. It is both expositor and guardian of public morals. It is woman's secret weapon in a bossy man's world. It is the scale on which we weigh our social worth, the arbiter of those slippery Prevailing Community Standards the porn boys are always on about, and the chief instrument of social bonding and tribal traditions all over the world. Why, it is the very womb of Literature itself.

Of course some old bores disapprove. Kierkegaard, for one, got quite shirty about the "vital distinction between what is private and what is public"—in my experience, a sure sign of a man with a lot to hide. (Danes, incidentally, while excellent at fairy tales, are very poor gossips. What do you expect of a race that serves its sandwiches topless?)

The chief reason gossip gets such shabby press, says Spacks, is that it is historically a feminine art form. Nay, *the* feminine art form. Males skilled at the "talent of ready utterance" have attained the same renown as male quilters.

Gossip's charm, and also its danger, is that it posits an underground wisdom that conflicts with the culture's mainstream thought. Hence it has become a guerrilla weapon in many wars—but most notably the Sex War. It's not that women are more likely to notice the Emperor's nudity; they just seem likelier to *talk* about it. If such talk has historically earned scowls or blows from their mainstream mates, nothing has ever stopped the undersex from making fun among themselves. As Spacks points out, the conversation in a Muslim harem is "one of satire, ridicule and disrespect for males and the ideals of the male world."

Gossips of either sex, in any event, are Nature's own counterweights to the pompous. Almost by definition, they are not the "doers." They are generally powerless—like Kipling's monkeys, the chattering, stick-throwing Bandar-log, haughtily ignored by the vain, macho, bloodied, busy hunters of the jungle.

Washington, where I happen to practice the Thankless Craft, is unique. For one thing, most really skilled gossips in the Nation's Capital are men. (Believe me.) For another, the gibbering of embarrassing Truths from the treetops while the mighty prowl the lush undergrowth below comes most often from those who have reluctantly left, or those who seek, the roles the mighty currently hold. What's more, in this most atypical jungle, the great elephant Press listens attentively to

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PRIMO LEVI

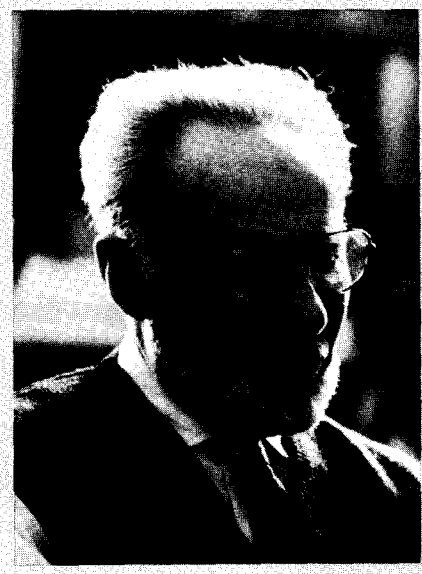
Primo Levi is in all things an anomaly. In a nation of Catholics, he is Italy's foremost Jewish novelist. Famous as a writer, he has spent most of his professional life working as a chemist in a paint factory. A survivor of Auschwitz, Levi has authored two of the greatest memoirs of the Holocaust and at the same time has written about the existential pleasures of science.

And yet chemistry and the Holocaust live harmoniously within Levi and his work. His book *The Periodic Table*, written in 1975 and published in the United States by Schocken last winter, takes its structure from the elements of chemistry. Each chapter is a set of reflections built around a particular element ("Argon," "Carbon," "Mercury," "Lead," etc.). The other dimension of his work, the Holocaust, is in Levi's most recent novel, *If Not Now, When?*, which was published in Italy in 1982 and released in the U.S. by Summit this April. The book is a fictional account of Jewish resistance fighters in Eastern Europe during World War II.

If these different strands have come together in Levi's writing, it is perhaps because they have been mixed together by circumstance and necessity. His first job in chemistry was in a laboratory near Auschwitz. The job helped save his life. He originally hoped to become a scientist specializing in either physics or chemistry, Levi revealed in an interview in April during his first visit to the U.S. "But when I returned from my imprisonment, I realized it was no longer possible," he explained. "I badly needed to find a paying job and I took the first job I found, in a paint factory." He stayed there for thirty years, spending the last fifteen as director of the factory.

Given these twists of life, it is not surprising that these two seemingly disparate elements should frequently entwine in Levi's work. For instance, in the chapter "Vanadium" of *The Periodic Table*, Levi describes a dispute between his factory and a German company over a defective product the Germans had manufactured. As he corresponds with them to try to resolve the disagreement, Levi slowly becomes convinced that the man with whom he is corresponding is none other than the chemist who headed the laboratory at Auschwitz in which Levi had worked. The resolution of the dispute then becomes a detective story and a process of revelation for both men.

Levi said that he got the idea for the story "Carbon" on a day when he thought he was to be shot. This is particularly striking since the story, tracing an atom of carbon in photosynthesis, is about the process of life itself. "I didn't want to die without having written this story about carbon. It seemed like a reason to live, to write about my work as a chemist, even then."



MAURO RAFFINI

Levi got the idea for the story "Carbon" on a day he thought he was to be shot.

The fact that his life in science has been so enmeshed with his own personal drama has tinged his writing about science with a deep humanistic hue and given a particular impetus to Levi's attempt, as he put it, "to bridge the gap" between literary and scientific culture.

While he has been dealt an unusual share of misfortune, Levi regards himself as extremely fortunate. With characteristic self-deprecation, he said, almost with embarrassment, that his experiences as a chemist and as a concentration camp survivor have given him "an unfair advantage" over other writers. "I possess two private mines of experience. It may seem cynical to speak of the concentration camp experience as a mine, but after forty years I can tell you it is. Aside from being a tragedy, it was a human experience so rich I continue to dig and find things. I could say the same of my time as a factory technician."

It is this sense of the Holocaust as a "rich human experience" that makes Levi's writings on the subject so unusual and so important. His books on his wartime experiences are remarkable for their total lack of rancor or bitterness. Perhaps the two finest examples of his work are the early books, *Survival in Auschwitz* and *The Reawakening*, both of which are scheduled to be reissued in the U.S.

While those two books are strictly autobiographical, *If Not Now, When?* is fictional, but bolstered by a good deal of historical fact. It approaches the Holocaust from an unusual angle, attempting, in Levi's words, "to reverse the stereotypical image" of the Jews as passive victims and to portray the limited but important tradition of Jewish resistance, which existed in various pockets throughout Europe.

Levi based this book on a true story of a band of Jewish resistance fighters who operated on the Eastern front and followed the retreating German soldiers across Europe, eventually arriving in Italy. He then supplemented the original story with other accounts of different groups.

Levi himself joined the anti-fascist resistance in Italy and fought as a partisan until he was captured and sent to Auschwitz. But he discounts this as having any importance for his novel. "My experience in the resistance was practically negligible," he said. "I lived for several months as a partisan but I was a terrible partisan and they captured me almost immediately. I had never held a pistol before."

It is fortunate that thirty-eight years after the publication of his first book, most of Levi's best work is finding its way into print in this country. American readers will now have a chance to get to know this gentle, self-ironic witness to history, who is capable of breathing life into tales of molecules and atoms.

—Alexander Stille

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the chatterings of the Bandar-log and trumpets them abroad, magnifying gossip into News. In a sense, this negates the natural ecology of gossip—ideally a harmless, wholesome recreation and safety valve for those who cannot change the status quo.

Spacks, who chases her topic from an Alpine village where housewives daren't be seen talking together to the boisterously gossipy Restoration stage—with pleasant rest stops *chez* Jane Austen, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, William Faulkner, and other fine gossips—notes this useful and innocent function in many of the charming quotations she cites. My favorite is from Zora Neale Hurston's "Their Eyes Were Watching God": "Let 'em consolate theyselves wid talk. 'Course, talkin' don't amount tuh uh hill uh beans when yuh can't do nothin' else. And listenin' tuh dat kind uh talk is jus' lak openin' yo' mouth and lettin' de moon shine down yo' throat."

Gossip, of course, is far more therapeutic than moonshine. It's quicker than needlepoint. It's more surprising than sex. Best of all, now that Spacks has so ringingly defended it, you may do it any time you like—and everyone will respect you in the morning.

Small World

by DAVID LODGE

Macmillan, 339 pp., $15.95

SUBTITLED *A TALE OF TWO CAMPUSES*, professor David Lodge's 1975 novel, *Changing Places*, followed the misadventures of American Morris Zapp and Englishman Phillip Swallow as each spent a year teaching at the other's university. Zapp, Swallow, and other sufferers from terminal clerisy surface ten years later in Lodge's new book. *Small World* makes an innovative addition to the genre of *Lucky Jim, Pictures from an Institution, A New Life,* and *The Groves of Academe* by not confining itself to one campus, or even two; it adopts the entire globe for its quadrangle.

Explaining why "the day of the single, static campus is over" ("and the single, static campus novel with it"), Zapp declares: "Scholars these days are like the

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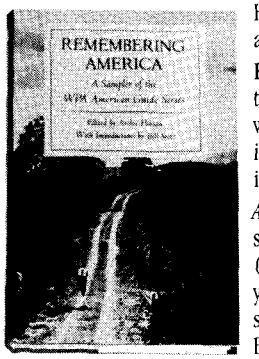

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errant knights of old, wandering the ways of the world in search of adventure and glory." *Small World* is a comic romp about the earth through the international literary conference circuit. It is a learned and low lampoon of the tensions and pretensions among ambitious professors who jet to every continent to advance their ideas and their careers. At stake is the newly endowed UNESCO chair of literary criticism, and rivalry among the contenders exceeds the bounds of docency. In addition to Zapp and Swallow, they include: German theorist Siegfried von Turpitz, whose right hand no one, not even his wife, has seen without a black glove; filthy rich Italian Marxist Fulviana Morgana; and Arthur Kingfisher, an ancient *éminence grise* and a *tumescence manquée*. Lodge's small world of deconstructionist, semiotic, and feminist lecturers is a remarkably lecherous one, though through it flits the virginal Irish poet Persse McGarrigle, in quest of erudite and elusive beauty Angelica Pabst.

You do not have to be a member of the Modern Language Association to delight in the zany caricatures and the farfetched plot that creaks from Seoul to Zurich. And this is an unlikely recruiting device for it, this book whose characters are neither scholars nor gentlemen, but every bit as petty and inept as those in the larger small world.

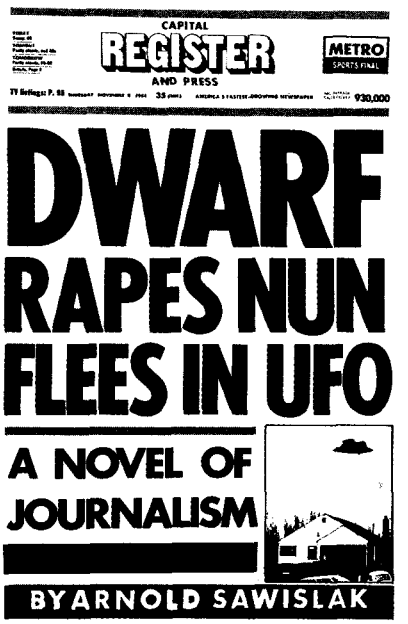
—Steven G. Kellman

Dwarf Rapes Nun; Flees in UFO

by ARNOLD SAWISLAK

St. Martin's, 208 pp., $12.95

THIS RESTLESS COMIC NOVEL TELLS HOW A sluggish Midwestern "family newspaper," the *Capital Register and Press*, is sold to a mysterious conglomerate (All-American Enterprises) whose satraps are a Japanese publisher and a British managing editor with "the hots for sex and crime stories" and a particular penchant for attention-getting headlines ("NUDE NUT KILLS COP," and the like). The story is told by Bob Wartovsky, a veteran statehouse reporter busy sniffing out "hijinks in high places," and involved—very perfunctorily—in a romance with a nubile journalism student. Reportable things keep happening: an "anti-vice crusade," a presidential primary for which the *Capital Register* hires renegade journalist



Naughton Newton (read: Hunter Thompson), and an unaccountable kidnapping that gets mixed up with a rock concert performed by the group Post Partum Repression (and during which, incidentally, the novel's colorful title gets explained).

The dust jacket blurb begs comparison with *The Front Page* and with Evelyn

SATURDAY REVIEW TALKS TO

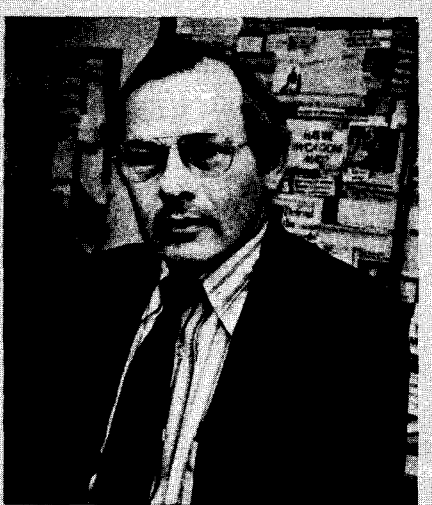
ARNOLD SAWISLAK

ARNOLD SAWISLAK HAS HEARD SOME WEIRD stories in the twenty-seven years he's been a reporter for United Press International.

"That's really how this book came about," says the fifty-seven-year-old, Michigan-born author, referring to his recently published *Dwarf Rapes Nun, Flees in UFO*. "Over the years you just collect them. I was joking with an editor at St. Martins, saying that you could probably build a plot around all the stuff I've been told or has happened to me, and suddenly I found myself doing it. Not a very literary method, I suppose, but that's how it started."

Each chapter is, more or less, one of Sawislak's recollections, culled over the years of pounding a beat in Wisconsin and Minnesota, and finally as a political reporter in Washington, where he now lives. During that time he's covered such stories as the rise and fall of Joe McCarthy and corruption investigations by the Senate Rackets Committee.

All hard news. Which makes one wonder how much the book with the hysterical headline is a commentary on the state of today's journalism. "It's a shot at the tabloid, supermarket press," he says, but adds that the question of what's considered news has become blurred in recent years, when one person's newspaper is another's scandal sheet.



UPI

Dwarf is Sawislak's first novel, but not his first book. In 1981 he cowrote *Who Runs Washington?* with *Chicago Tribune* reporter Michael Kilian, a who's who of the powerful in the nation's capital. By the time that book was finished, Sawislak was less than thrilled with the demands and constraints an outside writing project puts on a working reporter. "Part of the problem with the first book was that I wrote it on a typewriter. It's psychically more difficult to get geared up to work that way. The word processor I used writing the novel really made things easier. I still worked evenings and weekends, but the mechanics weren't as bad."

A third book might be easier still, but Sawislak is not yet promising the further adventures of his protagonist, Bob Wartovsky—even in light of the fact that UPI's uncertain future might soon provide him the time to work on it.

"I never met a newspaper person who didn't say at one time or another they were planning to write a novel if they could just find the time," says Sawislak, who claims he may have been the one exception. "Now other reporters ask me how I went about doing it and I have to admit I'm still feeling my way around."

Whether or not Sawislak produces another novel, it seems unlikely he'll run out of grabbing titles like *Dwarf Rapes Nun*, etc. "A bunch of us were sitting around the office one day trying to decide what was the quintessential headline. That won the contest, but there were lots of other great entries."

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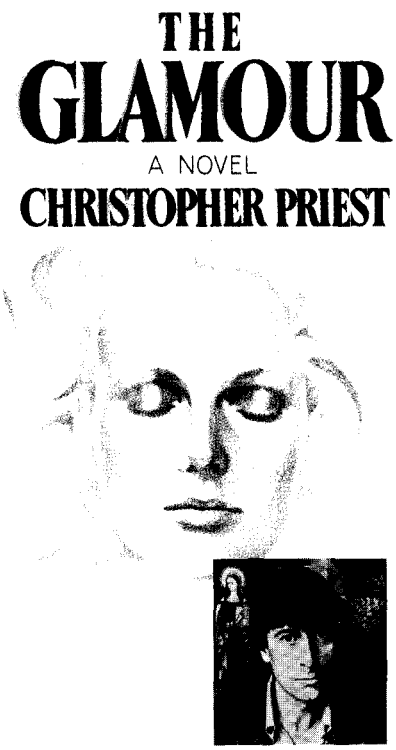
Waugh's classic *Scoop*—but this book is overplotted and rather raggedly put together, both in the opening pages where excess exposition spills out of virtually every sentence and slows action annoyingly, and at the story's needlessly manic climax. Still, along the way Sawislak provides a generous amount of pointed satire and sheer, mean-spirited fun. *Dwarf* is perfect summertime reading.

—Bruce Allen



JERRY BAUER

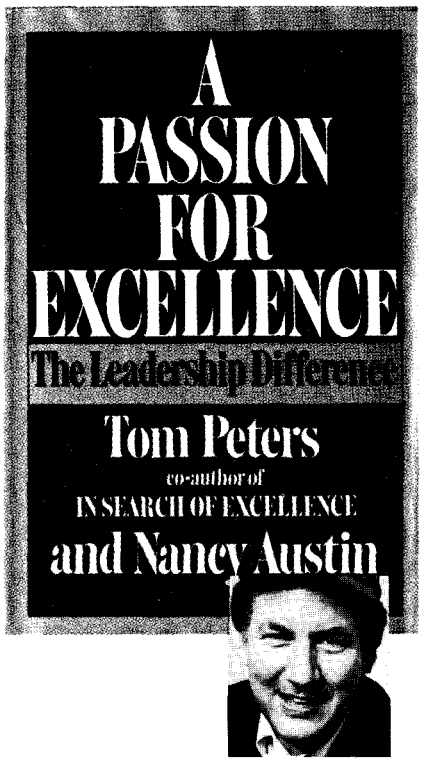
The Glamour
by CHRISTOPHER PRIEST
Doubleday, 302 pp., $15.95

THERE COMES A POINT IN MOST OCCULT novels when the author sidesteps a crucial question: Why don't his characters seek psychiatric help or peer counseling or hydrotherapy—anything but accept the reality of the vampire, werewolf, or pulsating house that seems to be plaguing them? To his credit, British writer Christopher Priest makes a similar point the focal one of his new novel. The protagonist, Richard Grey, comes down with temporary amnesia rather than admit that he and his new flame Sue can turn themselves invisible by switching on "the glamour."

This is also a thriller with some meat to it. No, not the slashed-up meat that Stephen King and company serve up. Metaphysical meat. Priest gives the glamour to people who are already invisible in the sense of going through life unnoticed, people who feel they don't belong anywhere. "The beach was beginning to repel me," the vacationing Grey confesses before recognizing his power for what it is. "I felt like an intruder, entering a living diorama and interfering with its natural balance." And the author spins deft variations on his gimmick, including two ingeniously kinky sex scenes featuring members of the opposite visibility.

Why, then, am I unable to recommend the book wholeheartedly? For one thing, the writing is flat and unevocative, seldom rising above low-grade-fever pitch. For another, Priest goes a long way toward blunting his metaphysical impetus by tossing in a Borges-like twist at the end. "We all make fictions," some heretofore absent supernarrator lectures us. Yes, but not all of us muck them up in the last few pages. Nonetheless, *The Glamour* is an intelligent, even challenging occult novel, one of the few I'm aware of that unsettle the reader not by the blood they spill but the conundrums they pose.

—Dennis Drabelle



A Passion for Excellence
by THOMAS PETERS
Random House, 437 pp., $19.95

JUST THREE YEARS AFTER PUBLICATION of his international best seller, *In Search of Excellence*, Thomas J. Peters has again harnessed his raw enthusiasm for first-rate management in the unquietly titled *A Passion for Excellence*. Peters (teaming this time with co-author Nancy K. Austin), proclaims with an emotion-charged fervor more often associated with jungle redoubts than head office anterooms, that a "revolution is brewing." The kind of fact-based, data-based analysis that has dominated management textbooks and techniques is being swept aside by the informal, nontraditional, people-oriented methods of management.

Peters and Austin extol business leaders who inject passion, pride, and purpose into the myriad of tasks that produce winning products, processes, and services. They laud the "cheaters" and "skunks" (in fact, the book is dedicated to the skunks): those people who are "highly innovative, fast-moving and slightly eccentric . . . operating at the edges of the corporate world."

The future lies with the iconoclasts and corporate flakes who bring passion to their work. Wise managers will look for and support people who buck the system. And, of course, they're there—in the corporate nooks and crannies, scrapping for funds, pushing forward proposals that are often deliberately against company policy.

Interestingly, and importantly, not all the examples of such leaders are from corporate America. One, Jan Carlzon, is head of Scandinavian Air System, and another, General Bill Creech, headed the U.S. Air Force Tactical Air Command. Others include a black high school principal and a single-store grocery operator.

A Passion for Excellence is exhausting in its revivalist fundamentalism of getting back to basics. It puts attention where it should be: on people—as leaders/managers, as workers/owners, and (yes) as customers—whose energies can and do make the crucial difference between success and failure in any organization.

—Brandon Sweitzer

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MIAMI VOICE

Jerome Gramer examines the new genre of South Florida novels.

From John D. MacDonald's Travis McGee to television's "Miami Vice," life and violent death in South Florida have been the subjects of an increasing number of artists and writers.

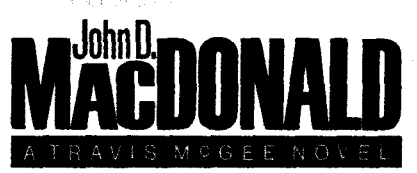
A decade ago, starting with Tom McGuane's *Ninety-Two in the Shade*, South Florida seemed the perfect place to recoup from the excesses of the 1960s. McGuane's friend singer Jimmy Buffett could rhapsodize about "Margaritaville," where sensitive souls could relax, own a sailboat, and make a little money playing pirate by running small shipments of marijuana to sell to friends. Nothing serious, of course, just stringing out adolescence in the sun.

But guns with silencers hissed and knives soon flashed in Margaritaville. As the drug traffic mushroomed into a $100-billion-a-year industry, a number of the good-time kids that Buffett and McGuane described turned up floating face-down in the water, their sailboats stolen or sunk by mobsters much more serious about the illegal drug business.

As the real-life violence increased, the heroes of novels and television quickly switched from preppies playing at pirate to cops who worked to keep ordinary people safe amid this madness.

John D. MacDonald has seen this change and has been writing about life through the eyes of Florida's oldest beach bum detective, Travis McGee, for a full twenty-one novels. The books have always been well crafted and entertaining, but in the past few years McGee too often sounded old and bitter, the tough-guy stance reading more and more like a caricature. *The Lonely Silver Rain* (Alfred A. Knopf, 232 pp., $15.95) breaks that pattern, and the lucky reader finds Travis McGee mellow, caring, even (gasp) coming to grips with the notion of growing old. Now that he's worked through his identity crisis, he's smarter and tougher than ever.

McGee has to find the lost boat of an old friend, but he accomplishes that task only to discover dead bodies aboard. One body belongs to a niece of a South American drug kingpin, and the murderer wants to place the blame on McGee. The word comes down: Travis is "to have an accident."



MacDonald, always the master at plotting, holds us tight to the action, allows us to see the changes in McGee's attitudes, and produces a page-turning tale that makes this a perfect book for summer reading. He even seems to care about the vagaries of his underlying subject: the pernicious influence of the drug trade. McGee escapes from this book unharmed, as always, but only by using the skill, determination, and experience of an older man. Tough guys might not dance, but they can age gracefully.

In contrast to MacDonald, Russell Banks grabs ahold of Serious Fiction to swat at the evils of South Florida (and the world) in *Continental Drift* (Harper & Row, 366 pp., $17.95). Here we meet Robert Dubois, who flees the life of an oil burner repairman in the depressing dark of New Hampshire for a shot at a new life in Florida. Here, too, we travel with a Haitian refugee, Vanise Dorsinville, suffering through her odyssey from Haiti for a glimpse of the American Dream along highway A1A. These two are thrown together in the book's gruesome climax, a heartless crime that brings the book's images into clear focus. It's a grim tale, offering a Dos Passos-like version of an evil South Florida society driven by greed, politics, and forces beyond the power of struggling individuals.

If there is such a thing as an anti-yuppie book, this is it. Banks takes aim at an America that destroys "young men and women without money, with trades instead of professions," and he rails at the economic powers that are "trying to bend them around the wheel of commerce." Banks tells the story well, and the book's power and clarity make it gripping, if uncomfortable, reading.

By now you might scratch your head and ask: Isn't South Florida that nice place where I went on spring vacation in college, where I sent my widowed aunt for the promise of sun, sand, and palm trees? The explanation of how crime and Aunt Sadie's retirement exist side by side comes most clearly from John Rothchild, author of *Up For Grabs* (Viking, 212 pp.,$15.95), an extremely well-written work that offers us a personal tour through the history of Florida's drugs, crime, and money. Rothchild, who arrived in Florida in 1972 as a journalist to cover the Republican National Convention, moved into a Miami mansion/crash pad, and has lived in Florida ever since.

His view is historical, objective, and fun to read, but often as chilling as the view offered in *Continental Drift*. Florida, Rothchild asserts, is an economy that first

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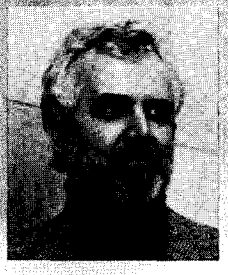
was built on real estate swindles and populated by Northerners who quickly became adept at moonshining and rum running during the Depression. "An overwhelming Florida spirit of rebellion exceeded all calculations of profit and loss, exceeded the limits of self-interest." Life has been easy, and if no one looked too hard at boats hauling rum from Cuba in the 1930s, who in the 1970s could point a finger at the sons of the original pioneers for hauling a little "square grouper" (as bales of marijuana are called by local fishermen)?


JERRY BAUER

Things turned downright nasty in South Florida in the late 1970s, Rothchild contends, thanks in part to the CIA. During the early 1960s, the CIA was one of the largest employers in Miami, with a $50-million-a-year payroll and fifty-four dummy corporations. Thousands of Cubans and Latins were trained in undercover work, covert operations, the use of boats, guns, safe houses, and fake documents. The agency was using Miami as a base to try to control Central and South America, and this training proved valuable to a number of operatives a decade later.

When the big money in drugs became evident, Rothchild says, South Florida was ready: switch clandestine politics for cocaine, and the Mob could find thousands of unemployed, trained, and willing workers. Add to this the remaining fortunes of exiled Latin American leaders looking for a safe harbor and mix in the criminals imported during the Cuban boat lift, and you can quickly develop a very violent $100-billion-a-year business.

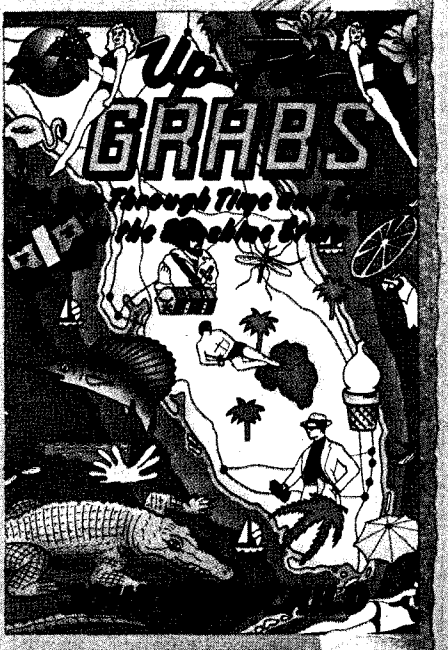
One of this year's hot new finds in publishing is Elmore Leonard, a skilled writer whose work finally is receiving serious attention. In his 1983 novel, *Stick* (now available in paperback from Avon, 304 pp., $3.50), the author shows us the drug world of South Florida through the eyes of Ernest Stickley Jr., an unlikely hero who happens to be a young ex-con from Michigan. Stick gets involved in a shoot-out over a busted drug deal and, with the help of his stockbroker-lover, Kyle McLearn, discovers that dealing drugs is a lot like the world of high finance. This ironic note should be appreciated by anyone who has ever owned a stock or bond.

Leonard's voice is perfect for the 1980s: his characters engage in witty conversation—even in prison—and he offers us a hero who eschews traditional detective fiction bravado. Instead of a gun, Stick uses his powers of observation to set up a sting operation that plays on the greed of the people around him. Leonard's well-crafted message is clear and fun to read: good guys who live the longest stay away from the drugs and the gun-toting Cubans and instead get what they need with brains and cunning. Survival in Florida is getting more difficult by the day, and when most every fool in Miami seems to be carrying a gun (or several), a sense of humor and good timing can be a most effective equalizer.

So the Jimmy Buffett hippie playing at pirate hero has given way to television's new good guys, Crockett and Tubbs from "Miami Vice." It's television's version of "What's Happening"; cops race in Ferraris, wear imported clothes, and shoot designer weapons. It's slick, the music is great, and it's state-of-the-art television. You probably couldn't watch a whole lot of it, but for an hour a week, well, it positively makes your nose tingle.

Sure, some critics slam "Miami Vice" as MTV with a plot, or "Starsky and Hutch go to Florida," but the program deals with many of the same topics raised in these excellent books. How can society deal with the effects of a tidal wave of drugs and the resulting crime, money, and violence? Will bad money drive out the good, will bad men destroy the moral? Stay tuned, read on. The answers are not clear, but writers in South Florida seem compelled by circumstances to search for a clue.

—Jerome Cramer



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FIRST NOVEL:

White Water

by JOYCE REISER KORNBLATT

E.P. Dutton Inc., 210 pp., $16.95

WHEN I READ THE ADVANCE GALLEYS OF A book, I always turn over the corner of any page that contains passages of extraordinary merit—writing that I may want to quote later in a review. By the time I had gotten halfway through it, my copy of *White Water* had more dog-ears than the local pound. First novel or not, this is one of the best conceived and movingly executed works of fiction of this or any other year.

White Water is the story of a family—the Frys. This, however, is no overblown "saga," destined to end up a fat paperback on grocery store racks. *White Water* is to a novel like *The Thornbirds* as a Japanese haiku is to, say, "Howl." In little more than two hundred pages, Kornblatt gently but thoroughly dissects four generations. Lives are distilled of all but their most telling details, leaving moments of epiphany clearly revealed.

The novel has five separate narrators: Grandmother Rose; her sons, Karl and Justin; Karl's ex-wife, Florence; and their daughter, Diana. Like soloists in a jazz band, they testify, each giving a singular self-portrait and point of view of the others. We thus see each character from five perspectives. It's a fascinating process for the reader to observe how his feelings for a character change as more is unveiled about each one's relationship with another family member. Old feuds are seen from several angles; motives are uncovered; scabbed-over wounds are pricked. We become omniscient by degrees. It's a marvelous plot device, and it's complemented by Kornblatt's marvelous prose. Here's Karl describing his second wife's courtship with her first husband:

> I was nothing like Raymond . . . whose graduate-school finesse convinced Charlotte on their fourth date to forsake the cramped Ford sedan for a motel room and with each garment of hers he removed, she imagined a promise being offered: "I'll get a job with a class A firm (blouse); "we'll have an apartment on the Gold Coast" (skirt); "a Bermuda honeymoon" (bra); and "beautiful, beautiful children" (panties, garter belt, hose). They made love to the future more than to each other. . . . On that foundation—sturdy as air, solid as words, deep as Raymond's ready Colgate smile and impervious slate-gray eyes—they married.

Much of the "action" in this novel is interior. In the days leading up to Diana's marriage, the feuding Fry clan gathers in Miami. Forced together, they dredge up memories of the others, justifying their own grudges and fortifying their defenses. Then Rose unburdens herself of her darkest childhood memory to Karl, and the fog of recrimination begins to lift. Finally, galvanized by a startling crisis, the family draws together.

If all this sounds a little formulaic, rest assured that my bare-bones description doesn't begin to do justice to the intricacies of Kornblatt's plot. Indeed, if *White Water* offered only its Chinese puzzle structure and luminous language, it would still be a treasure. But Kornblatt has also given us a wise book—one that demonstrates how a single traumatic event, like a note struck on a great, dissonant gong, can create disharmony in a family for generations.

—*Bruce VanWyngarden*

Saratoga, Hot

by HORTENSE CALISHER

Doubleday, 274 pp. (galleys), $16.95

HERE IS A RICH AND CHALLENGING COLlection of eight longish stories that claim to be "close to the novel in spirit. . . . They try for the life." There's indeed an abundance of life in these packed, occasionally turgid tales, and an impressive variety of subjects and personalities: the grieving lover who shares with his rivals memories of their late mistress ("The Library"); an emigré British barber who caters to rock stars ("Real Impudence"); the title story's pungent recreation of the Saratoga horse-racing milieu, and its people's unillu-

sioned grapplings with "chance"; the real estate ad that produces an extravagant imaginary vision of a one-of-a-kind family ("The Tenth Child").

The two standout stories dramatize the plights of observers for whom observation isn't enough: "The Passenger" is a woman writer engulfed by the lives of people she meets while traveling by Amtrak train; and the brilliant "Survival Techniques"—perhaps her very finest story—brings a Manhattan retiree into mysterious intimacy with the "street people" who seem to threaten, mock, then finally clarify his own precarious existence.

Calisher's stories are densely written and dance to their own inner music. She pursues narrative and psychological leads wherever they take her, and is sometimes

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guilty of leaving the reader behind. But her best, absorbingly dramatic and filled with real rhetorical splendor, are seductively readable and impossible to forget.

—Bruce Allen

THOMAS VICTOR

SATURDAY REVIEW TALKS TO

HORTENSE CALISHER

"THE STORY OF SHILTIE EDWARDS AND MILLIE White is too well-known not to repeat. It's the kind even a subtle person will tell, in certain restaurants." Thus begins "The Soundtrack," one of eight "little novels" included in *Saratoga, Hot*. The author, Hortense Calisher, tells the tale of Shiltie and Millie's married life, a life destroyed by career lust and cocaine. Modern problems from an experienced yarn-spinner: Hortense Calisher is seventy-four.

Born and reared in New York City, her youth was spent in museums ("New York kids *do* that"). Educated at the Hunter College High School and Barnard, Calisher cites the Bible as the most important piece of fiction in her early years. "It greatly influenced my language; I knew it intimately," she explains. Her New York environment was key to her development as a writer. "In New York, we were not learning art, we were learning an attitude toward art. You might not own a painting, but you could look at it."

Calisher has published nine novels to date; a tenth is scheduled for publication in late 1986. She intersperses her novels with collections of shorter works, finding that "the diversity energizes me." Novelists, she feels, approach short works in a special manner, giving each character more of a history and thus more of a present. And each story imposes its own voice: Calisher hears the language as she writes it. She also draws the personalities and physical traits of her characters from the people around her.

She has taught at the University of Pennsylvania, Columbia, Stanford, and in the University of California system. Everything in California, she feels, is "dipped in the movie world, even the intellectuals reach for metaphors in films."

Calisher is eager to discuss her most recent interest, one she shared with her friend the late C.P. Snow: "We all live by the fruits of science, yet we act as though science is somehow imaginary," she says. In *Mysteries of Motion* (1984), Calisher imagined the first civilian trip on the space shuttle. "And that was written long before such a thing was even considered," she adds.

BOB DYLAN: WHAT'S "BLOWIN' IN THE WIND?"

Bob Dylan has us all wondering, to say the least. In 1979, news that he had become a "born again Christian" dropped like a bomb in the music world. His albums—"Slow Train Coming," "Saved," and "Shot of Love"—and his public appearances and interviews seemed to confirm that fact.

Then, with the release of "Infidels," the word was that the "old" Bob Dylan was back...that he had abandoned his Christian stance.

What is the real story? BOB DYLAN: THE MAN, THE MUSIC, THE MESSAGE, a new book by Don Williams just may offer the answer.

Williams has closely followed Bob Dylan's music from the very beginning, and now takes a compelling look at the "parables" contained in the lyrics of the "Infidels" album, and offers a fresh and in-depth look at a man whose music—and message—has helped mold a generation of Americans.

If you want to know what's "blowin' in the wind," look for BOB DYLAN: THE MAN, THE MUSIC, THE MESSAGE today. $12.95, illustrated, at bookstores everywhere.

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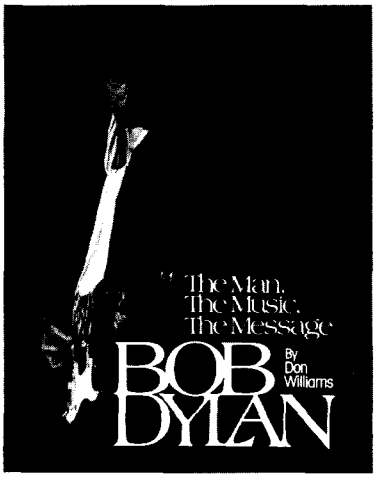

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Then you do it for a few friends,
And finally you do it for money.

-Moliere

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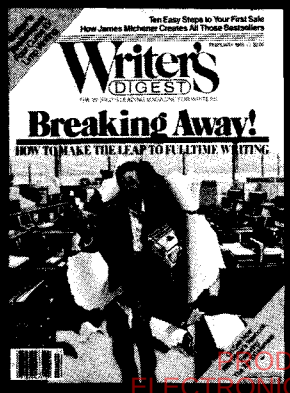
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JUDGING A BOOK BY ITS COVER

Saturday Review has selected Mel Odom's design for *Exit to Eden* (Arbor House) as the best recent book jacket art. Odom grew up in Ahoskie, North Carolina. He graduated from Virginia Commonwealth University and attended Leeds Polytechnic Institute for Art and Design in England. Odom has published two collections of his work: *First Eyes*, which was published in Japan, and *Dreamer*, which was recently published by Penguin in America. His work has been exhibited in New York and Japan. Anne Rampling, coincidentally, is one of his favorite novelists.

PRESIDENTIAL POSE

Franklin Delano Roosevelt perpetrated a hoax on the American public and on himself about the true extent of his handicap, according to the book *FDR's Splendid Deception* (Dodd, Mead, 265 pp., $16.95), to be published on the fortieth anniversary of his death this month.

Written by Pulitzer Prize nominee Hugh Gregory Gallagher, a polio paraplegic, the book makes a strong case that polio was the critical factor that shaped FDR's political and private life. The paralysis was his only experience with defeat.

The book looks at FDR with a unique perspective—as a massively crippled president who led a nation back to strength after it was crippled economically by the Depression and crippled militarily by the attack on Pearl Harbor.

FDR went to elaborate lengths, including building ramps for public appearances, so it would seem that the president could walk and was only a bit lame. However, he could not stand or even hobble without braces and very firm physical support. He turned his four sons into virtual crutches for him.

"Crippled or not, the nation wanted this man, with all his magnificent qualities, as its leader. So an agreement was struck: the existence of FDR's handicap would simply be denied by all. The people would pretend that their leader was not crippled, and their leader would do all that he could not to let them see that he was . . . . The nation wanted to believe its Emperor was clothed, and it simply would not hear otherwise."

The press complied in the deception and rarely mentioned the infirmity, even when he "crashed over like a tree" at least three times in public. The most serious fall occurred at the 1936 Democratic nominating convention, but aides rushed to hide him and pick him up, and he delivered his "Rendezvous with Destiny" speech to the cheers of 100,000 supporters.

The book shows one of the world's most powerful leaders in moments of abject physical helplessness, like being stranded in his White House bedroom very late one night, unable to prepare for bed because his valet had fallen into a drunken sleep.

Another time, when the president was

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on a foggy fishing trip, he was almost caught with his pants down—literally—by a convoy of ships. FDR was taking a poop off the poop deck because it was too difficult to be carried up and down the boat's ladders to the head. The heavy fog began to lift as the convoy approached. FDR said, "They can't see the president like this," as his sons hustled him, pants down, out of sight.

The book also reveals that FDR was even more severely crippled emotionally than physically: For days at a time, "it was noon before he could pull himself out of depression and greet his guests wearing his lighthearted facade," his secretary, Missy LeHand, once confided. LeHand and FDR's children note that he was close to no one, "incapable of a personal friendship," although he insisted on never being alone, even during physical therapy sessions.

The book also touches upon FDR's sexual potency but voluntary celibacy for the last thirty years of his life.

The Oxford-educated author, like his subject, splendidly deceives himself by being far more adventurous than most people.

Gallagher campaigned throughout Alaska, partially by dog sled, as top aide to former Senator Edward Bartlett, who was too ill to do it himself. During a solo flight in Alaska, the single engine failed and Gallagher crash-landed safely, only to drive into a moose on the airport road. Although Gallagher got the better of the moose in that confrontation, he was almost injured by a rhinoceros on a later tour of a Kenya game park. He has traveled alone around the world, including an inspection tour of Vietnam.

Gallagher drafted the law that now requires public buildings to be accessible to the disabled. He has won a Kennedy Institute grant for his book in progress on the ethical issues concerning the handicapped.

—Marsha Dubrow

Less Than Zero

by BRET EASTON ELLIS

Simon & Schuster, 183 pp., $15.95

LESS THAN ZERO MAY BECOME A FAMOUS novel. It's being talked about as *Bright Lights, Big City West*. Whether it will be famous for Andy Warhol's proverbial fifteen minutes or somewhat longer remains to be seen. This first novel is causing a stir for many reasons, the author's age chief among them (Ellis is a twenty-year-old junior at Bennington). Already the dreaded expression "voice of a new generation" is being tossed around.

Less than Zero is the story of Clay, a young man returning to his Los Angeles home for Christmas break after a first semester at an Eastern college. Instead of beer busts and bust jokes, Ellis shows us an L.A. youth subculture in which children learn of their parents' whereabouts by checking *Variety*, where blowtorches are used to freebase cocaine, gay male porno movie stars have girlfriends, psychiatrists coerce their teenage patients into optioning the shrink's scripts, and gang S&M rapes of twelve-year-olds are the diversions between ceaseless ingestion of drugs and MTV. Welcome to California.

This is a weirdly fascinating book. You don't so much read it as you do watch and listen to it unfold. *Less than Zero* is not perfect—depravity can only carry a book so far. The deliberate monotone proves that there can be too much of a good thing. And you sometimes get the feeling that chunks of this book were lifted whole from the high melodrama and adolescent angst of Ellis's diary. But *Less than Zero* is a book you simply don't forget. One can only hope that Ellis did not simply follow the writer's maxim of "writing what you know," but is, instead, a major new contributor to American fiction.

—Larry McCarthy

The contributors to this month's Book Review section:

Bruce Allen is a frequent reviewer for Saturday Review.

David Cowart teaches English at the University of South Carolina and has authored books on John Gardner and Thomas Pynchon.

Jerome Cramer is a Washington freelance writer whose areas of speciality include education and literature.

Dennis Drabelle is a Washington-based lawyer and writer.

Marsha Dubrow is a freelance writer whose articles have appeared in USA Today, New York, Harper's Bazaar, *and many other publications.*

Steven Kellman is professor of comparative literature at the University of Texas, San Antonio, and author of The Self-Begetting Novel *and* Love Reading: Erotics of the Text.

Larry McCarthy is a New York writer.

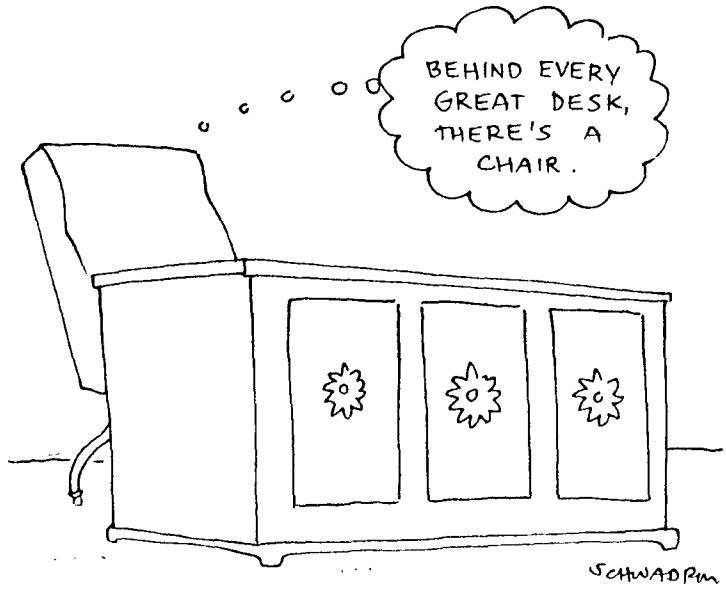
Diana McLellan has written a gossip column for ten years, currently for the Washington Times, *where it appears as "Diana Hears." It is syndicated nationally as "The Ear."*

Alexander Stille is a staff reporter for the National Law Journal *and spent two years working for an Italian publishing house in Milan, Italy.*

Brandon Sweitzer is managing director of Europe and Latin America for Marsh & McLennan Inc.

Thomas Swiss is a poet and critic teaching at Drake University. His book, Measure, *is forthcoming from the University of Alabama Press.*

Bruce Van Wyngarden is the former senior editor of Saturday Review. SR



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FILM

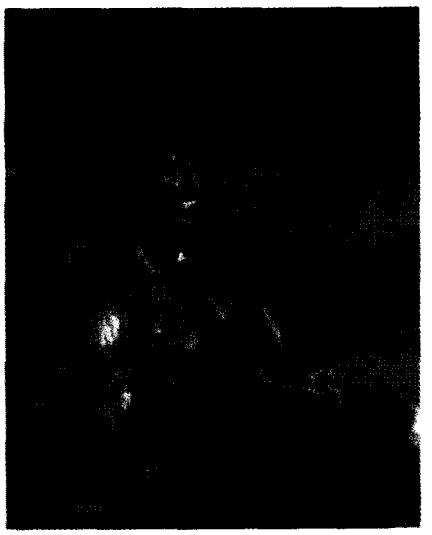
by Michael Musto

BLOODY AWFUL

SYLVESTER STALLONE MASTERED VIETNAMese for *Rambo—First Blood II*, but when is he going to work on his command of English?

Thoughts like that cross your mind as you sit through this, the longest trailer ever made about how to kill the enemy in various creative ways, not to mention how to squeeze a sequel out of a movie so thin that if you turned it sideways, it would disappear (someone should have turned it sideways). You could just imagine the idea conference that followed the surprise success of *First Blood*—Sly's first non-*Rocky* hit—and spawned this manipulative exercise in (low) morality. After falling into an almost psychotic postwar trance and being chased by the police until even *they* didn't want him anymore, what else could Rambo do? Open a chain of health clubs? Tex-Mex restaurants? Become an urban vigilante? No, we'll have him go back to Nam—the scene of his initial trauma—where he can chase *them* down in his new mission to save the MIAs. C'mon guys, it's kinda now, kinda commercial, and hey, it's a respectable enough premise for people to not feel too guilty about reveling in all the blood and guts. And this time, let's give Rambo the chance to *win* the war. Anyone with brains in the audience, on the other hand, will probably want to wave the white flag, but who with brains would be there in the first place, anyway?

So it is in Hollywood's war against integrity. And so, loaded with heavy artillery and enough contrivances to make all the *Rocky* sequels seem perfectly logical by comparison, Rambo lands back in Nam and nabs those demonic Orientals one by one. "Beautiful," exults the audience with each gunshot. "Kill 'em. Bust ass, Sly," they yelp with each display of the many uses of the Ginsu knife (it slices, it dices, it even peels). Clearly, they're just exhilarated by the prospect of Rambo's rectifying



The only substantial thing about Rambo *is Sly's veiny, pumped-up body, shown in sinewy, sweaty detail in numerous loving closeups . . .*

the social and political anti-war issues nagging us all. Or, more likely, they've never seen a movie glazed in such highbrow morality that actually aims so blatantly below the belt.

The script must contain about three pages of dialogue (some of which is in Vietnamese, allowing Sly to show that multilingual range). The only substantial thing about it is the star's veiny, pumped-up body, shown in sinewy, sweaty detail in numerous loving closeups—by now, he has even bigger breasts than most of the contestants in *Pumping Iron II*. It's been remarked that Sly's actually wearing an inflatable suit which, when unzipped, reveals a real person underneath. But one wonders if a similar phenomenon is going on under the face. Is there a real person behind those sullen, droopy eyes and that rigor-mortised expression? We never find out in this movie. Sly moves with elephantine deliberateness, talks like your Uncle Vito whose pizzeria just closed down, and seems barely conscious, until the end when he delivers a chest-pounding (breast-beating?) speech about America's debt to the vets. Suddenly, he's full of passion, but the movie's been so phony until then you don't feel very proud to be either an American or a moviegoer. You do feel chills—of embarrassment.

The story is fraught with torture, danger, and evil, but we survive. Barely five seconds into the jungle, Rambo encounters a treacherous snake, which he promptly exterminates. Shortly after that, he's given electric jolts on a rack by a demented Russian (don't ask), and dipped into what looks like a large mud pie. But the real torture begins when a short but oh-so-sweet romance develops between Rambo and his cohort, a Vietnamese spitfire who conveniently becomes his guerrilla partner and lifemate. This girl (played by Julia Nickson) is like Myoshi Umeki with a machine gun—double trouble. She talks in broken English—"You hurt bad," she intones, looking concerned—but like Sly, her Vietnamese is flawless. When her character drops out of one of the holes in the plot, you cheer.

Rambo suffers from terminal sequelitis, and in the conference room, it seems to have also had a serious remake attack; critics have compared it to Chuck Norris's *Missing In Action*, a moneymaker, which had a similar plot. But whether *Rambo*'s a sequel or a remake is irrelevant, because in either case we're talking *rehash*, a domain Sly's been forced into by a public that refuses to see him as anything except a brutish, explosive underdog. In the film he says, "The mind is the best weapon," but the audience applauds only because he says it while flexing all his nerve endings and looking ready to bruise the next guy who looks at him the wrong way. When this movie comes out on home video, the fast forward button will be the best weapon.

I happened to like the depth Sly

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showed in *F.I.S.T.* and the self-deprecating humor he exhibited in *Rhinestone*, but no one else did; there wasn't enough one-on-one violence to satisfy the great unwashed public's mutilation fantasies. As a result, few will be surprised—or disappointed—to learn that Sly's current project is *Rocky IV*, which he'll follow with *First Blood III*. After that, I'll bet my apartment, my mother, and my Motown record collection he'll do—just a wild guess—*Rocky V* and *First Blood IV*.

It's sadly predictable, but the really unfortunate thing about *Rambo* is that it happens to be slick, expertly made, well filmed, and calculated to strike just the right cords in a macho audience's nervous system. And if anything, that only makes it more repugnant. The more effective it becomes, the cheaper its tactics seem.

"You'll get a second medal of honor for this," Richard Crenna (reprising his role as Colonel Trautman) tells Sly at the end of his heroic duties. No one mentions anything about an Oscar.

ROLLIN'

Grammy-winning Tina Turner makes her film debut as the feudal ruler of a primitive civilization when she and Mel Gibson star in *Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome*, scheduled for release in August.

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NEW DISNEY

The Black Cauldron, to be released this month, was ten years in the making. Walt Disney Pictures' twenty-fifth full-length animated feature, the studio is touting the $25 million epic as the most visually impressive in its history. Based on Lloyd Alexander's Newbery Award-winning series of five books, *The Black Cauldron* is the saga of a young boy named Taran who must prevent the evil Horned King from gaining possession of the black cauldron, a dark and mysterious force capable of producing an army of deathless warriors. Taran is aided in his quest by his mentor Dallben, a beautiful enchantress named Princess Eilonwy, a furry creature called Gurgi, and Hen Wen, an oracular pig. SR

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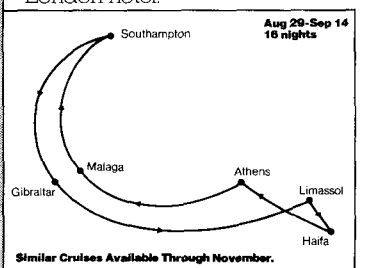

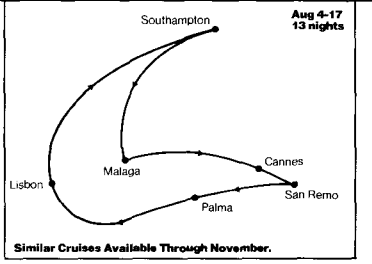

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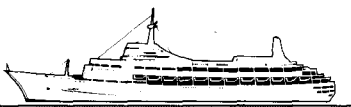

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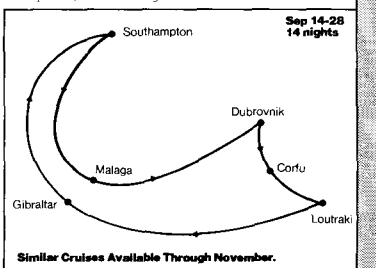

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RECORDS

ROCK/POP

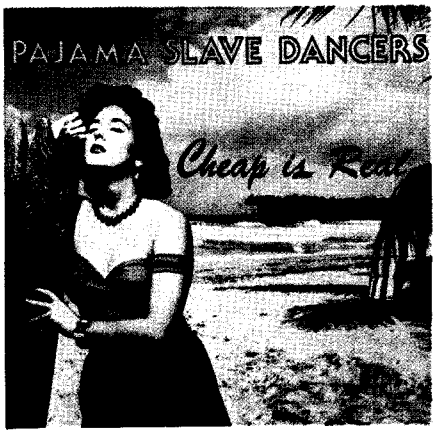
by John Swenson

★★★ **PRINCE** HAS ALWAYS BEEN A versatile conceptualist in the recording studio. Few producers make better dance tracks, yet he is also capable of coming up with pop hits like "Little Red Corvette" and the rock-influenced music from *Purple Rain*. On ***Around the World in a Day*** (Paisley Park 25286), though, Prince has made the kind of radical departure from previous strengths that only the most inspired rock performers have been capable of.

This is not the party soundtrack or neatly digestible pop ditty that has characterized his output up until now. Instead of cashing in on the success of the *Purple Rain* film with the kind of formula LP that dominates the record industry, Prince decided to capitalize on his popularity to make a self-consciously artistic statement. The problem is that he has great musical instincts but no ideas that can employ them.

Psychedelic-era rock influences that have peeked through the fabric of previous Prince records dominate a set that is lyrically naive yet deliberately angular, spooky, and even disturbing. The title track is a wildly eclectic piece of pop music, a triple layer birthday cake that lumps Sly and the Family Stone and the Beatles into the same package. By the end of the set ("Temptation"), Prince is dealing psycho-sexual hallucination monologues set against dissonant saxophone phrases. The record ends up being musically successful but fails to carry off Prince's obvious design to establish himself as an *auteur*.

★★★★★ DON HENLEY AND GLENN Frey may have made the two most popular post-Eagles LPs, but **Joe Walsh**'s ***The Confessor*** (Warner Bros. 25281-1) is the best. Walsh has been widely acknowledged as one of America's premier rock guitarists since his heyday with the James Gang in the early '70s (*James Gang Rides Again*/ABC S-711). Mid-'70s solo success (*But Seriously Folks . . .* /Asylum 6E-141) came at the same time Walsh was revitalizing the Eagles. That group made its best album (*Hotel California*/Asylum 7E-1084) after Walsh signed on. His strengths are deceptive because of his self-effacing, laid-back stance. But fans of smart and exciting guitar playing will love *The Confessor* because Walsh uses the set almost purely as a showcase for his guitar work.

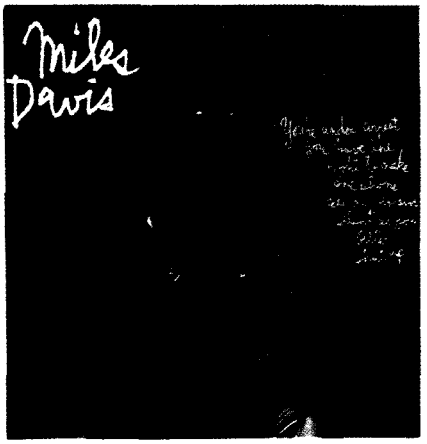


★★★½ THE **PAJAMA SLAVE DANCERS** are the scourge of western Massachusetts. The group has spawned a fanatic following that circulates newsletters exchanging gnostic truths. These same fans religiously adhere to the group's request for boos instead of cheers at live shows. This all makes for a show that must be seen to be believed, so the Slave Dancers are at a bit of a disadvantage on record. Still, ***Cheap Is Real*** (Pajamarama PR 881) showcases the band's strengths impressively. Rock conventions are lampooned with devastating wit. They put out the call to "Defreeze Walt Disney." The finest moment is "Farm Rap," which inverts the boasting convention of inner-city life fundamental to rap music in favor of a catalogue of farmers' perils: "I work my fingers to the bone/ but the government is gonna close my loan." With the Bonzo Dog Band out of the picture, the Pajama Slave Dancers are unquestionably the funniest band in the world. *Cheap Is Real* is available by mail. Write to Pajama Slave Dancers, 10 Spring St., Westfield, MA 01085.

★★★★½ **TOM PETTY AND THE Heartbreakers'** sixth album, their first in three years, fulfills the promise offered by previous outings. ***Southern Accents*** (MCA 5486) is a tough rock and roll set worthy of Petty's Florida roots. Several songs—"It Ain't Nothin' To Me," "Don't Come Around Here No More," and "The Best of Everything" (performed with Richard Manuel and Garth Hudson of the Band)—are destined to become classics. Petty's shrewd combination of blues, R&B, and hard rock elements remains one of the happiest sounds to emerge from Southern rock.

★★★★**JULES SHEAR** IS A FINE PRODUCER and a savvy, expressive songwriter. ***The Eternal Return*** (EMI ST-17156) is made up of songs that tease and kick, modulating through exotic phrases and musical ideas meant as much to contrast as mesh with each other. This would qualify Shear for cult artist status, yet there is little of the trendy solipsism and cutesy obscurity that marks the style. Shear's songs deal instead with simple emotional truths, sometimes brilliantly ("Here S/he Comes," "Stand Tall").

R&B/JAZZ



★★★★ SINCE THE 1950s **MILES DAVIS** has made several significant stylistic breakthroughs that have profoundly influenced other jazz musicians and even some pop performers. Though Davis worked with Charlie Parker and John

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Coltrane and inspired the cool and modal schools of jazz in the '50s and '60s, he has spent most of his career pioneering and perfecting the amplified, eclectic style known as fusion. Fusion combines elements of jazz, rock, funk, and Latin music, and while many jazz buffs are critical of the style, few can argue that Davis isn't a masterful conceptualist in the genre. ***You're Under Arrest*** (Columbia FC 40023) is a solid record framed by two of Davis's most haunting themes, propelled by a splendid rhythm section, fine guitar playing from John Scofield, and plenty of Davis's magic trumpet. His beautiful rendition of Cyndi Lauper's "Time After Time" shows that the modern Davis is still unsurpassed at reworking pop ballads.

★★★★ For the first time in decades the hottest music ticket in New York this year was for a jazz show. The concert and all-night jam session to celebrate the relaunching of the Blue Note label included some of the most accomplished jazz players in sets that recalled the heyday of Blue Note's influence on jazz in the '50s and '60s.

The Blue Note catalogue is a treasure-trove of internationally acclaimed performances by some of America's finest musicians. Its unavailability in this country recently has been an embarrassment to the U.S. recording industry as Japanese facsimile versions of the records have flooded the market.

The renewed commitment to this music is part of a ground swell of interest in jazz in this country. The first Blue Note release includes a number of invaluable sessions including Art Blakey's *One Night In Birdland*, Wayne Shorter's *Juju*, Herbie Hancock's *Maiden Voyage*, Joe Henderson's *Mode for Joe*, Dexter Gordon's *Go*, Horace Silver's *Song For My Father*, and McCoy Tyner's *Expansions*. All of these, and most of the other reissues, are five-star albums that would form a cornerstone of any jazz record collection.

Blue Note is committed not just to reissues but to new products as well. While the new albums can't all measure up to the crown jewels of the label's catalogue, they compare favorably with the jazz records major labels are releasing today. The newly recorded sessions include ***Magic Touch*** (BT85101), the debut of a boldly original young guitarist, **Stanley Jordan**, whose unique two-handed playing style makes him sound like two guitarists playing at once. The **Charles Lloyd Quartet**'s ***A Night In Copenhagen*** (BT85104) is a welcome release from a talented and under-recorded saxophonist/flutist. The combination of guitarist **Kenny Burrell** and saxophonist **Grover Washington Jr.** on ***Togethering*** (BT85106) is a master stroke. Washington is a commercial player whose thin, monochromatic tone keeps him from winning critics' polls, but he shines as a role player next to the rich and varied textures of Burrell's magnificent guitar playing. Though Burrell is a great musician, he lacks Washington's commercial appeal, so the pairing of the two is a fortuitous strategy suggesting that Blue Note is well armed to take on the difficulties facing a jazz label in the '80s.

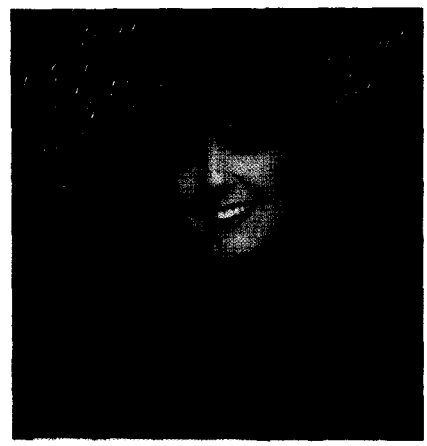
A CAREER ON FAST FORWARD

Last year Quincy Jones auditioned hundreds of aspiring singers for the chance to sign with his Qwest Records label and to record a segment of the soundtrack from Sidney Poitier's film *Fast Foward*. That's how he discovered Siedah Garrett, who follows in the footsteps of other Jones protégés including The Brothers Johnson, James Ingram, and Patti Austin. Siedah's song, "Do You Want It Right Now," made the R&B charts, and a new single and a first album are in the works.

COUNTRY

by Christopher Manion

★★★★ NO MATTER HOW MANY THOUsands of good (and poor) losers never get to sign for an album, it's still hard to find someone who lifts you right out of your seat the moment the needle hits the groove. **Kathy Mattea** will make you think twice if you normally dismiss country music as profoundly unworthy of note. ***From My Heart*** (Mercury/Polygram 824-308-1) delivers one of country music's premier voices with music to match. Look out, Barbra Streisand.



★★★ ROCK MUSIC HAS DRIVEN THE generations apart for years—remember Mom and Dad wondering how we could *stand* all that noise? Well, country brings families together, and some of them make great music. **The Whites**—Buck and his daughters, Cheryl and Sharon—represent the best of that tradition. "If It Ain't Love" has toes tapping coast to coast as a single. Flowing and refined, their voices are a generation or two away from the farm, but that's where country comes from. ***Whole New World*** (MCA/Curb 5562) might be telling us something about where it's going.

★★½ IF **DAN FOGELBERG** CALLED AND said he'd like to drop over and jam for an afternoon with the likes of Doc Watson and David Grisman, would you turn him down? Well, neither did Epic. ***High Country Snows*** (Epic 39616) has a pretty cover to match the title song, but it's mostly bluegrass, and the high country sun doesn't shine through. Look for Dan's next to be safely back on his traditionally high, soft-pop plateaus. But the trend will grow: you don't have to be a cowboy to be country, and a lot of folkies are appearing on the range that the deer, antelope, and rednecks used to have all to themselves.

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★★ **HANK WILLIAMS JR.** MUST BE GETting tired of being compared to his daddy, yet his whole life revolves around the tension induced by great expectations. In his wilder days ("I've always been labeled the rip-roarin', hell-raisin' kind"), Hank Jr. got pretty close to the edge and came back messed up. Now he just wants to have fun, something his daddy never had. ***Five-O*** (Warner Bros./Curb 1-25267) parties a lot, but Hank isn't enjoying it: "I need somethin' to believe in, cause I've got a bad case of the blues." Maybe Hank Jr. just wanted a normal life, but who ever thought he'd be *boring?* "Hey Good Lookin" it ain't.

CLASSICAL

by Gregory Sandow

★★★½ Trying to recreate a tradition that's all but dead, **Giuseppe Sinopoli** conducts Puccini's ***Manon Lescaut*** (Deutsche Grammophon 413 893, three discs) with a passion verging on violence. His recent recording of Verdi's *Macbeth* was a mannered disaster; this one isn't always likable, but at least it *moves.* Who's singing? The usual gang of international operatic celebrities, and that, I'm afraid, is a problem: good as they are, they can't, won't, or—could it be?—were never asked to plunge into the risky depths that, for better or worse, make Sinopoli's conducting (in this case, anyway) as intriguing as it is.

★★★½ ***Ravel's Complete Songs*** (Angel DSCX-3965, three discs) turn out, as a group, to be oddly reticent, impressive individually but without any sign of artistic impulse sustained from one entry in the collection to the next. That might be why the recording is arranged in six separate parts, amounting, in effect, to six recitals sung by six different singers. My scorecard shows that only in the houses tenanted by **Teresa Berganza**, **Gabriel Bacquier**, and **Jessye Norman** does anyone seem to be home; Mady Mesple, Felicity Lott, and, most surprisingly, the usually stylish Jose Van Dam sing sturdily, but without much character. Too bad: the idea, at least, was good. Bravos to Angel, though, for making the set available in the U.S.—which they didn't do with earlier recordings by their French affiliate of the complete songs of Faure, Debussy, and Poulenc—and for an offbeat March release, which included a repertoire other major labels might not touch: violin concertos by American composers Robert Starer and Earl Kim, and a fragment from Debussy's unfinished opera, *The Fall of the House of Usher* (recommended).

★★★★½ With nearly perfect love and understanding, **Leonard Bernstein** conducts the Vienna Philharmonic in ***Mozart's Symphonies Nos. 39 and 40*** (Deutsche Grammophon 413 776). Some people will call his performance romantic, which means more finely touched by light and shade than current ideas of eighteenth-century style might allow. But Mozart was hardly a typical eighteenth-century composer (that was one of the grains of truth in *Amadeus*), and in any case, Bernstein isn't sloppy or extreme. If anything, he's just a bit detached—though in his detachment I hear serenity, wisdom, and, as I said at the start, even love. (For more Mozart, try—four stars each—piano music played with gentle, timeless force by Mitsuko Uchida [Philips 412 122], and by Paul Badura-Skoda [Astree AS 919, two discs] on an eighteenth-century fortepiano that sounds clunky until you're enough used to it to recognize Badura-Skoda's blend of delicacy and straightforward navigation of the music's structure.)

★★★★ Nobody asked for a new recording of Stravinsky's ***The Rake's Progress***, and so I'm impressed with London Records for giving us one (411 644, three discs), thereby confirming the work's place in the ongoing operatic repertoire, even after its composer—who conducted both previous recordings—is no longer with us. I won't complain that **Riccardo Chailly** can't quite give the music the bite Stravinsky did; he makes up for that with greater ease, just as **Philip Langridge**, as the rake of the opera's title, makes up for the imagination that Samuel Ramey, as his devilish servant Nick Shadow, so sadly lacks. (Langridge is spectacularly supple in a new London recording of Schoenberg's *Moses und Aron*, weakened, alas, by George Solti's savorless conducting.)

★★★ **Jorma Hynninen** isn't quite a household name, except perhaps in his native Finland, but I've rarely seen a singer so excite sophisticated critics. His recording of Hugo Wolf's ***Mörike Lieder*** (Finnlevy SFX 53, available from Polygram Special Imports) shows us what—with admiration—I can only call a *compassionate* baritone voice, dark and full, along with a style that's maybe just a bit too serious. The album cover—a photo, by Hynninen himself, of a monument to Hugo Wolf—tells the story: this is music moved a step away from normal life, music in which enjoyment seems only incidental because the endeavor was respectfully conceived (unconsciously, no doubt, like so many classical performances) as a monument to a dead composer's greatness.

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You might not want to blow $500—yes, $500—for just five records, even if they do come packed in an elegant red box. But if the money's burning holes in your pocket and opera's your game, your money would be well spent for ***Centennial Collection***, the Metropolitan Opera's latest offering from its treasury of Saturday afternoon broadcasts. Up to now they've given us entire operas, which inevitably have ups and downs; now they've pieced together a collection of excerpts from many broadcasts, some of which are so up that words nearly fail me. And not just because of championship vocalizing: the real revelation is how deeply these mostly long-gone artists loved and understood the words they sang. Available only by mail from the Metropolitan Opera, Box 923, Lincoln Center, New York, NY 10023; your $500 (technically a contribution to the Metropolitan Opera Fund) is tax deductible. —*GS*

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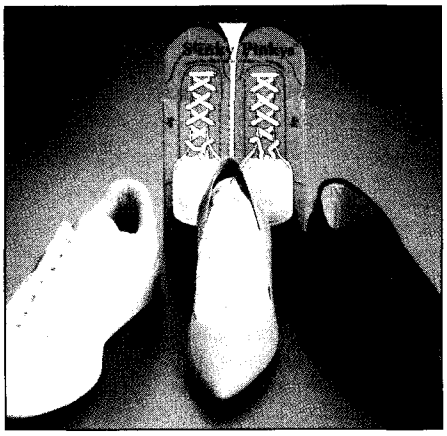

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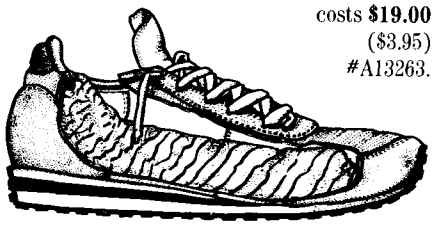

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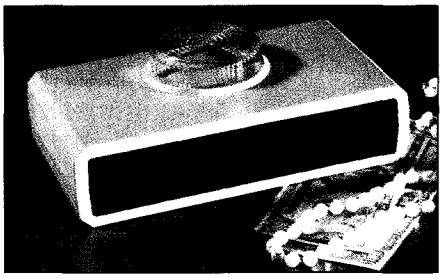

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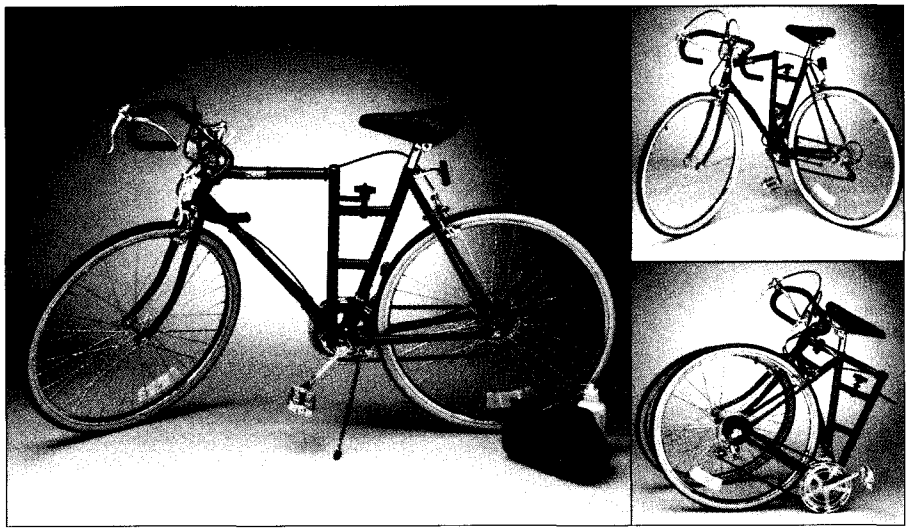

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Food processors are great for big slicing jobs, but have you ever tried to mince parsley in one? You end up with a combination of chunks and parsley juice. From France, where mincing is an art and garnishes are *de rigueur,* comes the electric Minichop for all those in-between jobs that are too tedious to do by hand, too small or delicate for a full-size processor. The Minichop gives you fine even chopping for onions, garlic, fresh herbs; works on nuts, coffeebeans, peppercorns; even makes babyfood. It is simple to use and a snap to clean and costs **$32.00** ($3.95) #A1107. Now even chopping onions can be a labor you love.

SHOWER PHONE

Now you don't have to be *out* of circulation just because you're *in* the shower. If the phone rings, you can answer it without even pausing to turn off the water. Amplified speakerphone with high/low volume control lets you converse comfortably, hands free. FCC-approved, connects easily to telephone outlet in another room. Tone/pulse switchable dialing, 10-number memory, last number redial. Water-resistant unit mounts directly on tile or wall with strong adhesive backing. 25′ of adhesive backed cord and Autojack simplify installation, allow exact cord length adjustment. Memory backup requires 2 AA batteries, not included. Deluxe Showerphone costs **$89.00** ($5.95) #A1370. Standard model receives incoming calls only, no memory or dial-out features, costs **$59.00** ($4.95) #A1371.

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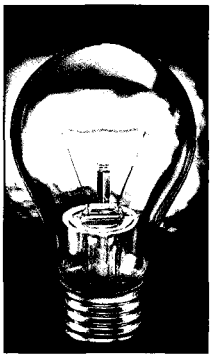
FOREVER LIGHTBULB

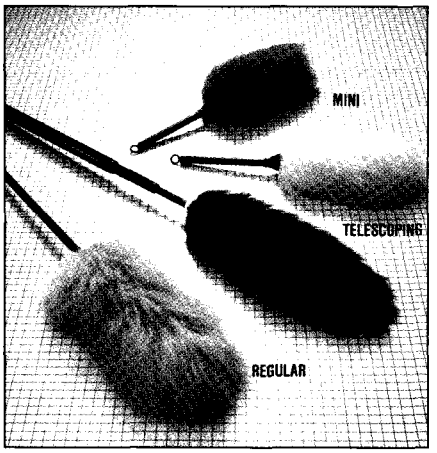


Yes, *forever.* This is the last word in a lightbulb, protected by a newly issued patent and guaranteed not to burn out in normal household use for 50 years or the manufacturer will replace it free of charge. A built-in diode changes the electricity flowing into the bulb from alternating current to direct, to reduce filament wear, while a special mix of argon and krypton gases intensifies luminosity. The result is a bulb that burns only slightly less brightly than a conventional bulb, *but lasts more than 80 times as long — saving $50 or more in bulb replacement costs alone.* Forever Lightbulbs are packed 4 to a box in a choice of 60 watt clear #A1367C, 60 watt frosted #A1367F, 90 watt clear #A1368C, or 90 watt frosted #A1368F, for **$21.00** ($3.95) a box. Forever Lightbulbs are not available in stores. They are the brightest idea since unbreakable shoelaces.

WIND-UP-AND-DISAPPEAR HOSE

Take a leaf from the fire department's book — flat hoses are neater, easier to handle and store than conventional round hoses. Here is a full 65 ft. of kink-free tangle-free hose that rolls up on a reel only 10″ in diameter. Two-layer bonded construction, woven polypropylene outside, non-toxic polyurethane liner, imparts no off taste to water. The entire package weighs only 1½ lbs., light enough to float. Comes with adjustable spray nozzle. This cassette hose system is imported from England and backed by a 2-yr. limited warranty at only **$35.00** ($4.95) #A1346.

DUST-MAGNETS™



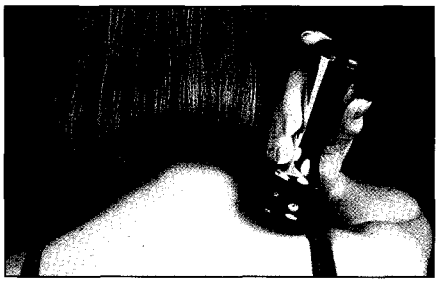
Lambswool contains a natural static charge that makes dust literally leap off surfaces. This magnetic attraction is just the thing for dusting bric-a-brac, china, crystal and pictures. Our dusters are imported from New Zealand where climate conditions grow the fluffiest, highest quality lambswool in the world! Our all-time favorite, the standard 27″ long duster costs only **$8.00** ($1.95) #A1351. We also offer a set of four lambswool dusters: our popular 27″ duster, our telescoping duster which extends to more than four feet — lets you reach high corners, top shelves, overhead lights and collapses to 28″, and two mini-dusters for extra fragile objects (surprise a friend with one!) for only **$16.00** ($2.95) #A1352.

ORANGE MAGIC

Oranges are good for a whole lot more than eating. Citrus oil, it turns out, is a remarkably powerful cleaning agent with none of the liabilities of chemical solvents. It is safe, gentle, natural, pleasant to use. Orange Magic levitates the toughest dirt and stains — inkspots, blood, grass stains, paint splatters, caked-on grease, mildew, adhesive, lipstick, gum, tar, scuff marks, you name it. Just spray it on, wait a few minutes, rinse, and see the dirt vanish. How good is it? Good enough to be the New York Transit Authority's cleaner of choice for combatting graffiti in the subways. Yet it is as natural as sunshine, pleasant-smelling, absolutely non-abrasive and non-toxic, kind to hands, easy on surfaces and colorfast fabrics, biodegradable. We offer two 16 oz. pump bottles of Orange Magic for **$15.00** ($3.95) #A1342.

DEEP HEAT RELIEF

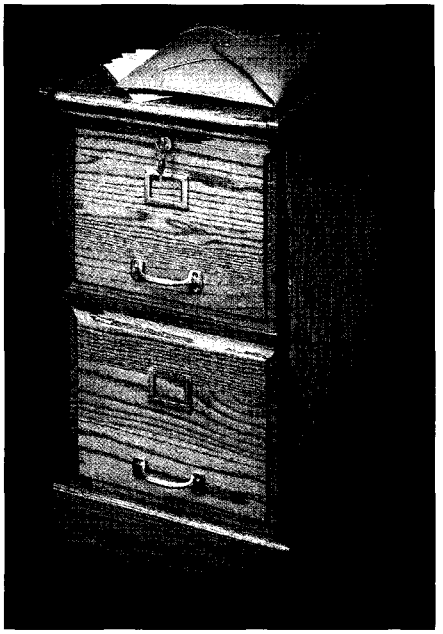
Heating pads and hot water bottles mainly warm the surface of the skin — their heat does not penetrate deep into muscles and joints. Infrared heat goes deep beneath the skin to reach the actual site of inflammation and discomfort. It has been used for years by doctors and therapists, in place of medication, to gain natural relief of pain. Now there is a home unit, the Infralux, that allows you to apply infrared heat yourself, as often as you like. Fast (5-10 minutes), effective relief of pain from sinus headache, arthritis, bursitis, backache, neuralgia, sprains, muscular aches and pains. Perfectly safe to use. UL-listed. Hi/low settings. 6″ long. Plugs in normal household outlet. Comes with carry case for **$39.00** ($3.95) #A1331.



RETURN OF THE OAK FILE CABINET

Files preserve something of value and therefore deserve the status of fine furniture. The Classic Oak File is framed in solid oak with raised panel drawer faces and solid brass hardware. Drawers hold lettersize files and suspension folders, are rabetted for strength and solidity. Solid wood, lacquer finish. Locking drawer for security with two keys. The Oak File measures 16″ x 17 ½″ x 28″, weighs 45 lbs., arrives completely assembled for **$159.00** ($24.95) #A1319. Even the price seems to date from a friendlier era.

Shipped directly by manufacturer. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.



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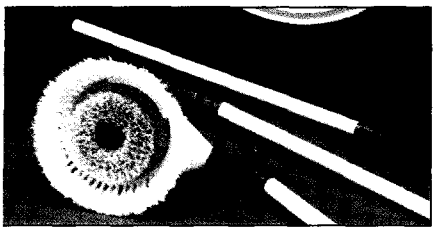
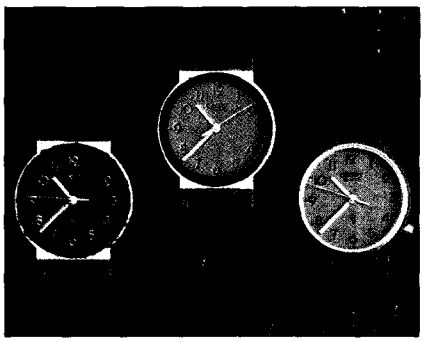
HIGHSPEED SCRUBBER

The Swirlon Rotary Scrubber turns an ordinary garden hose into an automatic cleaning machine. Water pressure spins the 5″ inner brush for highspeed active cleaning while the 8″ stationary outer brush contains the spray and sweeps away the loosened dirt. Brushhead adjusts to any of six angles for best cleaning and contains soap reservoir for automatic sudsing and handy thumb-operated flow control valve. Two 24″ extensions provide a total reach of 70″ — ideal for washing soffits or siding on the house. Makes short work of cleaning garbage cans, lawn furniture, windows, patios and porches. Set costs **$32.00** ($3.95) #A1135.



SUMMER SPORT WATCHES



Summer calls for a different style — open and outgoing, colorful and comfortable, vigorous and vibrant. The Quintel Water Watches are the soul of the season — sporty, strong, sophisticated, with stylish large faces and sweep second hands. Choose Morning Marine, Blue with red highlighting, #A1365BL; Noontide, Red with gold highlighting, #A1365RE; or Sundowner, black and silver, #A1365BK. Unisex styling. Each watch has anodized aluminum case, water-tested to 100′, stainless steel back, mineral glass crystal, adjustable 2-piece supple strap. Quartz accuracy and convenience. Fashionable new "stem at 4 o'clock" design. **$41.00** ($4.95) each. You won't take it off from May to October.

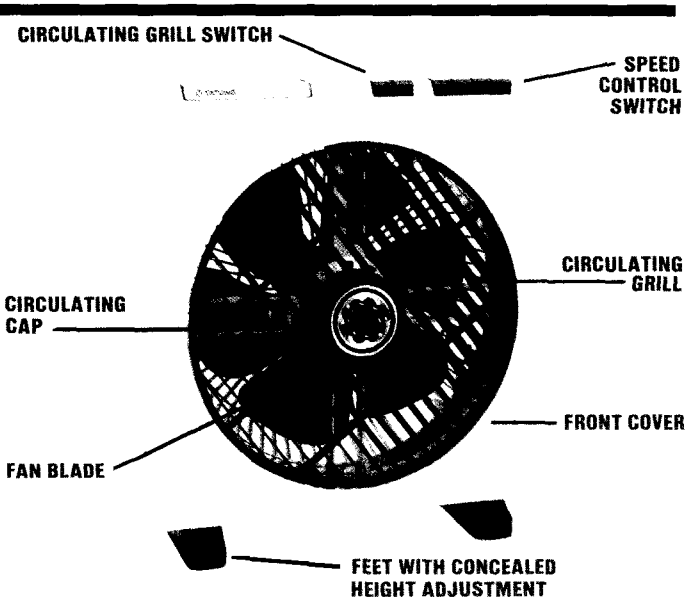
IT SWIVELS!

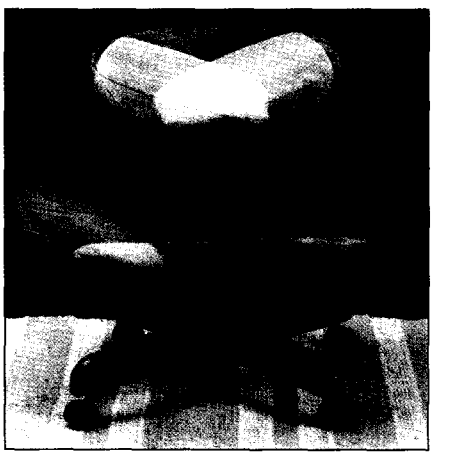
Backless "Back" Chairs have solved the age-old problem of proper seating, aligning the body on its natural axis so that sitting does not stress spine or back muscles. The redistribution of body weight is dramatically more freeing, natural, comfortable. But until now you had to give up mobility to sit this intelligently — these chairs were unidirectional and if you needed to change orientation you had the awkwardness of moving the whole chair. Finally it swivels! In its brand-new swivel incarnation, the Back Chair is suited for use at any work station, desk or table. The reinforced oak 4-star base has commercial-quality dual-track casters for easy manueverability over carpets or floors. Effortless swivel action. Manual height adjustment. Gray poly-cotton fabric over plush cushion. This is a new twist on a good idea and until you use it you don't know how relaxed and productive you can be sitting down. The price is a nice turn too, only **$69.00** ($11.95) #A1337.

Shipped directly by manufacturer. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

AN-TASTIC

All fans circulate air, but this is the only fan that circulates air in *all directions* at once. Wall to wall, floor to ceiling. As the fan operates a unique rotating grill directs the air flow through a 360° sweep, so it is not blasting out in a single current. Pushbutton controls turn grill rotation on/off, select among three fan speeds. This is a year-round fan, ideal for keeping heat off the ceiling in winter, moving cool air off the floor in summer. Measures 16″ x 18½″ x 7″ slim (12″ fan diameter), weighs only 8 lbs. for easy portability. Quiet operation, UL listed, one year limited warranty, costs only **$49.00** ($6.95) #A1311. If you want a breeze in the face, any fan will do. If you want real air circulation, you need this rotating-grill fan that moves air everywhere.





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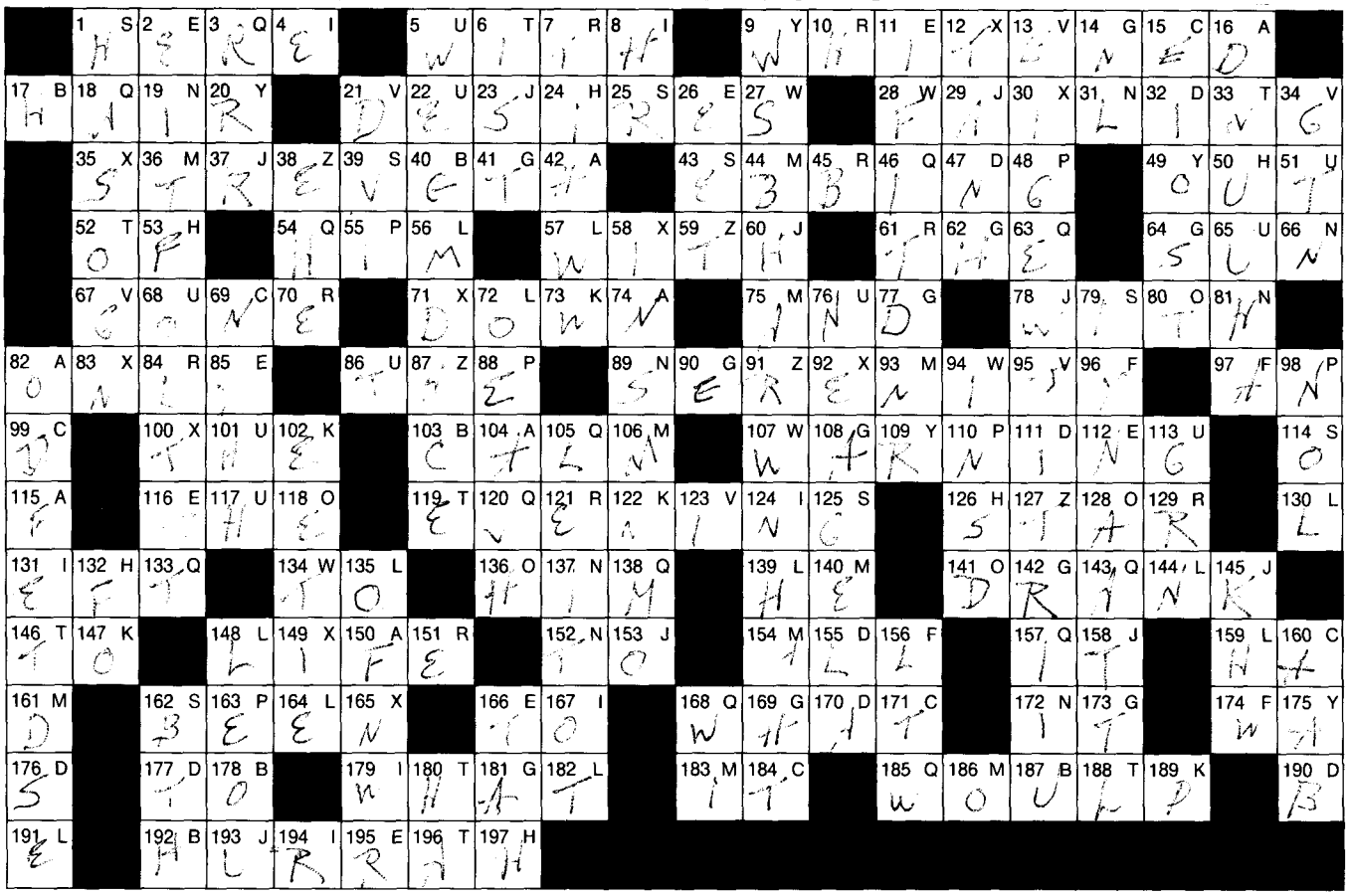
TUNICK DOUBLE-CROSTIC #11



Letters of the clue answers (below) spell a quotation when put in the numbered squares (above). Reading down, the first letters of the clue answers spell the name of the quotation's author and the title of the work.

CLUES	ANSWERS
A. Casual; extemporary	82 150 115 42 104 74 16
B. Red-legged bird of the crow family	103 192 178 187 40 17
C. Be present at; wait upon	160 171 184 15 69 99
D. Like [s], [z], [sh], [zh], [ch] and [j]	176 32 190 111 155 170 47 177
E. "As if you could kill time without injuring ---" (Thoreau, *Walden*)	26 116 2 195 112 11 166 85
F. Jolly boat	96 97 174 156
G. Cowboy hero of Karl May's *Winnetou*	64 169 108 41 173 90 142 62 181 14 77
H. Adjective for the beamish boy's thought	50 132 53 24 126 197
I. State of obscurity	124 167 179 8 131 194 4
J. London borough, site of Tabard Inn and Globe Theater	23 153 193 158 60 78 29 37 145
K. Provide income for support	102 122 189 147 73
L. 1925 T.S. Eliot poem (3 wds.)	182 159 164 139 72 130 148 135 57 56 191 144
M. Loathed	154 44 186 106 183 93 75 36 140 161

CLUES	ANSWERS
N. Rejecter of established laws and institutions	66 19 81 137 31 172 89 152
O. A middle name of Lord Peter Wimsey	141 118 128 80 136
P. A little one "could"	163 110 48 55 98 88
Q. Feel fearful about (3 wds.)	120 46 63 185 168 157 133 54 143 105 18 3 138
R. King of Kent from 560-616	151 7 10 121 84 45 70 129 61
S. Be situated near	39 43 79 125 1 162 114 25
T. Operetta subtitled "The Peer and the Peri"	6 52 188 196 33 146 180 119
U. Religious philosophy based on the "creative power of constructive thinking" (2 wds.)	76 22 5 51 101 68 65 113 117 86
V. 1959 Sandra Dee role	67 123 21 34 13 95
W. Bickerstaff was his *nom de plume*	27 107 94 28 134
X. Athlete's ailment	12 92 83 71 30 165 58 100 149 35
Y. Direction indicator	175 109 20 49 9
Z. Butler for Scarlett?	91 87 38 59 127

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PUZZLES

THE WIT TWISTER
Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

When winter waned and_____
_____ warmed
The maidens through the village swarmed
To _____ each hut till
all were hung—
_____ folk knew that
spring had sprung.

Mrs. George McCorkle
West Lafayette, Indiana

Last Month's Answer:
nester, tenser, resent, enters

Literary Crypt No. 188

MANY HUMAN BEINGS
BEST ROBES FLASHY
SAY THEY ENJOY THE
YET PRLT LSVXT PRL
WINTER WHAT THEY
CASPLU; CREP PRLT
REALLY ENJOY IS
ULEMMT LSVXT AY
FEELING ROOF
DLLMASH QUXXD
AGAINST IT
EHEASYP AP.
RICHARD ADAMS
UAGREUN ENEBY

Solution to Tunick Double-Crostic No. 10:
THOMAS H. MIDDLETON: "[Pleonasms and] Redundancies"
I used to like the way Wyatt Earp, as portrayed on television by Hugh O'Brien, was glorified as "brave, courageous and bold" in the show's theme song. The song didn't mention it, but I guess we all noticed that he was also valiant, intrepid and plucky.

Solution to Literary Crypt No. 187:
I have a fine sense of the ridiculous, but no sense of humor.
Edward Albee

SEX SELLS

Continued from page 52

don't think our readers are that impressed by sexiness," she says. "They buy a *Vanity Fair* for its humor and sophistication." Yet she admits "a sexy cover is bound to help you more than a cover of Phillip Roth with his finger up his nose."

That cover photo appeared under the regime of another editor, Richard Locke. Compared to his *Vanity Fair*, Brown's has been both sexy and successful. In the first year since she took charge, sales have increased 58%. The loosening up actually began under the interim editorship of Condé Nast veteran Leo Lerman, who ran a topless photo of actress Mariel Hemingway in an essay on "The Will To Beauty." But Brown's signature covers and fashion spreads have gone much further, and pointed to a new sexiness that might survive this age of reaction.

Brown and her fashion editor, Michael Roberts, have created visual expressions that dare to shock. "You have to have a go if you're going to be any good," she says. "It's kind of fun to stick it in there, particularly in an issue which is high-culture. I quite like to do something which is going to annoy the fans of Harold Brodkey. People have come to expect that they're going to find in *Vanity Fair* something to make them annoyed. In a way they look for it. It's important for a magazine to have lapses in taste. If you don't, you're going to be completely bland. The bland leading the bland, which is definitely not my philosophy. I would rather do something occasionally that is just going to be an excrescence than commit myself to a course of safety."

It's a question of attitude, Brown says. "We're about to enter an age of satire, because the climate is so oppressively conservative. Look at what [newspaper] style sections used to do. What the Clay Felker kind of magazines used to do. There's beginning to be a breakout feeling. People who are on the leading edge will say 'Enough!' Enough of all this Yuppies and achievement and short hair and suits. I want to do something outrageous because I feel so stifled by this conservative climate." In an age when sex kills, satire may be our best defense. SR

Michael Gross writes, usually on business subjects, for publications including Manhattan, inc., Vanity Fair, *and the* New York Times.

TRAVEL

Continued from page 65

Mahler's second retreat was at Maiernigg, near the Wörthersee near the Italian border. Here the composer spent ten summers between 1897 and 1907 creating the Fourth Symphony (1900), the Fifth (1902), the Sixth (1904), the Seventh (1905), the Eighth (1906), and the "Kindertotenlieder" ("Songs on the Deaths of Children") (1901-1904).

Here, too, Mahler built himself a small cabin for composing. The structure can still be reached, after about a twenty-minute walk mostly uphill and deep into some thick woods.

Tragedy made Mahler come to detest Maiernigg. His older daughter died there at the age of five from a complicated case of scarlet fever and diphtheria. A few days after her death, Mahler—who was passionately attached to the little girl—suffered a massive heart attack.

Toblach was Mahler's last summer retreat. In his time it was part of Austria, but today it belongs to Italy. Suffering from a heart condition that he was told would be fatal, he composed the transcendental *Das Lied von der Erde* (*Song of the Earth*) in 1908, the Ninth Symphony in 1909, and the two movements of his unfinished Tenth Symphony. He died at age fifty-one in May 1911, shortly before he was to go back to Toblach to complete the Tenth.

The farmhouse that the Mahlers lived in is now an inn, restaurant, and cafe called the Gustav Mahler Stube. Mahler's big living room on the first floor, Room Number 1, is not let out, for it is kept as a miniature Mahler museum (admission free). The salon has his original upright piano (quite a few of the keys are missing or broken), his couch, a huge mirror, a large dining table, two soft-bottomed chairs (tattered), and a number of framed paintings that hung while Mahler sojourned there.

Toblach today is still the kind of place where the only commotion is provided by the wild flowers jostled by soft breezes, a moving silence Mahler himself appreciated.

After we spent a night in Room Number 8, directly across the hall from the Mahler memento chamber, it was his unfinished Tenth that kept us in good company during much of the trip back into Austria. SR

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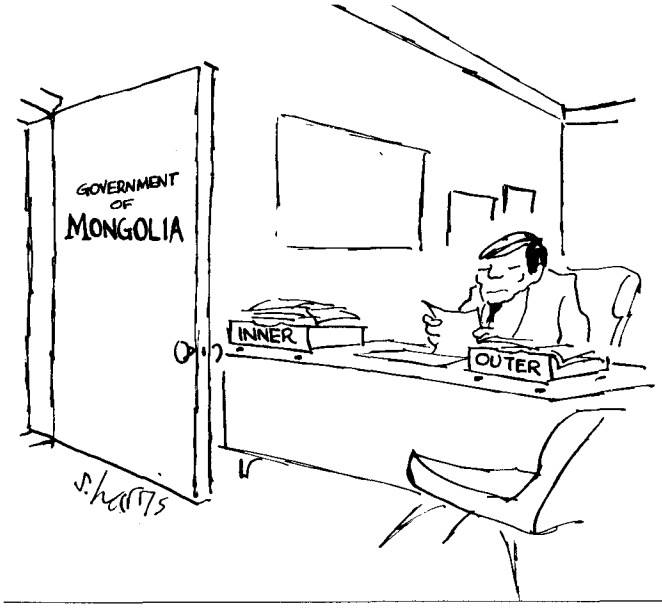
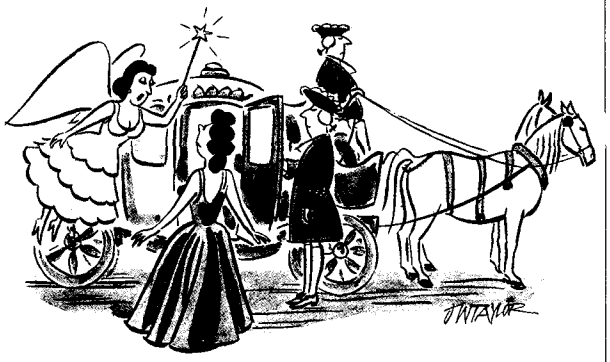
A PICK OF Punch

SR *presents cartoons from the British humor weekly.*





"Now the bad news – Prince Charming is a transvestite with a shoe fetish."

"I had this terrifying dream last night."

"That's more like it – breast-prints!"

"Negotiate? What is there to negotiate?"

"In the meantime, stay away from male homosexuals."

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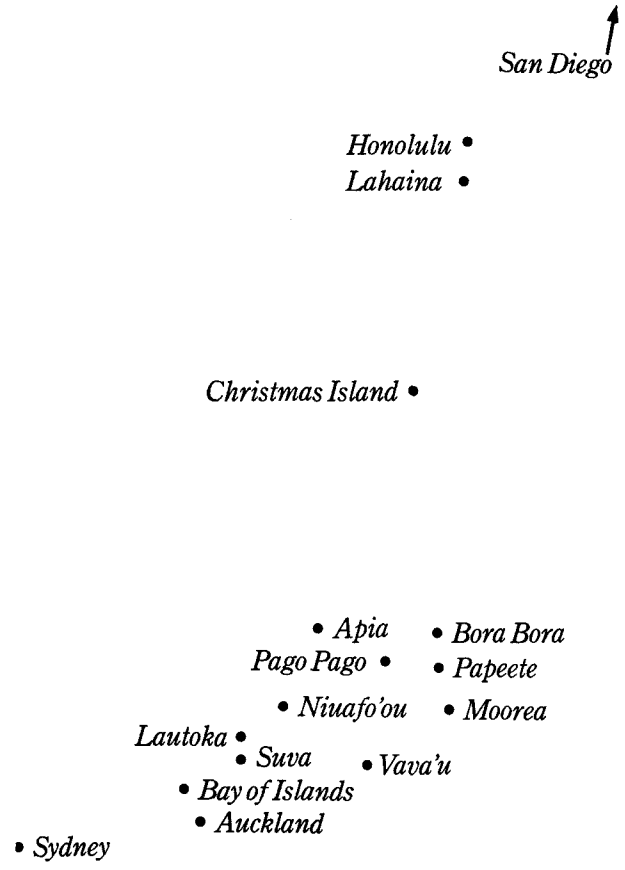

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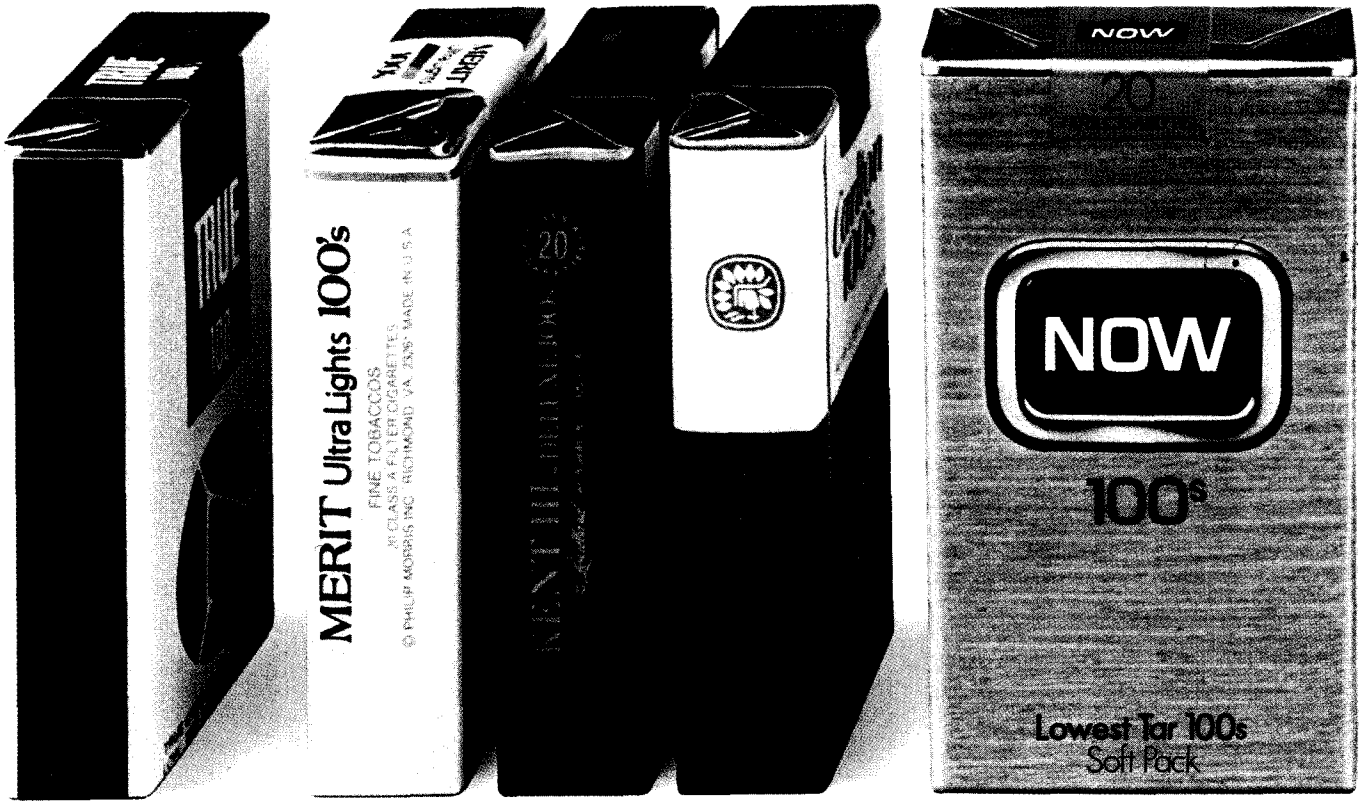

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